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THE

SOUTHERN REVIEW.

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A. T. BLEDSON, LL. D., EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF No. XXIX.

	PAGE.
I. MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.	1
1. The Course and Direction of Modern Religious Thought. By the Rt. Rev. C. I. Ellicott, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: John Murray. 1870.	
II. THE MOORS IN SPAIN.	26
1. A Concise History of the Moors in Spain, from their invasion of that Kingdom to their final expulsion from it. By Thomas Bourke, Esq. London: Printed for F. C. & J. Rivington. 1811.	
2. The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.	
3. History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain. By Dr. J. A. Conde. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855.	
III. THE LIFE OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER.	53
1. The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass. 1869.	
IV. THE WONDERS OF THE NEEDLE.	80
1. The Bayeux Tapestry. Elucidated by Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL. D., F. S. A., etc., etc. London: John Russell Smith. 1856.	
2. Chefs-D'Œuvres of the Industrial Arts. By Philippe Burty. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.	
3. A History of Lace. By Mrs. Bury Palisser. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Marston. 1869.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
V. HOW AND WHY I BECAME A METHODIST.	105
1. Why I am not an Episcopalian. By Thomas O. Summers, LL. D., Nashville, Tenn.: A. H. Redford. 1873.	
VI. THE AFRICAN IN THE UNITED STATES.	124
1. The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races. From the French of Count A. De Gobineau. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.	
VII. THE HIVE AND THE HONEY BEE.	163
1. The Honey Bee, its Natural History, Physiology, and Management. By Edward Bevan, M. D. Revised, Enlarged, and Illustrated, by William Augustus Munn, F. R. H. S., etc. London: John Van Hoorst. 1870.	
2. A Practical Treatise on the Hive and the Honey Bee. By L. L. Langstroth. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. 1859.	
3. Insect Architecture. By James Rennie. London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.	
VIII. THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.	204
1. The Character of St. Paul. By J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Dodd & Mead.	
IX. NOTICES OF BOOKS.	223

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XXIX.

JANUARY, 1874.

ART. I.—*The Course and Direction of Modern Religious Thought.* By the Rt. Rev. C. I. Ellicott, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: John Murray. 1870.

The Essay, whose title we have just copied, is the first of a series constituting a volume called *The Church and the Age*. If not more learned, it is certainly more eloquent than *Considerations on the Revision of the New Testament*, which is from the pen of the same author. We have placed its title at the head of this article, because it concludes with the discussion of the same theme, namely, *Man's Place in the Universe*.

The author introduces his discussion with (what appears to us) a few very salutary and important reflections. 'We should secure,' says he (p. 76), 'some knowledge of what we have so grievously overlooked: the connections and interdependences of Christian doctrines. The student, to use a homely expression, would then know where he was in the wide province of dogmatics. The doctrine of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, of superhuman evil, anthropology, soteriology, escatology, would all occupy their proper relative positions in the mind; their vital connection would be felt and realized, and dogma would be seen in its true relations to thought and history.'

A most weighty and important consideration this; for 'the connections and interdependences of Christian doctrine,' which 'have been so grievously overlooked' by most theologians, constitute our best, our most impenetrable armors against the shafts of infidelity, which, in the present crisis of the Church, are flying so furiously on all sides around us. If, indeed, we examine the innumerable attacks of infidelity with which 'the age' is swarming, we shall find that, as a general thing, they are directed, not against Christianity as it is in itself, but only against some detached, isolated, distorted, and grossly misunderstood doctrine of our holy religion. Only let the doctrines, then, which are thus assailed be restored to their rightful places in the sublime system of truth to which they belong; let their mutual relations, interdependences, and limitations, be clearly shown, and the poisoned shafts of infidelity will, in the great majority of instances, fall harmless at our feet. The system of the material world itself, in spite of all the wonderful unity, order, harmony, and beauty therein displayed, has often been attacked in the same way; and that, too, with a very great appearance of reason, in the estimation of those who are ignorant of the true relations and the mutual interdependences of its various parts. The story of King Alphonso is well known, that if he had been in the council of the Almighty, he 'could have shown Him how to make a better world.' How many, with far less reason and ability than Alphonso X, have imagined that, if they had been among his advisers, they could have shown the Author of Christianity how to make a better religion; that they could have given him some very good advice, which, if modestly followed, would have saved his religion from a great many serious and unanswerable objections!

We are at no loss to ascertain the advice they would have given Him. It appears in all their objections to the doctrines of our religion. After a calm, patient, and protracted examination of all their objections, and especially of those which have most agitated the mind of the modern world, we think we may say, without any very great presumption, that, if we had been consulted by them, we could have given *them* 'some

good advice.' We should, at all events, have advised them to use their brains more and their tongues less. We should have advised them to consider, not rashly and precipitately any particular Christian doctrine as it stands detached and distorted in the minds of men, but patiently and profoundly the whole scheme of Christian doctrines as they are in themselves, as well as in their relations to each other, and in their mutual interdependences, each giving and receiving a support and light from all the others. If they would pursue this patient, painstaking, pious, and prayerful course, then would they, we believe, find the doctrines of the Christian religion, at which they now so easily turn up their noses, as unassailable by their wit, or their wisdom, as are the very stars of the eternal heavens. Indeed, unless we are infinitely mistaken, the dogmas of Christianity are, like the stars themselves, solid, substantial, and eternal things; and are not to be dissolved in the *wishy-washy* literature of a Matthew Arnold, or other *amateur* theologians.

But, beside the hardened sceptic, whose chief weapon is the facile ridicule of a self-complacent scorn and contempt, there are thousands, and tens of thousands, serious and impressible minds, whose doubts and perplexities on the subject of 'dogma' are entitled to our most profound and loving Christian sympathy. They are not warring against the truth; but, as if moved by the Spirit of truth, they are waiting and watching for its appearance. Hence, as our author has well said, 'We have thus a most difficult work before us, and it must be frankly owned that there would seem to be very few among us who could hopefully attempt it. And yet it is exactly that which is needed for this strange and probably eventful period into which we are now passing. Let Christian doctrine only be boldly, clearly, and deeply set forth, and it will now be accepted. Each Christian thinker has now his opportunity, let him not be slow to use it; each earnest man who feels he has his message, let him not be slow to deliver it. There are thousands, and tens of thousands of waiting hearts, craving to believe, hungering after something better than their own doubts and negations; listening with almost passionate interest to anything that might, even for a moment, assume the

most shadowy form of an answer to their deep soul-questions; and turning away with a sorrow and depression that no words can describe, when the shadowy answer recedes into the tomb of common religious platitudes, or of wonted but safe conventionalisms.'

We have, in our intercourse with friends and neighbors, met with many such inquirers after truth. We know their difficulties; for we have heard from their own lips 'the deep soul-questions' by which they are profoundly stirred and agitated; and we have promised to answer them. But we find that, in order to do this in the clearest and most satisfactory manner in our power, it is necessary to discuss the theme of *Man's Place in the Universe*. This, if we are not greatly deceived, will enable us to present several Christian doctrines, together with their true relations and interdependences, in such a light as to dispel a cloud of their most stupendous difficulties. And we undertake this task the more willingly, because our meditations and our experience have prepared us to approve, most cordially, the following language of Bishop Ellicott:

'Surely, Christian doctrine, if it is what we know it to be—revealed truth—can be set forth to attract and edify. Men, with all their failings, love light and truth (that is, if the Spirit of God has inspired them with that love), and if light and truth be now presented with anything like sympathy and intelligence, they will be welcomed more warmly than ever. But there must be *sympathy*; there must be a knowledge, not only of the question itself, but of the peculiar difficulties in connection with it that modern thought has introduced. Each difficulty must have presented itself sharply and clearly to the mind of the teacher; it must have received its solution from the depth of his own religious experience, and, so solved, must be stated calmly and persuasively to others. Such statements, with the aid of the Holy Ghost, will never be made in vain. Sympathy there must be, knowledge there must be, speculation there must be. Speculation!—our reader starts—but speculation, especially in such times as the present, speculation derived solely from Scripture, and restrained within sober and reverent bounds, will probably win back more souls to the

a. Catholic faith from among modern thinkers than any other form of Christian teaching. For what, after all, is Christian speculation? What is it but the humble effort to feel out the links between great doctrinal truths, to set forth their mysterious sequence, and, from the blessed hints afforded by the Word of God, to answer more fully the questions that our own widening experiences, or the drift of the times in which we are living, bring home almost daily to our thoughts. Has the reader ever deliberately set himself to analyze the answers that have been made to such a vital question—a question so relating to Christian life and practice as, Why was I born? and then settled on his own answer; if so, he will know what we mean by Christian speculation.' (p. 77.)

Now, in order to illustrate the nature of Christian speculation, our author proceeds, with no little hesitation, to furnish a few specimens of it. 'Shall we,' says he, 'close this paper with a few pages of it (i.e., of Christian speculation)? Shall we detain the reader a few minutes with a few *scattered thoughts* that have been found suggestive and helpful in considering modern difficulties? Well, *perhaps it may be imprudent*; and yet, perhaps, it may be useful—useful, at any rate, in illustrating the connection and interdependence of Christian doctrine. So let the lines be traced. These thoughts have *helped many*; *they may help the reader to whom they now shall be briefly presented.*' (p. 78.)

Up to this point we have read, with one or two exceptions, the truly Christian, Catholic, and eloquent discourse of our author with admiration and delight. But, right here, we are sorry to find that our admiration breaks down utterly. The 'Christian speculation,' of which he proposed to give us 'a few pages,' turns out to be only, as described by himself, a few 'scattered thoughts.' What right has any man, much less a bishop, to amuse us with his 'scattered thoughts' on a subject so solemn and sublime as '*the whence, the why, and the whither*' of the human race? It was very *imprudent*. We can conceive only one class of persons whom such thoughts could 'have helped,' namely, the class of churchmen who put their faith in bishops. His 'scattered thoughts,' indeed, leave all

'the deep soul-questions,' all the great difficulties of 'the age,' precisely where they found them. But, as we are nothing more than an humble citizen of Baltimore, the reader shall see and judge for himself respecting the character of the so-called 'Christian speculation' of the great English Prelate.

The 'vital question,' so intimately connected with 'Christian life and practice,' is this: 'Why was I born?' or, in more comprehensive terms, why was man created? Why, since it was so clearly foreseen by God that he would so soon fall under the dominion of sin, suffering, and death? In order to account for the darkness which has ever surrounded this awful question, our author says: 'That current religious thought, by referring the commencement of sin and sinful history to Adam's disobedience, *has greatly darkened all true conceptions of sin, creation, and redemption.*' Now, for our part, we cannot possibly conceive how the current thought (if indeed it be current), that Adam's sin was the first ever committed, can have the least tendency to darken 'our conceptions of sin, creation, and redemption.' Is not such a notion merely a dark dream? If not, then we only have to reverse the 'current thought,' and suppose, with our author, that 'sin had a history, and a very fearful history, before man came into being,' in order to let in a great light on the dark problem of his existence. But does this supposition, or this fact, that sin had a history before man came into being, throw one particle of light on our conceptions of sin, creation, or redemption? If it does, our vision is quite too obtuse to detect its existence. The whole subject is, to our minds, just as dark as it was before; though we should suppose, and believe, that ten thousand worlds had fallen before Adam sinned.

Having described in eloquent terms the revolt of the first rebel angels, and how they fell, he then adds: 'Such is the distinct intimation of Scripture relative to the first emergence of sin. . . . We seem justified, then, in considering this as the true epoch to which all speculations connected with sin and its consequences may be safely referred.' But what light, nay, what glimmering of light, does all this throw on the great questions of 'sin, creation, and redemption?' As far as diffi-

culty is concerned, is it not all one, whether we begin with the sin of the first man, or with that of the first rebel angels? We can only say that, for our part, such speculations bring us absolutely no light.

Our author seems, indeed, inclined to the opinion that the fallen angels, as well as fallen men, may have been interested in the primal purpose of redemption. He says: 'What relations the primal purpose may have had to this (the fall of the rebel angels), as well as to the later lapse, we shall not attempt to develop. That there *were* relations Scripture seems dimly to hint; but we may add no more: our shoes are on our feet, and we are treading on holy ground.' (p. 81.) Alas! why did he go on holy ground without taking off his shoes? Or why, as soon as he discovered the profanation, did he not take off his shoes at once, instead of beating so precipitate a retreat? We suspect the reason was because he had nothing more to say on the subject. If, indeed, instead of throwing out an obscure hint and then running, he had shown that the angels, whether fallen or unfallen, were benefited by the work of redemption, he would have relieved many minds of the difficulty of believing that He, by whom all things were created, assumed the form of a servant in order to redeem so insignificant a creature as man by his humiliating sufferings and death.

The introduction to the volume in which Bishop Ellicott's *Essay* appears, as the first in the series, is entitled, 'Anglican Principles'; and it is, in fact, a leading object of all the essays therein to illustrate and confirm these principles. It seems impossible for our Lord Bishop to forget them, or to escape from their influence. Hence he derives his views, or speculations, less from the teachings of Revelation, or reason, than from the views of the early Church. 'This view of sin and sinful history,' says he, 'was that almost universally taken by all the great thinkers of the early Church. With some of them it was the sole basis for all their speculations on anthropology, and those singularly elevating and ennobling conceptions of *the original purpose of man's creation* which we find so frequently in the patristic writings both of the East and the

West, and to which Anselm has given such prominence in his great treatise on the Incarnation. These we may profitably pause to notice, as they contain answers to certainly several ultimate questions, and are also not only consonant with the general tenor of Scripture, but supply, in some passages, *very striking explanations of long-recognized difficulties.*' (p. 83.)

Now, what, in the first place, were those 'singularly elevating and ennobling conceptions of *the original purpose of man's creation,*' which serve as the basis of those sublime speculations that supply such 'striking explanations of long-recognized difficulties?' We could not possibly have imagined, if the author himself had not been pleased to set before us, in his own words, this grand, 'original purpose of man's creation.' 'It was,' says he, 'the reverent belief of these early thinkers, *that man was called into being to fill up the places of the lapsed angels,* that he was thus formed, as we read in early pages of the inspired narrative, out of the dust and constituent parts of this earth with which these fallen powers certainly retained some connection, and, on the other hand, that into his nostrils was breathed the *neshama* or breath of life.' (p. 82.) Now, in all this, and in all that immediately follows, we see nothing—absolutely nothing—that is not familiar to every reader of the first 'pages of the inspired narrative,' except the sublime, elevating, and ennobling conception, that *man was created to fill the places of the fallen angels!* We have no doubt in our own mind that if, instead of finding this speculation in those 'early thinkers,' or fathers of the Church, he had, for the first time, met it in some modern writer, he would have turned away from it with indifference, if not with contempt.

But, whether true or false, what difficulty does it explain? For an answer to this question we have searched the pages of the essay before us in vain. The great difficulty is, why God, in his infinite wisdom, should have created angels, whom he foresaw would rebel against him, and 'fall like fire from heaven.' But can it relieve this difficulty, or any other, to be assured that, in order to fill their places, man was created only to rebel and fall, like themselves, under the awful dominion

of sin, suffering, and death! This, instead of explaining any difficulty, only seems to be adding one difficulty to another. Science teaches that two rays of light may be made to produce darkness; but we have yet to learn, from any source, that two rays of darkness have ever been known to produce light. It has always been considered impossible 'to extract light from a cucumber.' We should, however, as soon attempt to work this miracle as to extract light, for the difficulties 'of the age' we live in, from the grand patristic of 'the original purpose of man's creation.' In very deed, this grand notion, whether true or false, is at least fifteen centuries behind the wants of the present age. Hence, if that is all, or even the principal thing, which 'the Church' has to tell 'the Age,' may we not well fear that 'the Age' will devour 'the Church,' because she will have failed to solve its Sphinx riddles?

We might, indeed, if it were deemed necessary, devote this whole article to the 'scattered thoughts' of Bishop Ellicott. But they are already sufficiently *scattered*. The truth is, that, with all his learning and eloquence, the bishop is altogether out of his province in dealing with the theological difficulties of 'the age.' Most truly has he said, that 'speculation, especially in such times as the present—speculation, derived solely from Scripture, and restrained within sober and reverent bounds, will probably win back more souls to the Catholic faith from among modern thinkers than any other form of Christian teaching? But then it must not be restrained within the very 'reverent' bounds of the first three centuries, during which the speculations of the Church were any thing but 'sober;' it must, on the contrary, come out of 'the great chapter of the third book of Irenæus' (p. 80), and, standing face to face with the age we live in, grapple with its gigantic difficulties. If, moreover, it would lay the doubts and perplexities of the present times, and win back its thinkers to the Catholic faith, it must base itself, not on the fancies of the early fathers, but on some fact of nature, or some word of revelation. On no other condition, indeed, can it satisfy the real thinkers of the present age, or convince them that their doubts and difficulties have sprung from a misapprehension of

the teachings of Christianity, and not from a true knowledge of her wonderfully adjusted system of soul-saving doctrines; a system which, if properly viewed in all its parts, correlations, and interdependences, will be seen to be worthy of the infinite Mind by whom the unity, order, harmony, and beauty of the material Cosmos was conceived, and called into being. It is, in fact, a spiritual Cosmos, whose grandeur and glory as far excel the grandeur and glory of the material Cosmos as mind excels matter.

The question under consideration in this paper, *Why man was created, not only liable to sin, but certain to fall under its dominion*, has been elaborately discussed by us in a former work.¹ We shall not repeat what we have there advanced. Indeed, if we should copy the whole of that discussion, it could be clearly understood, or fully appreciated, only by those who had mastered the preceding chapters of the same work. We shall, then, consider the same great question from another point of view, namely, from Man's Place in the Universe, and endeavor to show how its difficulties, so deep and dark, may be dispelled, by a simple view of the mutual relations and interdependence of Christian doctrine. Or, in other words, how the doubts and difficulties, which are so confidently urged by the sceptic, and which are often so deeply felt by the believer himself, disappear as soon as *the whole of the case* is clearly and fully understood. It will then be seen, that the doubts and difficulties in question attach, not to the Christian scheme itself, but only to limited, partial, one-sided, and distorted views of that scheme; just as the system of the material universe was full of darkness, and apparently insuperable difficulties, until the modern astronomy revealed its wonderful order, harmony, and beauty. Then all was light. In like manner, before the unveiled face of the spiritual Cosmos will our doubts and difficulties flee away, like shapes and shadows of the night, or mists of the morning, before the flaming disk of the sun.

Why, then, was man created? Nay, why is he still continued in being, though subject to all the evil consequences

1 A Theodicy, Part I, Chap. VI, Sect. VII.

of the fall? Is there any place or purpose for him in the universe of God, which justifies his continuance upon earth, notwithstanding the ruins of his lapsed condition? We answer affirmatively; and hope to make our answer good, not by doubtful speculations, but by clear and unanswerable demonstrations from Scripture.

The first satisfactory direction ever given to our thoughts on this awful subject was by a word of the great Teacher. 'Who did sin, this man or his parents,' said the disciples to our Saviour, 'that he was born blind?' They made no doubt that the sad and helpless condition of the blind man was the punishment of some sin; and they merely wished to know whether it was his own sin or the sin of his parents which had brought the awful calamity upon his head. Their minds seem to have hung in a state of suspense between the hypothesis of Plato and that of *orthodox* Jews; that is, between the notion that men are punished in this life for sins committed in a former state of existence, and the notion that they are punished for the sins of their parents. But our Saviour, repudiating both notions, simply replied: 'Neither did this man sin, nor his parents,' that he was born blind; 'but that the work of God might be made manifest in him.' We thank thee, O blessed Master, for that sweet word! It was not orthodox then, and it is not orthodox now. But it is, nevertheless, full of life, and light, and power, and hope, and joy, and beauty. We now have the clue in our hands, and we advance with confidence, *seeing* and *feeling* that we are in the right direction. For, with our backs turned on the origin of things, which is so full of darkness and dissatisfaction, our faces are set toward the final issue and consummation of all things, which is so full of glory and unutterable delight. In other words, we have turned from the works of the devil, from the ruins to which he reduced the first creation, to contemplate the glory of the second creation, which, under God, has risen out of the ruins of the first. This glory, as we shall see, infinitely transcends, both in character and extent, that of the original creation of God. The first creation was in order to the second; and its very fall was, as will soon appear, indispensable to the

perfection and glory of the second. The second creation, which is the most glorious of all the works of God, could not have been without the fall and redemption of the first creation. And this is the reason why man was created, and, in spite of his lapse and ruined condition, was continued in existence. It was in order 'that the work of God might be made manifest in him;' even the greatest of all his works, and the crowning glory of all. The contrasts between these two creations, or kingdoms, have been seldom if ever considered; and yet it is precisely these amazing contrasts which best illustrate the wisdom, and power, and goodness of God, in ordaining the first, in order to the second creation.

The first creation was perfect *in its kind*. The Scriptures expressly declare, that as God finished each order of his works he pronounced it *good*, until finally he made man, the crowning work and glory of all, in his own image, and him he pronounced *very good*. The truth of the principle, that God gave the greatest possible perfection to all his creatures, each in its nature or kind, is evident from his wisdom and goodness. Guided by infinite wisdom, and inspired by infinite goodness, God could not but choose *what is best*. From the perfection of his attributes we necessarily infer the perfection of his works. If he had chosen the imperfect, or the less perfect, he would not have been God. The very atheists themselves recognize the truth of this principle; for seeing, as they imagine, imperfection in the works of God, they confidently conclude that God himself is not perfect.

Upon the same principle rests the doctrine of the *best world*, or *optimism*, which has been the faith of all the greatest and purest thinkers among men. 'To believe a God,' says Cudworth, 'is to believe the existence of *all possible good and perfection in the universe*; it is to believe that the world is so well framed and governed as that the whole system thereof *could not possibly have been better*.' This doctrine is advocated with all the genius and learning of Leibnitz in his celebrated *Teodicee*, and is more developed in the *Metaphysik* of his disciple Wolfius. Even Plato, 'the prince of philosophers,' was an ardent and enthusiastic optimist. According to Seneca

(Ep. 65), Plato said: '*Deus mundum fecit quam optimum potuit.*' There have also been, in all ages, many other great writers, who, with Plato, and Cudworth, and Leibnitz, have advocated the doctrine of the *best world*, or *optimism*. They may not, it is true, have been able to give a clear and satisfactory reason of the faith that was in them, by showing that the actual world as created by God was the best possible; but yet this faith *was* in them; and, in spite of all adverse appearances, they walked by it as in the light of God's glory, trampling under foot all the doubts and difficulties they were unable to explain.

There are perfections, however, which did not belong to the creation of God, because they were *incommunicable* even by his omnipotence. Among these is the attribute or property of *immutability*. We know that man was mutable, because he fell; that he was peccable, because he sinned. No one can deny this fact. Whether he can reconcile it with the character of God or not, he must admit its existence. But having written a book—the labor of twenty years—to reconcile the awful facts of sin and suffering with the infinite holiness and goodness of God, we shall not dwell on it here; especially as it is beside our present purpose, which is to show how God, by his dealings with the sin and suffering of the world, has rendered them the occasion of the greatest of all the triumphs of his infinite wisdom and goodness.

We must say in passing, however, that the mutability of man, or liability to sin, is no proof of any imperfection in God, or in his work. He gave man the power to do right; and this is, *ex necessitate rei*, a power to do wrong. If he could not go wrong, then there would be no virtue, no merit, no moral obedience in his going right. Or, in other words, his so-called going right would not be virtue at all, or moral obedience. It might be the obedience of a stone, or a star, in following the law of gravity; but not the virtue or the obedience of a free moral agent, who recognizes and follows the moral law of God. Hence, when he made man a moral agent—and *as such* capable of knowing, and loving, and serving Him—he thereby and therein created him with a mutable will, or a liability to

sin. This *posse peccare* is inseparable from the very idea and existence of a finite or created moral agent *as such*. To create a moral agent is, in other words, to create an agent with a power to do wrong; for this is included in the power to do right, or to act as a moral agent. Is not all this as clear as the sun?

Hence, if God had made man immutable, or not liable to sin, this would have been a very great imperfection; for, by denying him a power to sin, or to do wrong, he would have refused him the power to do right, or to become truly virtuous and holy as God is holy. To complain, then, that God did not make man without a power to sin, is to complain that he did not create *a mortal which was not a moral agent*. And this is just as absurd as it were to complain that he did not create a thing to be and not to be at one and the same time; that he did not make a circle without the properties of a circle, or a triangle without the properties of a triangle; that he did not make two and two equal to five or to five hundred; or that he did not embody in his creation any other monstrous, self-contradictory, and impossible conceit of a weak brain. The power of God is infinite, we rejoice to believe, so that there is no conceivable or possible thing beyond his omnipotence to produce; but yet the attribute of his power, of his omnipotence, always acts in conformity with the dictates of his own infinite wisdom, and not according to the absurd or crazy conceptions of human folly. Otherwise his works would indeed be most imperfect, and altogether unworthy of anything in heaven or earth, except the wisdom of the atheist.

The first creation was, then, not an imperfect manifestation of the divine omnipotence, although it was mutable, or liable to sin, as it could not have been made otherwise without involving the work of God in contradictions infinitely unworthy of his wisdom. But suppose that, by any means whatever, it could have been rendered not only holy and happy, but immutable in its holiness and happiness, no one can deny that its perfection and glory would have been thereby immeasurably augmented. Now, this, as we shall soon see, is precisely the great, the incalculable advantage which the second creation has over

the first. The first was the work of God's power, and was as perfect as omnipotence could have made it; the second is the work of his love, and *as such* possesses perfection and moral glories which it is not in the province of power to bestow. Love concurred, of course, in the work of power, as power concurred in the work of love; but the work of love, or the new creation rising out of the ruins of the old, is the greatest of all the manifestations of infinite wisdom and love.

Power did not, and could not, confer holiness. Hence man, as he came from the hand of God, was not holy in the high, true, or moral sense of the term. He was only innocent—pure and upright—but holy, or virtuous, in the true sense of the word, he was not. Theologians tell us, it is true, God 'made man holy,' but the Scriptures tell us no such thing. On the contrary, they only tell us that God 'made man upright,' as most assuredly he did. But to be pure, innocent, *upright*, unfallen from the condition in which he was made, is not to be truly holy or conformed to the law of God by the exercise of his own will. Indeed, if the Scripture had said in express terms that God made man *holy*, we should have been compelled to understand by his holiness merely the property of having been ordained, consecrated, and set apart to the worship and service of God. For, just as he came from the hand of God, and before he had done anything, or thought anything, or felt anything, he was not holy in the moral sense of the word. He was endowed with all the powers and susceptibilities of a moral agent, and was therefore capable of *becoming* holy; but until he exercised his will in obedience to the law of God, he did not become holy, for holiness is obedience to the law of God—a free and not a forced obedience. Is not this clearer than the sun? Why, then, will men insist upon it, that God made man holy in and by the act of creation? Is such a theory conceivable or possible? No—ten thousand times no; the production of holiness, which is the most glorious and beautiful of all the attributes of God, or of all the attainments of man, is the work of God's love in the new creation, and not of his power in the old. Or, more correctly speaking, it is the joint product of two wills, God's and man's)

—the one giving, and the other exercising, the ability to keep the holy law of God.

Here, then, is another perfection and glory by which the second creation is distinguished from the first; it is endowed with true holiness, or moral likeness to God. The first man was made in the *image* of God; the new man is created in his *likeness*. The first consisted of natural endowments only; the last consists of moral attributes. By these endowments man possessed the capacity to become holy; in these attributes man possesses holiness itself. The 'new creation in Christ Jesus' far excels the glory of the first man in Paradise. He is more holy, more stable, and more secure. His position is holier, and higher, and firmer. The firmness of his position results, indeed, from his growth in holiness, or in holy habits of obedience to God, and becomes practically immutable only when he has put off the last remains of the old man, or this mortal coil of sin. Those theologians, then—and their name is *legion*—who speak as if the work of Christ was merely designed to restore man to the condition from which Adam fell, seem to be very greatly mistaken; a mistake which has, no doubt, resulted from the false notion, that the first man was created in true holiness. The work of Christ does, indeed, restore man to a far higher, and holier, and more glorious state than it ever entered into the imagination of Adam to conceive.

But we must not confine the redemptive work of Christ, and its benefits, to this world alone. This is the narrow view at which the sceptics delight to level the shafts of their ridicule and wit. How can we believe, they exclaim, that the eternal Son of God, by whom all things were created, became incarnate—actually took upon himself the flesh and blood of man—in order to suffer and die for the puny inhabitants of this little atom earth of ours? What! the Lord and Creator of all worlds, stoop so low, and bear such a burden of humiliation, sorrow, shame, and suffering, and death itself, for such a creature as man?

Thus do they attack the doctrine of redemption; not as it stands out gloriously on the ever blessed pages of the Volume

of Inspiration itself, in all its sublime relations to the good and the glory of the universe, as well as to the salvation of man, but only as it is lopped, maimed, dwarfed, and disfigured in their own minds, or in some little, dark system of theology. The Scriptures nowhere teach that the incarnation of Christ, or his redemptive work, refers to this world alone. On the contrary, they expressly and repeatedly insist on the cosmical relations of the redemptive work of Christ, and even specify the incalculable benefits and blessings which it confers on the whole universe of God. Let us see, in the first place, what these benefits and blessings are, according to the statements of Scripture; and then, in the second place, show how, or why, they flow from the work of God manifested in his dealings with our fallen world.

In the first place, then, the redemptive work of Christ secures the stability of the moral universe. As we have seen, this great benefit, or advantage, could not have been conferred upon moral agents by the power of God. It is certain that it was not conferred upon man, nor upon the angels who fell; and, as we have shown, it could not have been conferred upon any world of moral agents, even by the exercise of his omnipotence. Hence the necessity of the work of Christ. Accordingly, in the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, it is said, that it is the design of God 'by him,' that is, by Christ, 'to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.'

Now, as the Hebrews had no word for universe, so when they wished to express the idea, they used the phrase, 'all things in heaven and in earth.' But how, it may be asked, can those things in heaven, can those worlds which never rebelled against God, be said to be reconciled to him? In other words, inasmuch as they were never enemies, how can they be reconciled? This question is easily answered. For the original in this place simply means, not to reconcile, but 'to keep in society,' or to unite in one. Thus are we told, that all things, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven—that is, the whole created universe—are kept in society with the ever-blessed God by the mediatorial work and glory of Christ.

Again, in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, it is said (chap. i. 9, 10), that 'Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together *in one* all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him.' Thus we are told again, that it is, and was from all eternity, the purpose of God to unite *in one* all things in heaven and earth, yea, the whole universe, in Christ as its one Lord and Preserver.

The context to the preceding extract from Colossians appears to give it still greater force and fulness. It is in these words: 'By him (i. e., by Christ) were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and *for him*; and he is before all things, and *by him all things consist*.' Now, unless we impiously suppose that there are two Creators, this description most assuredly embraces the whole universe. And if so, then the whole universe, both visible and invisible, with all its thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, was reconciled unto God by the mediatorial work of Christ; or, by the sacred and eternal ties of confidence and love, kept from falling away from Him into the outer darkness of sin and death.

This, as we have already said, is the greatest and most glorious of all the works of God. So great and so glorious is it, indeed, that it is the one work for which the whole universe was created. That is to say, all the thrones and dominions, all the principalities and powers, of all the worlds and systems, were created to the intent that they might find their perfection and fulness in the work of Christ Jesus, the head of the new creation. This design of God is clearly set forth in the following language of revelation: He 'created all things by Jesus Christ, *to the intent*, that now unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known, by [means of] the Church, the manifold wisdom of God, according to his eternal purpose which he purposed *in* Christ Jesus.' (Eph. iii. 9-11.)

Thus are we expressly told that, according to the eternal purpose of God, he created all things by Jesus Christ, *to the intent* that his glory, or, in other words, 'his manifold wisdom,' might be revealed to the universe. It is, then, no wonder that Christ should be set before us, in the apocalyptic vision of St. John, as the supreme object of worship, adoration, and praise. 'And I beheld,' says he, 'and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and its beasts [living creatures] and elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen.' (Rev. v. 11-14.)

We have thus reached, at last, the Scriptural view of man's place in the universe. All things were not made for him; he was made for all things. The atonement was made for him, in one sense; but, in a still higher sense, he was made for the atonement. This, it is true, was made for man, and is as perfectly adapted to his condition, his wants, and his aspirations as if it referred to him alone; but yet the benefits which it confers on the universe, binding all its thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers to the throne of God, is the primal purpose for which it was conceived and planned in the counsels of eternity. The place, then, which this world, according to the revelations of the modern astronomy, holds in the material universe, is not more subordinate than that which, according to Scripture, its inhabitants sustain to the spiritual universe. If it was not beneath the dignity and glory of the eternal Son of God to create all things, then, surely, it is not unworthy of him to keep all things, in heaven and in earth, one harmonious and all-glorious society with God.

Hence the objection of the sceptic falls to the ground. Proceeding, as it does, on the supposition that, according to Scrip-

ture, the work of Christ refers to man alone, it rests on merely a narrow, low, mean, and dark conception of 'the eternal purpose of God,' which not only has no foundation in his word, but is contradicted by many of its clearest and most unequivocal utterances. If, indeed, we concede to the sceptic that Christ, the eternal 'Sun of Righteousness,' was ordained for this world alone, his objections will prove too much for us; even as insuperable doubts and difficulties attached to the old system of astronomy, which placed the earth in the centre of the universe, and caused sun, moon, and stars to revolve around it exclusively for our benefit. All such doubts and difficulties vanished and disappeared forever as soon as the earth was relegated to its real place in the material universe; and so, in like manner, it is only necessary to assign to man his true place in the moral universe, in order to dispel the aforesaid objections to the grand scheme of Christian doctrine.

By what means or influences are men taken from the ruins of the first creation in Adam, and made living members of the far more glorious creation in the second Adam? By what means, in other words, are they rescued from a fallen state, and raised to a higher condition than that of Adam before the fall—as much higher, in fact, as the positive and heroic virtues of the saint are than the mere innocence of childhood; or as a stable state of acquired holiness is than a mutable power to acquire it? By what means, in one word, is the frail image of the first Adam replaced by the fairer image of the second Adam? This, as intimated above, is the second branch of our subject; but it is, of course, far too extensive a topic to be considered in this already extended paper.

We shall only add, in conclusion, that no one can doubt for a moment the unspeakable, the inconceivable importance of the work ascribed to Christ in the Scriptures. For it is no less than to lay the corner-stone, and secure the foundations, of the eternal empire of God over the universe, uniting all its thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, in one harmonious kingdom under the once crucified Captain of our salvation.

No creation, no system, no government, however perfect

and beautiful in itself, is of much value without the element of permanence and stability. This indispensable element, as we learn from the Scripture, it was the sublime office of Christ to introduce into the system of the moral universe. The first creation seems to have been as frail as it was fair. Not so with the new creation in Christ Jesus. This, in the word of God, is described as '*the city which hath the foundation,*' as '*the kingdom which cannot be moved.*' Is it not, then, as we have said, '*the greatest of all God's works, and the crowning glory of all*' ?

Nor is this view of the universe so clearly and unequivocally set before us in the Scriptures without the support and confirmation of facts in this lower and darker part of the world. The angels of light, some of them, that had ever rejoiced in the smile of God's infinite goodness, were not satisfied with their condition, but, moved by self-complacent pride or some other affection of their mutable natures, they sinned, and fell '*like fire from heaven.*' And but for the work of Christ, those blessed spirits now bound together in everlasting society with God, and with a holy universe, might have fallen from Him into the outer darkness, as angels and archangels had fallen before them. So man, in Paradise, not satisfied with his happy lot, and, striving to better it, plucked down ruin upon his head, and upon his race. But an apostle, though born in sin, had such confidence in God, that in whatsoever state he was he could therewith be content; nay, more than content, for not in heaven only, not in Paradise, but in a dungeon, loaded with irons, and beaten with many stripes, he could make the midnight gloom of his prison resound with songs of praise to God. This confidence of a frail and erring mortal in his God, this firm and unshaken allegiance to the throne of the Most High, presents a spectacle of moral grandeur and sublimity to which the annals of eternity, but for the work of Christ, had never furnished a parallel. For, having tasted the sting of death in sin, and the sweet mercies of redeeming love in the new life, faith in God became the unconquerable principle and passion of his soul. Hence that sublime, that super-angelic rhapsody, '*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribu-*

lation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is Christ Jesus our Lord.'

We add a few words more, lest it may be supposed by some that we have done injustice to the speculations of Bishop Elliott. He says, that 'the early Church laid the greatest weight on the *cosmical relations of our Lord's advent*, and conceived that nothing less could be deemed the mind of Scripture.' (p. 80.) But what these cosmical relations were on which the early Church laid so much stress he has not been pleased to inform us, except that man was created to fill the places left vacant by the fall of rebel angels. The 'eternal purpose,' he continues, 'embraced the whole redemptive work of Jesus Christ. But here we pause; wide speculative questions of profound moment now present themselves to the thoughts. Did this silence-sealed purpose refer alone to the redemptive work of Christ on earth, or did it involve much beside? If it only referred to the redemption and death of Christ, then we become inevitably involved in the conception that the advent of the Lord resulted solely from the sin of the world, and that the Lord's manifestation is but a means to an end, and not, as all our higher feelings seem to prompt us to believe, its own purpose and end. Can, however, we take unreservedly the wide view of Osiander, and of the many great thinkers that have followed him, and maintain the belief that Christ "would have been incarnate if Adam had not sinned," and that His personal manifestation had primal reference to that ultimate bringing to perfection and summing up of all things in Himself of which Scripture presents so many important notices? Are we to deem that this, rather than the narrower view, is the truer conception of the silence-sealed purpose? Nearly our whole speculative system depends on, and will be conditioned by, our answer.' (p. 79.)

With much of this passage, as the reader of the preceding pages will readily perceive, our views perfectly agree. But we utterly eschew the 'view of Osiander, and of the many great thinkers that have followed him'; for this speculation begins with what they *imagine* Christ '*would have*' done 'if Adam had not sinned.' Our view, on the contrary, sets out from what Christ *has actually done*, in consequence of the *fact of Adam's sin*; and thence proceeds in the combined lights of reason and revelation. This is what we mean by 'Christian speculation.' 'The wide view of Osiander,' on the other hand, instead of basing itself *on fact*, starts from an *imaginary state of things*, and tells us how the universe would have been managed if that imaginary state of things had only been real. We would fain study the universe *as it is*, and as God *actually governs it*, not concerning ourselves much to know *how it would have been governed if it had been different from what it is*. Is not this, indeed, merely to deduce an imaginary world from an imaginary postulate? And are not all such speculations like the footless bird of the Indian fable, which, being unable to take foothold on anything solid, and there find rest, sustains itself in a wandering course only by beating the air with its wings?

Our views on this subject, which we gave to the world many years ago, we have since found corroborated by more learned authors than one. Our attention was first called to the true interpretation of Colossians i. 20, which reveals the sublime cosmical relation of the redemptive work of Christ, by the writings of 'the wonderful Howe'; and the more we have since read and reflected on that sublime relation, the stronger and more numerous, both from reason and revelation, have become the proofs and illustrations of its reality and truth. We have, indeed, from that day to this, seen a new and beautiful light continually spreading itself over the face of the universe.

One of the authors above referred to, as corroborating our views long ago expressed, is the Rev. W. J. Irons, D. D., whose views of the Christian Cosmos rise far above those of the early Church. According to Bishop Ellicott, the views

of the early Church, which he so greatly admires, are set forth in Anselm's 'great treatise on the Incarnation.' (p. 82.) Dr. Irons, on the contrary, presents the following very just 'Contrast in the Philosophy of Anselm and St. Paul': 'It was,' says he, 'part of the philosophy of St. Anselm that the new creation in Christ would supply that which had been lost to the perfect work of the perfect Creator, and fill up the ranks of glory which had been injured by sin. St. Paul's surely is a nobler view. He speaks of the gathering together in Christ of the new creation, not as arising *per accidens*, but as a glorious whole in itself, "without spot or blemish," or any such thing. The spiritual powers on high, archangels, angels, and principalities, are ranked as in due place under Christ our Head. And while there is in Anselm's thought something fatalistic or mechanical, as if the Divine perfection was bound to a certain cycle, in creating, the thought of St. Paul rises to the majesty of a moral world—a subordination of will to will, the will of the finite to the Supreme. *He does not conceive of the failures of some wills, in the former series of creations, as compensated by the success of other wills at a later stage.*' Even Dr. Irons, however, advances but a little way along the line of thought opened up by St. Paul, and gathers around him but few, if any, of the lights and illustrations by which the Christian Cosmos may be so magnificently illuminated.

In a work which a young friend presented to us two years ago—Jenkyn on 'The Extent of the Atonement'—this subject is more fully discussed. At the end of Sect. IV, Chap. V, entitled 'The Extent of the Atonement Illustrated by its Relation to the Universe,' Dr. Jenkyn says, 'I cannot deny myself the pleasure of introducing here a passage from "Bishop Porteus' Sermons"; its pertinence and eloquence will apologize for its length.'

"It is, I believe, generally taken for granted, that it was for the human race alone that Christ suffered and died; and we are then asked, with an air of triumph, whether it is conceivable, or in any degree credible, that the eternal Son of

1 'Christianity as Taught by St. Paul,' p. 176.

God should submit to so much indignity, and so much misery, for the fallen, the wicked, the wretched inhabitants of this small globe of earth, which is as a grain of sand to a mountain; a mere speck in the universe when compared with that immensity of worlds and systems of worlds which the sagacity of a great modern astronomer has discovered in the boundless regions of space.

“ But on what ground is it concluded that the benefits of Christ's death extend no further than to ourselves? As well might we suppose that the sun was placed in the firmament merely to illuminate and warm this earth that we inhabit. To the vulgar and illiterate this act really appears to be the case. But philosophy teaches us better things: it enlarges our contracted views of the divine beneficence, and brings us acquainted with other planets, and other worlds, which share with us the cheering influence and the vivifying warmth of that glorious luminary. Is it not, then, a fair analogy to conclude that the great spiritual Light of the world, the fountain of life, and health, and joy to the soul, does not scatter his blessings over the creation with a more sparing hand? And that the Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in its wings to *other orders of beings* besides ourselves? Nor does this conclusion rest on analogy alone. It is evident from Scripture itself, that we are by no means the only creatures in the universe interested in the sacrifice of our Redeemer. (Eph. i. 10; Col. i. 16-20.)

“ From intimations such as these, it is highly probable that in the great work of redemption, as well as of creation, there is a vast, stupendous plan of wisdom, of which we cannot at present so much as conceive the whole compass and extent; and if we could assist and improve the mental, as we can the corporal sight; if we could magnify and bring nearer to us, by the help of instruments, the great component parts of the spiritual, as we do the vast bodies of the material world, there can be no doubt, that the resemblance and analogy would hold between them in this, as it does in many well-known instances; and that a scene of wonders would burst in upon us from the

one, at least equal, if not superior, to those which the united powers of astronomy and optics disclose to us in the other.

"If this train of reasoning be just (and who is there that will undertake to say, much more to prove, that it is not so?) if the redemption wrought by Christ extends to other worlds, perhaps *many others* besides our own; if its virtues penetrate into heaven itself; if it gather together 'ALL THINGS' in Christ, who will then say that the dignity of the Agent was disproportioned to the magnitude of the work? And that it was not a scene sufficiently splendid for the Son of God himself to appear upon, and to display the riches of his love, not only to the race of man, but to many other orders of intelligent beings? Upon the whole, it is certainly unpardonable in such a creature as man to judge the system of our redemption from that very small part of it which he now sees; to reason as if we were the only persons concerned in it; and on that ground to raise cavils and objections."

ART. II.—1. *A Concise History of the Moors in Spain, from their invasion of that Kingdom to their final expulsion from it.* By Thomas Bourke, Esq. London: Printed for F. C. & J. Rivington. 1811.

2. *The Alhambra.* By Washington Irving. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

3. *History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain.* By Dr. J. A. Condé. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855.

The relics of the past greatness of a nation give a clearer idea of its history than can be obtained from any detail of bare facts. These mute records are eloquent with meaning; they are living embodiments of thoughts which stirred the souls of generations who have long been tenants of the tomb. The ruinous piles have felt the weight of centuries. Every rent which time has made in the arches, the galleries, the towers, breathes a lament more full of pathos than a requiem; and

the faded splendor fills our hearts with a sadness which words could never inspire. Who that beheld Moslem Grenada in its pristine glory could have imagined that the Moorish rule would come to an end—that it would melt away like a vision, passing out of the thoughts, almost out of the mind, of man? Who could have conceived that the pomp and pageantry of the gay chivalry that glittered about the court for 800 years would leave no trace of its greatness, save that which could be found in Castilian romances or legends, and in the crumbling walls which witnessed its magnificence?

The history of the Moorish dominion in Spain is so closely interwoven with romance and fable that it is difficult to tell where fiction ends and fact begins. We tread upon enchanted ground. The sepulchres give up their ashes. The mass of humanity, long since mouldered to dust, revives; the Morisco-Spaniards appear, and act over again their splendid tragedy. At the very outset we are met by a legend which predicts the conquest of Spain by the Moors. We are told, with wonderful gravity, that on the accession of Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, there was standing in Toledo, the capital, a singular looking house, which was securely closed, and to which entrance had been forbidden under severe penalties. Each succeeding king added the weight of his influence to strengthen a belief in the superstition, by placing a new lock upon the house. When Roderick was crowned king, he was implored by the keepers of the house to follow the example of his predecessors. But his curiosity and cupidity were both aroused, and he announced his intention to have the house opened and to seize the treasure he supposed to be within. The numerous locks were taken off, and Roderick entered the house, but found nothing of any consequence, excepting a chest carefully fastened. Joyfully he ordered it to be opened, but instead of the gold and jewels which he expected to find, he beheld only a scroll, on which was drawn a Moorish figure in armor; underneath was an inscription which predicted that when the house and chest should be opened, a nation of figure and aspect corresponding to the picture would enter and conquer Spain. Alarmed and repentant, Roderick hastily replaced

the scroll, and left the house, causing it to be made more secure than before. But his caution came too late. The omen was fulfilled.

Muza, the Arab General of Algiers, was ambitious and enterprising. He secretly obtained information in regard to the injudicious government of Roderick, and to the waning respect yielded him by the people over whom he ruled. His desire to undertake the conquest of Spain was strengthened by reports which reached him of the beauty and fertility of the country. He heard of the delicious climate, the numerous springs, the wealth of fruit and flowers, the magnificent cities, the inexhaustible riches. Inspired by the thought of so glorious a conquest, and conscious of his own prowess, he wrote to the Caliph, setting forth in the most urgent terms the policy and importance of the undertaking. Like a good Moslem, as he was, his holy ire was kindled, and he bade the Caliph remember that this fair and fertile land was in possession of benighted Christians, and begged that 'he would send the conquerors of Africa into Spain, for the purpose of bearing to that land the knowledge of God and the Alcoranic law.' Having received permission of the Caliph, Muza proceeded into Spain with his fierce and warlike followers. In vain Roderick collected his men, and put himself at their head. In vain he and they fought valiantly and bravely. After a conflict which lasted only seven days, the Gothic King was totally defeated. The fate of this unfortunate monarch has not been known, but as his royal robes and horse were found by the river side, it is not unlikely that he lost his life in endeavoring to cross the stream.

It may here be observed that many historians represent the Moors as bloodthirsty savages, and yet we are told that they did not deprive the conquered Spaniards of their faith, their churches, their customs, or their laws. They exacted only such tribute as they always had paid their kings. Surely one may question the ferocity of which they have been accused, when we remember that many Spanish cities submitted to the invaders without even a show of resistance; that the inhabitants of Toledo wished to adopt the name of *Musarabs*; and

that the widow of Roderick, Queen Egilona, publicly espoused Abdelazis, the son of Muza.

The Moors were converted to Mahommedanism by the Arabians, when they achieved the conquest of Mauritania. These children of the desert are supposed to be the lineal descendants of Ishmael, the outcast son of Abraham and the deserted Hagar, and they are very proud of their origin. Inured from their earliest years to the severest hardships, they are entirely fearless. Death itself has no terror for them. Their nature was peculiarly adapted to receive the polished, eloquent, sagacious, and worldly-minded Mahommed as their prophet. The religion he preached found a ready response in the ardent Oriental heart. Islamism spread like a torrent over the Arabias, Ethiopia, and Africa. When the Moslem general, Akba, carried his floating banners to the extreme western point of Africa, he forced his horse into the waves, and with a heart glowing with courage and devotion, he cried, 'God of Mahommed, thou beholdest that but for the element which arrests me I would have proceeded in search of unknown nations, whom I would have forced to adore thy name.' The success of the Saracen arms was greatly dependent on the religious enthusiasm which inspired them. The sword made the way for the Koran. The religious fervor of the Crusaders did not exceed that of the Arab soldiers. 'The circumstance,' says Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, 'that Mahommed's conquests should carry his religion along with them, will excite little surprise when we know the conditions which he proposed to the vanquished: death or conversion was the only choice offered to idolaters. To the Jews and Christians was left the somewhat milder alternative of subjection and tribute if they persisted in their own religion, or of an equal participation of the rights and liberties, the honors and privileges of the faithful, if they embraced the religion of their conquerors.' The hold which they obtained in Spain it required eight centuries to compel them to relinquish.

During the Moorish reign in Spain that country acquired a degree of splendor and prosperity which it never knew before or after. One lives again in the days of ancient song and story,

when the Oriental taste embellished the country with a luxury entirely its own. It is curious, too, that learning was at its height in this kingdom, when it was obscured, and had almost died out, in all the Christian countries of Europe. Medicine, botany, mathematics, astronomy, and astrology flourished here; but the arts in which the Spanish Moors chiefly excelled were music and poetry. The Caliphs themselves were poets, and were eager for distinction in the art. It is sad to think that, on the fall of Grenada both the priesthood and the soldiery showed themselves so hostile to Moorish literature that very little remains. The celebrated Cardinal Ximenes gave an order that every copy of the Koran should be destroyed. The soldiers, being very illiterate men, unable to read, burned up every volume which came in their way. The flames streamed up, and with them the thoughts of learned and wise men. Such an *auto da fe* affects posterity more than many which have desolated the hearts of contemporaries.

Under the reign of the Abdelzamins, Moorish Spain reached the acme of its glory. The first of the name received from his subjects the beautiful surname of *The Just*. Although he was engaged in important and dangerous wars, he patronized the sciences, and was the first who established schools for their study in Cordova. He was a poet, and was considered the most eloquent man of his day. He was a lover of Nature, and planted a beautiful garden, in the midst of which he caused a tower to be built. When weary of the turmoil which surrounded him, he would repair to this tower, whence he could enjoy an exquisite view of the distant country. In the garden the king planted a palm. Before that time this tree was unknown in Spain, so that this was the progenitor of those which are now common to the land. Those who knew the king say that 'Abdelzamin would often contemplate the growth of the palm from the summit of the tower; and on a certain occasion, when recollections of his native land had rendered him thoughtful and melancholy, he is said to have composed the following verses to the tree:

'Thou, also, fair and graceful Palm-tree, thou
Art here a stranger. Western breezes wave

Softly around thee with the breath of love,
Caressing thy soft beauty ; rich the soil
Wherein thy roots are prospering, and thy head
Thou liftest high to heaven. Thou, fair tree,
Dost feel no grief for thine abandoned home.
To me alone that pain ; to me alone
The tears of long regret for thy fair sisters
Blooming by Florat's wave.¹

' Yet do the river and the Palms forget
Him, the lone mourner, who in this strange land
Still clings to their remembrance, my sweet home !
When the stern destinies, and sterner they,
The sons of fierce Alabas, drove me forth,
How wound my soul around thee, and now hangs,
E'en now, my heart on thy beloved soil !

' Thou Palm, thou, fair and lovely, of that home
Dost take no thought ! Ah, well is thee ! but I,
Sad mourner, cannot choose but grieve ; and thus
I weep for thee and me, Oh, lovely Palm,
Thinking of our lost home.'

Abdelzamin celebrated the first year in which the blessing of peace was accorded him, by ordering a grand mosque to be built in the vicinity of his palace. It is said that the designs were made by the king himself, who wished it to surpass that of Bagdad in splendor. Abdelzamin worked on it with his own hands one hour every day, and personally supervised the laborers, in order to secure the utmost care and diligence. The sum he spent on the building was more than one hundred thousand doubloons in gold ; but he did not live to see it completed. He designed the temple, and labored on it ; but he was not permitted to worship there. Let us break the spell of ages, and fancy the monarch pacing his lovely garden, and picturing to himself, as he gazes on the half-finished temple, the perfect beauty and brilliancy of its completion. Let us fancy him musing of the time, not distant, when, after

' ——— The battles, sieges, fortunes
He had passed,'

he, with his children would there celebrate the solemn festivals of his religion. The exultant hopes and fancies were but

¹Euphrates.

vain shadows. Monarch and Moslem have long ago mingled their dust with that of the temple they loved so well. But Destiny, relenting, has left half of the wonderful structure; and the ruin dimly shadows forth the sublime conception of Abdelzamin. 'The half which remains is six hundred and fifty feet in length, and two hundred and fifty feet wide. It is supported by more than three hundred columns of jasper, alabaster, and marble, a relique by which the spectator is enabled to form no imperfect idea of its primitive magnificence. The building had twenty-four brazen gates of entrance, all profusely decorated or enriched with golden sculptures; and four thousand lamps were kept constantly burning in it, as if it had been the intention of the founder that this costly edifice should never for a moment cease to dazzle.' The priests of Cordova resorted thither every Friday to pray for the people. The Moslems had two great feasts which were always celebrated in this mosque. One of these was in commemoration of the New Year; the other was the anniversary of the death of Mahomet. Each of these celebrations lasted eight days and was observed as a general holiday and season of rejoicing. At these seasons family feuds were reconciled, for, in accordance with the laws of their religion, none could partake in the festivities who were not 'in love and charity with their neighbors.' At night the city was illuminated, the streets were festooned and garlanded with flowers, exquisite music filled the air, and the rich gave lavishly of their possessions to the poor. Hatreds and prejudices, weariness and disappointment, were exorcised. The burden of sin or sorrow was lifted from all hearts, and only rejoicings and praises were heard. One can conceive nothing more magnificent than these countless canticles of praise ascending to heaven from that immense, united throng of immortal souls. Creeds and dogmas fade away before our common religion of Love.

'For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all'

After the death of Abdelzamin, the nation was disturbed by revolts and embroiled in wars with the French and Spaniards. As the order of succession was not regulated by law,

civil wars were inevitable. Each of the Caliphs left numerous sons, nearly all of whom aspired to the throne. Every one of them became the head of a faction, and in this way many petty states were created. Instances of conquered, deposed, and murdered kings were constantly recurring, so that a systematic account of their history would be monotonous and tiresome. There is a cessation of interesting detail until the reign of Abdelzamin II. It was at this period that the power of the Christians began to be felt by the Moors. The king was a brave and distinguished soldier, and was necessarily much occupied with war; but he found time to embellish his reign with those glories which are usually peculiar to peace. He built a new mosque, and constructed aqueducts, by means of which water was conveyed to all parts of the city. Artists, poets, and philosophers were attracted to his court, not only through hope of reward, but because the king himself excelled in the arts which he wished them to cultivate. He founded a great school of music, and invited from the East the famous musician Ali-Zeriab, whose pupils were afterward so celebrated throughout the Oriental world. The music of the Moors was of the simplest style. It did not consist, like ours, in the harmony of different instruments, but in soft and tender airs accompanied by the lute. This poetic people sang with much taste and expression, but the words of a song were far dearer to them than the music associated with it. They infuse their whole souls into a melody which they pour forth in sublime Moorish cadence, accompanied only by the breeze as it softly waves through the leaves of the palm at whose feet they lie.

The chivalrous character of Abdelzamin produced a happy effect on his subjects; and Cordova became, under his reign, the abode of luxury and taste. The king was not only a great warrior and a patron of science and the arts, but he was also remarkable for his gallantry and devotion to the sex. One or two anecdotes will serve to illustrate this characteristic. One day a favorite female slave, having had a misunderstanding with her royal lover, withdrew from his presence in anger. The chief eunuch, passing near at the time, heard her declare that she would bar her door and never see his master again.

Alarmed at this blasphemous vow, as he considered it, he prostrated himself before the Prince of Believers, and communicated to him all he had overheard. Abdelzamin betrayed no emotion, but in a few moments commanded that the door of the offended beauty should be closed with small pieces of silver, and that the barrier should never be removed until the princess herself demolished it, by appropriating the materials of which it was composed. The fair slave was appeased, and the wall disappeared as if by magic.

Ibrahim El Catib relates, that one day the king presented a beautiful girl with a superb necklace of gold adorned with pearls and precious stones. Certain nobles who were present allowed him to see that they thought the gift too valuable, saying that 'it was a jewel rich enough to ennoble a royal treasury, and might be useful in some change of fortune.' Indeed we are told that the worth of the necklace was more than 10,000 dinars or doubloons in gold. To their remonstrance Abdelzamin replied, 'It appears to me that the glitter of this ornament has dazzled your eyes, and your judgment is disturbed by that imaginary value which men give to these stones, and to the form and purity of these pearls; but what are they that the best of them should be compared with the beauty and grace of the human pearl that God hath formed with his hand? Doth not the splendor of that last treasure rejoice the eyes of him who beholds it, while it enchants and troubles the heart? The most exquisite pearls, such as you there behold, the rarest emeralds and most precious jacinths, do not charm the eyes, nor solace the ears, nor touch the heart, nor delight the soul, as doth the breathing jewel before us; and thus it seems to me that God hath placed these things in my hands to the end that I may assign them their true destiny, and that so they shall serve to adorn this fair girl.' The reasoning of the king must have been convincing, for we find the poet, Abdallah Xamri, commemorating his philosophy in the following lines:

'Bright is the gold, and fair the pearl,
But brighter, fairer thou, sweet girl.
Jacinths and emeralds of the mine
Radiant as sun and moon may shine,
But what are all their charms to thine!

'The Maker's stores have beauties rare,
But none that can with thee compare.
O pearl, that God's own hand hath made;
Earth, sky, and sea,
Compared with thee,
See all their splendors sink in shade.'

Abdelzamin expressed himself greatly pleased with the verses, and replied in the following lines :

'Xamri, fair gifts of song are thine;
Bright gleams thy thought along the line.
As night's dark shadows shun the day,
So shuns pale care thy cheering lay.
It charms the ear, thy dulcet tone,
And soon hath made the heart thine own.

'Thus, too, the beauty God hath given
To her, the fairest 'neath his heaven,
Doth all the sentient being warm,
The eyes enchant, the bosom charm.

'More joys than jasmine fair, or rose,
Doth she, the maid I love, disclose.
And if this heart, with these mine eyes,
Were mine to give, they were her prize—
To string them on the band of gold
That doth her snow-bright neck enfold.'

When Xamri read these lines, he exclaimed to the king, 'By heaven! thy verses are much more ingenious than mine, and the eulogy thou hast uttered is the best thing I could desire; wherefore there remains for me only to pray God that he will preserve thee, and give me time and days that I may employ them in thy well-merited praises.' Abdelzamin then ordered a *Bidra*, which is a purse of ten thousand adarhames, should be presented to the poet, who, unwilling that the monarch should excel him in liberality, immediately divided the sum among his friends who were present.

For sixty years after the death of Abdelzamin II, the country exhibited a series of tumults and wars. The authority of the Caliphs became weakened; the inherent evils of the government were keenly felt; and the empire seemed tottering to its base, when Abdelzamin III ascended the throne of Cordova,

and, once more, restored order and tranquillity. The name of this monarch was regarded by the Moslems as an auspicious omen. He assumed the title of *Emir-al-Mumenim*, which means *Prince of True Believers*. He was a profound statesman and a brave warrior, and although he met with some reverses, he always understood the art of repairing his losses. Although incessantly engaged in war, which necessarily involved him in enormous expense, he maintained a degree of magnificence and splendor at court, the account of which would seem a mere romantic fable were it not attested by every historian of the day.

The Greek Emperor, Constantine XI, sent ambassadors to Abdelzamin, soliciting his aid against the Caliphs of Bagdad. This was such a distinguished compliment from a Christian monarch, that the Caliph determined to give him a reception which should rival in pomp and display that of the most splendid Asiatic courts. A large body of cavalry, magnificently equipped, were sent to meet and welcome the envoys. As they approached, they found all the avenues to the palace lined with cavalry, decorated in a still more brilliant manner. The arches leading to the court were festooned with the most choice Persian and Egyptian fabrics, and the walls were hung with gold stuffs of the richest variety. The ambassadors were presented by the Hadji, or chief officer of the court, to the Caliph, who was seated on a dazzling throne, surrounded by his courtiers, all blazing with precious stones. The ambassadors expressed their admiration at this gorgeous array of wealth. The letter from the Greek Emperor was on blue parchment, enclosed in a gold casket; at each corner of the vellum was engraved the effigy of Jesus, and that of the Emperor Constantine. When the ceremony of the presentation of the letters was completed, and the treaty signed, they were entertained sumptuously; and, after remaining several days in Cordova, they were dismissed with much honor. Rich gifts were presented them, consisting of 'Andalusian horses, splendidly caparisoned, together with valuable arms prepared in Toledo and Cordova.'

Abdelzamin was surrounded by servants who were obedient

to his glance, but he was himself a more willing and devoted slave than any of those who attended him. He repeated that old, old story which is ever new. He was a captive to the lovely Zerah, whom he worshipped during his whole life. He built a city to her honor, which was encircled by delicious gardens. Lakes gleamed like mirrors in the midst of groves interlaced with almond, orange, and lemon trees. Fountains were ever trickling bright drops over beds of tender green enamelled with roses. The air was fragrant with perfume, and laden with the echoes of Oriental melody. The houses were tasteful and magnificent, the flat roofs serving the purpose of exquisite miniature gardens. Every gate of the city was adorned by a statue of the beautiful Zerah. But all these attractions were eclipsed by the fairy-like palace of the favorite. In consequence of the Greek alliance, Abdelzamin was enabled to obtain the assistance of Greek architects; and the sovereign of Constantinople presented him with forty columns of granite of exquisite workmanship. Beside these, the palace contained twelve hundred others, composed of Spanish and Italian marble. The walls of the *Saloon of the Caliphate* were adorned with gold. Above an alabaster fountain in this apartment was suspended the celebrated pearl which had been presented to the Caliph by the Emperor Leo, and was considered an inestimable treasure. In the private apartment of the princess the walls were composed of gold and silver, inlaid with precious gems. In the centre of this pavillion danced the spray of a polished silver fountain, formed like a sheaf of grain, and the light of a hundred crystal lamps reflected the brilliancy of gem and shimmering waterfall. Imagine all this lavish beauty of nature and art flushed into glowing life by the glory of a southern sun. What a tribute to love was this exquisite creation! It is a triple tableau of beauty, light, and melody. It is a love-song chanted in the flecked shadows of the palm— an idyl accompanying ‘the silvery whispers of the reeded fronds,’ which dwell everywhere near that child of the sun.

The revenues of Abdelzamin were immense, and his expenditures enormous. The royal guard alone was composed of twelve thousand cavaliers. The proficiency attained in

science and the arts gave additional splendor to his reign. So distinguished were the Moorish men of science, that Alphonso the Great, King of Asturia, appointed two Arabian preceptors for his son Ordogno, although the hatred of Christians for Mussulmen was intense. And Sancho the Great, King of Leon, being attacked by a violent malady, supposed to be fatal, instantly repaired to Cordova, claimed the hospitality of his enemy, and placed himself under the care of the Caliph's physicians, who succeeded in curing his disease. Such was the prosperity and glory which attended the reign of Abdelzamin III. The following letter was discovered among the Caliph's manuscripts after his death; it was written only a few days before that event: 'Fifty years are elapsed since I ascended the throne of my ancestors. During this whole term I had pleasure, wealth, and honors so unqualifiedly at my command that heaven seemed to have lavished upon me all its choicest blessings. I now find myself on the verge of the grave, and endeavoring at this awful moment to recollect how many days of this long reign I can call happy ones, I find the whole number taken together does not exceed *fourteen*. Profit, O my son, by this lesson, and if it is thy fate to reign as long as I have done, and experience the same good fortune, be mindful to turn thy time to better account, so that, at the end, thou mayest derive comfort from reflection, and be able to boast of more than fourteen happy days.' Fifty years of prosperity, and fourteen happy days! What have words and tones to do with the infinite sadness which filled this man's soul. His incomplete life must be given up now, with its gilt robes, which concealed only heart-burning and despair. His heart is laid bare, and we recognize a common humanity, which needs only the light of Christianity to make it hopeful and happy.

After the death of Abdelzamin III, the Mussulman rule in Spain began to decline. The head that wears a crown is known to be an uneasy one; but yet aspirants are never wanting for the gaudy bauble. There were so many heirs to the throne, all eager to fill it, that dissensions, feuds, conspiracies, and massacres were of constant occurrence. Almundir, the last of the race of the Ommiades, was bold enough to claim his right to

the crown; and when his friends endeavored to dissuade him from so rash an act, he replied, 'Should I reign but one day, and expire on the next, I would not murmur at my fate.' But the desire of the prince was unfulfilled; in a few days he was assassinated. Many cities were ruled by separate sovereigns, and Christian Spain was also divided into small, independent monarchies. The Spaniards and Moors vied with one another in barbarity and crime. In reading their story, we find the same jealousy, hate, and rivalry debasing the nature of both Moor and Christian.

After a long and celebrated siege, Toledo was surrendered to Alphonso. This capital of the Goths had been held by the Moors three hundred and sixty years. Several other important cities now submitted to the Christian arms. It was about this period that the Cid—the famous Cid—appeared. He was a Castilian knight without rank or fortune, but his talents and heroism were so great that he soon became distinguished. His band of followers were invincible; and he was constantly achieving victories for the Christians. He often lent his aid to the Moors when they were divided among themselves; the party which he favored proving always the victorious one. He united the bravery of the soldier with the most exalted Christian virtues. When Sancho II wished to deprive his sister of her rights, the Cid (Roderic Dias de Bivac, or Bivar, surnamed the Cid) boldly rebuked his sovereign for the injustice of the act; he was immediately banished for his unasked advice; but the king soon finding that he needed his services, recalled him to court. When this Sancho was murdered, Alphonso, his successor, was suspected of the crime. At the time of his coronation, the Cid alone had the courage to demand an oath which would remove the suspicion of his guilt, and insisted that it should be pronounced distinctly, so that all might hear. He was again banished; but in his exile he performed so many deeds of prowess and valor that his master, either jealous of his fame, or requiring his services at home, recalled him again only to banish him a third time. During his third exile, the Cid made his most important conquests; and although nothing could have been easier than that

he should assume the sovereignty, he claimed all in the name of the king, and always continued his faithful subject. His love of the fair Chimene, and his quarrel with her father, has furnished material for one of Corneille's tragedies. This celebrated hero died in 1099. His two daughters married princes of the House of Navarre, and from their posterity is derived the royal race of the Bourbons.

After the destruction of Andalusia and Valencia, there seemed to exist no Moorish power on the Peninsula capable of resisting the Spaniards. But just at this crisis there arose a new State, which served for two centuries as a stronghold for the Morisco-Spaniards. The population of Grenada was composed of Moors who had been compelled to forsake Valencia, Cordova, and other places; so that it sprang into existence, like Minerva, full-grown from its birth. The natural advantages of the city were unparalleled. The delicious climate, the luxuriant and perpetual vegetation, the streams and springs rippling and bubbling through meadows and groves, the mountain breezes which served to modify the heat, all combined to render existence in this favored spot a constant blessing. The famous *Vega*, or plain, by which the city was surrounded was thirty leagues in length and eight in breadth. Behold this enchanting plain, girded by distant mountains, whose summits are crowned with clouds of azure, violet, or crimson—tropical flowers and fruits intertwine and mingle their treasures in delicious confusion; vines clamber from tree to tree; every flower and shrub exhales a delicious aroma; the nightingale rejoices the groves with her song; and a resplendent sky smiles with pride upon the spot. What a magical sparkle of color, sound, and perfume! It has received a caressing touch from the hand of the Creator, and earth, air, and sky join in chanting a glorious *Te Deum* to his praise. In this garden of delight, where Nature has lavished every good and perfect gift—on this very spot—historians tell us that more blood had been shed than on any other of tenfold magnitude on the face of the globe. There is not a single isolated portion of it that has not been saturated with the blood, and strewn with the corpses of slaughtered Moors and Christians.

From the period of the establishment of the kingdom of Grenada, Mahommed Alhamar endeavored to unite all the Morisco-Spaniards under one sceptre, as he knew this to be the only successful way of resisting the enemy. The kingdoms of Murcia and Algarva maintained their independence, which resulted in their ruin, as they were soon compelled to submit to the Spanish yoke. Mohammed availed himself of every interval of peace to make preparations for renewed hostilities. The revenues of the king were enormous, and derived from various sources. The rich mines of gold, silver, and precious stones yielded a magnificent income; agriculture was pursued to the highest point of perfection; an extensive commerce was carried on in beautiful silks and other productions; all these resources, combined with the industry and sobriety of the people, give an idea of the power possessed by the Moorish Spaniards. Their military force amounted to a hundred thousand men, and this force could, upon occasion, be increased to double the number. Independent of the army, a guard of cavaliers were stationed along the frontiers where ever the country was most exposed to incursions of the Spaniards. 'The knights who composed this unrivalled cavalry were mounted on African or Andalusian chargers, whose merits in the field are so well known, and were accustomed from infancy to their management, treating them with the tenderest care, and regarding them as their inseparable companions; by these means they acquired that remarkable superiority for which the Moorish cavalry is still so celebrated.' Mohammed was a patron of the fine arts, and exerted himself to render the court attractive to poets, philosophers and astronomers. The scientific superiority of the Moors over the Spaniards may be illustrated by the fact that Alphonso the Sage, King of Castile, consulted the Moslem *savans* about the arrangement of his astronomical tables, still known as the *Alphonsine Tables*.

When Mohammed approached Grenada after a victory, he passed under triumphal arches erected to his honor. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. On all sides were heard the shouts of '*El Ghalib!*' (the conqueror.) Moham-

med gave no responsive look of joy, but, shaking his head, exclaimed: 'Wa le ghalib ile Aláh!' (there is no conqueror but God.) 'From that time forward,' says Washington Irving, 'this exclamation became his motto, and the motto of his descendants, and appears to this day emblazoned on his escutcheons in the halls of the Alhambra.' Mohammed Alhamar founded schools and colleges; he erected institutions for the blind and aged; he was always ready to help the poor and needy; he spent money lavishly, yet always managed to have his treasury full. So prosperous was his reign that many supposed him to have dealings in the occult sciences, and believed him to be aided by some unseen power. It was under the auspices of Mohammed that the famous palace of the Alhambra was begun. He was in his seventy-ninth year when he took the field on horseback to resist an invasion. One of the guides who rode in advance broke his lance against the gate. This was thought an ill-omen, and the king was advised to return, but in vain. 'At noon-tide the omen,' say the Moorish chroniclers, 'was fatally fulfilled. Alhamar was suddenly struck with illness, and had nearly fallen from his horse. He was placed on a litter and borne back toward Grenada, but his illness increased to such a degree that they were obliged to pitch his tent in the Vega. In a few hours he died. The Castilian Prince, Don Philip, brother of Alonzo X, was by his side when he expired. His body was embalmed, enclosed in a silver coffin, and buried in the Alhambra in a sepulchre of precious marble, amid the unfeigned lamentations of his subjects, who bewailed him as a parent.'

The palace of the Alhambra, which had been founded by Mohammed Alhamar, was completed by Yusef Abul Hagig. His taste was graceful and refined, and the architecture which prevailed in his reign assumed this character. 'Grenada, in the days of Yusef,' says an Arabian writer, 'was as a silver vase filled with emeralds and jacinths.' The spacious saloons of the Alhambra are adorned with marble and paved with an imitation of porcelain; divans with costly stuffs, and decorated with gold and silver, invite one to their soft embrace;

jets d'eau of delicate odors spread delicious fragrance around; the mists of five centuries vanish away, and we move in a marvellous, magical grotto, the perfection of Moorish beauty and art. 'I try in vain to think, I can only feel,' exclaimed the authoress of *Les Lettres d'Espagne*, when describing the Alhambra. 'The walls are delicate and complicated lace; the boldest stalactites cannot give you an idea of the cupolas. The whole is a marvel—a work of bees or fairies. The sculptures are of ravishing delicacy, in perfect taste, of a richness that makes you dream of all that the fairy stories describe as of yore, in the happy days when the imagination had golden wings.' In some of the apartments the walls are covered with mosaics of precious stones, the spaces being filled with passages from the Koran, or figurative inscriptions like the following: 'How beauteous is this garden, where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven! What can compare with the vase of yon alabaster fountain filled with crystal water? Nothing but the moon in her fulness shining in the midst of an unclouded sky!' The greater portion of the Alhambra was ruthlessly destroyed by Sebastiani at his occupation of Grenada. The present queen has undertaken the restoration of this peerless palace, and has employed Contreras, an artist of ability, to put the work into execution. Judging from the accounts of recent travellers, the choice has been well bestowed. Lady Herbert, in her *Impressions of Spain*, says that the execution is so perfect 'that it is very difficult to tell the new portions from the old. If the artist be spared to complete it, future generations will see the Alhambra restored very nearly to its pristine beauty.'

There is no place, perhaps, in Europe which is, to a greater extent, the home of superstition than the Alhambra. In the first place, it is supposed by many to have been erected by enchantment, and holds its place only while the magic spell endures. On the arch of the principal porch is carved an immense hand, and on that of the inner portal is a huge key, and there is a prophecy that when the hand shall grasp the key the whole building will fall, and treasures, such as eye has never seen, will be revealed. When the Moors lost their

dominion in Spain, many of them concealed their treasures in the earth, indulging the hope that, at some future day, they would return to their old homes. Some of these being discovered, the opinion arose that there was still much to be found. The lower classes regard the Alhambra as a vast mine of hidden treasure. The legends say that it is all secured by enchantment, or guarded by the ghosts of their former owners. The *Torre de los Siete Suelos*, or Tower of the Seven Floors, a ruinous portion of the fortress which was blown up by the French, is the scene of a tragi-comical role. At midnight the apparition of a headless horse bursts from the archway, followed by a pack of dogs; they career through the streets of Grenada until daybreak dispels the enchantment, when they return to the tower and disappear. Some suppose them to be guardians of hidden riches, and others the spectres of a Moorish king and his sons who were murdered and buried in the vaults. Swinburne pronounces this gateway the entrance to that part of the palace where the king's bodyguard were stationed; and it was through this same archway that poor Boabdil passed in bitter humiliation when he surrendered the keys of the city to Ferdinand. The last wish of the unfortunate monarch in regard to this portal has been accidentally fulfilled; for the archway has been closed up by debris from the ruins, and it is now impassable. 'Ill-fated the man who lost all this!' exclaimed Charles V, as he gazed on the traces of Moorish taste and luxury, and upon the enchanting scenery surrounding them. It is painful to leave this Oriental pile, so full of storied and chivalric associations, to return to the ravages and massacres which threw a mourning veil over beautiful Grenada. Mohammed III (surnamed the Blind) was compelled, at the same time, to repress rebellion at home and repel invasion from abroad. When Gibraltar was taken by the Spaniards, the Moors were expelled from its walls. Among the exiles was an old man, who approached Ferdinand and said: 'King of Castile, what injury have I done to thee or thine? Thy great grandfather, Ferdinand, drove me from my native Seville. I sought an asylum at Xeres; thy grandfather, Alphonso, banished me from thence. Retiring within

the walls of Tariffe, thy father, Sancho, exiled me from that city. At last I came to find a grave at the extremity of Spain, on the shore of Gibraltar, but thy hatred hath pursued me even here. Tell me now of one place on earth where I can die unmolested by the Christians?' 'Cross the sea,' replied the Spanish king, and the old man was conveyed to Africa.

The blindness of Mohammed obliged him to choose a prime minister, and he bestowed the office upon Farady, his brother-in-law, who was both brave and wise. But the courtiers, becoming jealous of the good fortune of the favorite, formed a conspiracy against the king. They were led by Mohammed Abenazar, brother to the reigning sovereign. He murdered the unfortunate monarch with his own hand, and assumed his place. The usurper was soon, in his turn, driven from the throne by Farady, the prime minister, who, fearing to assume supreme authority, placed the crown on the head of his son, Ismael, A. D. 1313. From this time the royal family of Grenada was divided into two factions—the one called the *Alhamar*, the other the *Farady*. For fifty years this unhappy contest lasted, and Grenada was the scene of perpetual conspiracies and intrigues. At about this time Mohammed the Old, of the Farady faction, was driven from the throne by Mohammed the Red, a scion of the Alhamar race.

Peter the Cruel, then King of Castile, favored the cause of the Farady, and, at length, Mohammed, the Alhamar, finding himself incessantly harassed by the enemy, determined to repair to the court of Castile in person, and appeal to the justice of his royal foe.

A number of faithful friends accompanied Mohammed, and they carried with them immense treasures. He presented himself to Peter. 'King of Castile,' he said, 'the blood alike of Christian and Moor has flowed too long in my contest with the Farady. You protect my rival; yet it is you whom I select to adjudge our quarrel. Examine my claims and those of my enemy, and pronounce who shall be the sovereign of Grenada. If you decide in favor of the Farady, I demand only to be conducted to Africa; if you accord the preference

to me, receive the homage that I have come to render you for my crown !'

Peter invited the Alhamar to a sumptuous banquet, and entertained him with wonderful kindness and condescension. But no sooner had his guest partaken of the feast than he was dragged contemptuously to prison. Thence he was conducted through the streets of the city, half naked, upon an ass, to a square called *Tablada*, where he was forced to look upon the butchery of thirty of his faithful followers. This monstrous act was followed by the execution of the Alhamar by Peter, who, snatching the sword from the executioner, plunged it into the heart of the King of Grenada. The victim of this inhuman treatment uttered, in dying, only these words: 'O Peter, Peter, what a deed for a cavalier !' His knightly soul was more grieved by the violation of the rules of chivalry than by his personal fate.

By a singular coincidence, each throne in Spain was at this time occupied by a prince whose reign was marked with atrocity and bloodshed. Wickedness and crime sat in high places throughout the land: Peter the Cruel, whose horrible deed we have just recorded, and who afterward imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife; Peter IV of Aragon, who deprived one brother of a kingdom, and murdered another; Peter I of Portugal, the lover of the famous Inez de Castro, who caused the hearts of her murderers, while yet living, to be torn out, and assisted in the horrible deed; all these monsters of cruelty had converted the Peninsula into an immense altar which daily reeked with the blood of their victims.

After the infamous act of Peter the Cruel, the Farady ascended the throne without opposition, and, for a season, Grenada enjoyed tranquillity. As was ever the case in time of peace, the Mussulman princes devoted their wealth and energies to the beautifying of their capital and the encouragement of the fine arts. The court of Mohammed Gandix was remarkable as the favored abode of genius and taste. He is said to have been 'the wisest and best of the Spanish Mohammedan kings.' We read of nightly assemblages of the beauty and chivalry of the land who would meet to listen to romantic

stories of love and war. Often these stories were embodied in verse, and sung to appropriate airs by the young Moors, with all their national tenderness and enthusiasm. As everything relating to their customs and amusements is described in these poems with great precision, we are enabled to learn from them their style of dress, their magnificent horses, with jeweled equipments, and the romantic devices which glittered on the arms and pennons of the Moorish cavaliers. These frequently consisted of a heart pierced by an arrow, or a star accompanied by the initial letter of a loved name. The colors they wore were all significant: 'yellow and black expressed grief; green, hope; blue, jealousy; violet and flame color, passionate love.' A verse of one of these poems will give the reader some idea of this symbolism:

'They tell her that the Moor's proud heart
Is pierced by grief's most poisoned dart,
And that he'd doffed, when flying from her side,
The tender colors that were once his pride;
That green, of hope the cherished emblem gay,
To sorrow's mournful hues had given way.
A badge of crape his lance's point now wears,
A blackened crown his shield as emblem bears'

The Morisco-Spaniards prided themselves on their prowess in battle, and their dexterity in beheading an enemy; yet of all people they were the tenderest and most devoted lovers. So soon as a woman was beloved, she was elevated from the rank of a slave into that of a divinity. Their victories in the field and their immense treasures were only prized as they enabled them to find favor in the eyes of these adored beings. As this singular combination of tenderness and cruelty is not found in the Moors of Asia, nor in Africa, where they became naturalized after the conquest, we may reasonably suppose that their fierce natures became modified and imbued with the chivalric element from their intercourse with the Spaniards. It has been supposed by some historians that these traits may have been derived from traditionary accounts of the courts of the Gothic kings; we know that they are to be found in many Christian princes antecedent to the arrival of the Moors in

Spain. The cavaliers of Leon, Navarre, and Castile were celebrated for their gallantry as well as their military prowess. The women of the country were well calculated to inspire romantic devotion. From various accounts of them they must have been the most fascinating and beautiful women in the world. The following sketch is taken from an Arabian history published at Grenada in the reign of Mahomet the Old :

‘They are,’ says the chronicler, ‘remarkably beautiful ; but the loveliness which strikes the beholder, at first sight, afterward receives its principal charm from the grace and gentleness of their manners. In stature they are above the middle height, and of delicate and slender proportions. Their long black hair descends to the earth. Their teeth embellish with the whiteness of alabaster vermillion lips, which perpetually smile with a bewitching air. The constant use which they make of the most exquisite perfumes gives a freshness and brilliancy to their complexions. Their walking, their dancing, their every movement is distinguished by a graceful softness, an ease, a lightness which surpasses all their charms. Their conversation is lively and sensible, and their fine intellects are constantly displayed in brilliant wit or judicious sentiment.’

The dress of these fair dames was calculated to enhance their beauty. It was composed of a long tunic of exquisite material, embroidered with gold or silver, and confined by a girdle at the waist ; their hair fell in heavy braids, or floated in rich masses to their feet ; a little cap, ornamented with a profusion of gems, adorned their beautiful heads, and from it fell a richly embroidered veil, which descended to their knees. The dress of the men was very similar ; in their girdle they carried a purse, a handkerchief, and a poinard. In winter they wore an outer garment called the *albornos* or African mantle ; in summer, a long flowing robe of spotless white. Their armor was inlaid with gold and silver ; the sheaths of their scimitars were enamelled, and their blades were of the finest Damascus, on which were inscribed texts from the Koran or some favorite motto. This luxury in their military

equipments was encouraged by the Moorish kings, who allowed no tax to be imposed on these adornments. The same privilege was also extended to the ornaments worn by the women of Grenada.

After the death of the good Mohammed Gandix, Grenada was again disturbed by incessant dissensions within, and incursions from without. Villages were repeatedly pillaged, and the inhabitants massacred. Fertile fields were laid waste, trees felled, and the beautiful Vega desolated. These predatory inroads were gradually exhausting the strength of Grenada. The ruinous warfare induced one of its latest kings, Ismael II, to make a truce with Henry IV, King of Castile, agreeing to pay a large annual tribute; and each year to 'liberate six hundred Christian captives, or in default of captives, to give an equal number of Moors as hostages; all to be delivered at the city of Cordova.' Ismael observed these conditions faithfully; but, after his death, his son, Mulei-Hassem, refused positively to pay the tribute. 'He was a fierce and warlike infidel,' says the pious Fray Antonio Agapida; 'his bitterness against the holy Christian faith had been signalized in battle during the lifetime of his father, and the same diabolical spirit of hostility was apparent in his ceasing to pay this most righteous tribute.'

During the reign of Mulei-Hassem, there occurred a change which was productive of important consequences to the Grenadians. This was the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, thus uniting the two important Christian monarchies of Aragon and Castile, so that the ruin of the Moors became inevitable. The Spanish sovereigns were aided by the wisest and most experienced counsellors. The famous Cardinal Ximenes was the ruling spirit. 'I lead all Spain by my girdle,' he said.

When Ferdinand sent an ambassador, Don Juan de Vera, to demand the tribute of Mulei-Hassem, that fiery monarch replied: 'Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Grenada who used to pay tribute in gold to the Castilian crown are dead; *this* is the only metal now coined in our national mint,' at the same time presenting the head of his lance to the Spanish am-

bassador. De Vera was handsomely entertained, and, before his departure, a present of a magnificent scimitar was sent him by the Moorish prince. When he drew it he smiled, and said: 'His majesty has given me a trenchant weapon; I trust a time will come when I may show him that I know how to use his royal present.' On De Vera's description of Grenada Ferdinand based his plan of attack. He determined to take each town and fortress separately, thus depriving the capital of all its strongholds, before attempting the subjugation of the city itself. He expressed this determination in that celebrated pun on the name of Grenada, which means a pomegranate, saying, 'I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one.'

It was the misfortune of Mulei-Hassem to be entirely under the control of a favorite slave, who governed him at her will. At her instigation he repudiated his queen, who was connected with the most distinguished families in Grenada. Boabdil, the son of the injured princess, espoused her quarrel, and incited her relatives and friends to join his standard and throw off their allegiance to the reigning sovereign. The contest between father and son caused another competitor for the crown to appear in Zagal, the brother of Mulei-Hassem; so that Grenada was the scene of a contest between three separate factions for a crown which Ferdinand had determined to appropriate to himself. While the discord was at its height Mulei-Hassem died; and an arrangement was made to divide the kingdom between Boabdil and his uncle Zagal. This decision opened new sources of jealousy, and at length Zagal, finding it impossible to retain possession of his portion, turned traitor and transferred it to Ferdinand, who immediately took possession of the province. Boabdil was then left to maintain his rights alone. The single city of Grenada was all that remained to the Mussulmans. Maddened by disappointments, Boabdil, in his blind rage, issued and caused to be enacted the most cruel orders, consigning to the sword some of his faithful adherents on the most trivial pretences. He daily became more an object of contempt and derision to his subjects, who surnamed him *Zogoybi*, or *The Little King*.

The most eminent of the Moorish cavaliers at this period was Muza Abul Gazan. He was manly, generous, and brave, and his blood boiled at the weak and timid policy of Boabdil. When Muza heard the demand of Ferdinand, that they should deliver up their arms: 'Does the Christian king think that we are old men,' he flashed out, 'and that staffs will suffice us? or that we are women and can be contented with distaffs? For my part, sweeter were a grave beneath the walls of Grenada, on the spot I had died to defend, than the richest couch within her palaces, earned by submission to the unbeliever.' But the different tribes in the beleaguered city were dispirited and distrustful; and Ferdinand was waiting patiently until famine should render them desperate. The condition of his army was most encouraging; the chiefs who led them were adored by the people—Ponce de Leon, Henry de Guzman Mendoza, the renowned Gonzalo, and a number of others whom they conceived invincible. The queen, too, lent the charm of her presence to animate their courage.

The wretched Moslem prince, oppressed by famine, and finding himself daily more circumscribed, proposed a capitulation. The treaty was hardly signed when it was on the point of being broken by the people, who determined to make one more desperate effort to save their beloved city. Boabdil discovered the plot, and, in the most dastardly way, determined to deliver it up to Ferdinand before the appointed time. Pretending to compliment the Castilian sovereign by sending him a splendid present of a sabre enriched with diamonds, he managed at the same time to secrete a letter informing the king of the plot, and offering to deliver up the keys of the city the following morning. When the contents of this despatch were made known to the army their joy exceeded description. The next day a superb cavalcade, led by the king, queen, and infant prince, proceeded to Grenada. We are told that 'the whole line of march was one splendid blaze of gold and jewels.' When the procession appeared in sight of the Alhambra, Boabdil passed out to meet it, and delivered the keys into the hands of Ferdinand.

Returning no more after this humiliating ceremony, he pro-

ceeded with his mother and a few followers to the petty kingdom which had been assigned him. Mournfully this little band ascended an eminence commanding a view of Grenada. The heart-broken exiles gazed upon the beloved spot for the last time. With an agony of tenderness, they see, through a mist of tears, their fair city outlined against the resplendent sky, and know that it can never more be a refuge for them. While they still gazed, a peal of artillery announced the truth that the crescent had given place to the cross—that the Moslem dominion was at an end. The craven heart of Boabdil melted at this death-knell: ‘Allah Achbar! God is great!’ he said, and burst into tears.

We all know that the rewards of life are but vanity; even the crown regnant, the imperial robe, and the golden sceptre are vain shows. They have been fought for fiercely, and gained sometimes by fire and sword, and over and over again have they been found a burden too heavy to bear. But we sometimes think that there is a treasure, even here on earth, which moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves steal. It is the love of a few faithful hearts. If there is anything under heaven upon which a man may lean in his extremity, it is on that tenderness which has been exalted into a type of divine affection—his mother’s love. When Boabdil’s cruel heart was softened by misfortune, and, with tears, he cried out his submission to the will of God, he doubtless felt that there, at least, was a refuge of which no storm of earth could deprive him. But here, too, he was to be disappointed. Another phase of suffering was to be endured by the wretched man. ‘You do well,’ she said, indignantly, ‘to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man.’ It was then that Boabdil, with a burst of agony, cried out; ‘Allah Achbar! when did misfortunes ever equal mine?’

From this circumstance, the hill is known by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*; or, ‘The last sigh of the Moor.’

When Ferdinand and Isabella made their public entrance into Grenada, the streets were deserted, and the doors and windows closed. The Moors secreted themselves in order to conceal their despair and humiliation. A *Te Deum* was cele-

brated in their principal mosque, and the cross was displayed on the highest pinnacle of the Alhambra.

The curtain falls. The music dies away. The lights are extinguished. The splendid drama of the Moslem dominion in Spain is at an end. The Morisco-Spaniards were giants in their day. No people were braver or more brilliant than that people. Now, 'none so poor to do them reverence,' or their memory. For their *memory* is all that remains now. As a nation they have passed utterly from the face of the earth. Their annihilation is complete. History has no grander, no sadder story to tell, and none more replete with lessons for the thoughtful and the wise.

ART. III.—*The Home Life of Sir David Brewster.* By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass. 1869.

In the midst of the Scottish Lowlands, in the early winter of 1781-2, was born David Brewster. The country which claims him as peculiarly her own unites within itself much of the beauty of highland scenery with that of the northern English counties. Over the slopes of the purple Scottish hills is thrown the garment of waving field and cultivated meadow. Beside the shining rivers, leaping and laughing not far away, as wild, free mountain streams, nestle beautiful rustic homes. The wild ruggedness of Scottish crag, and hill, and moor, is softened into a tender English beauty by the air of thrift, and prosperity, and home comfort everywhere to be seen.

Historical associations cluster thick about the spot. Jedburgh was the centre of the Border warfare. 'It was the gathering place of Scottish armies, and the favorite point of attack of the English, who burned it to the ground six or seven times.' It was from Jedburgh that Mary Stuart started on her mad visit to Rothwell's Castle in 1566, and to it she returned after her ride of forty miles, exhausted with anxiety and

fatigue, and lay ill of a low fever for 'a whole month in the dark wainscoted rooms of the old Jedburgh house.' There is hardly a spot in all the shire which has not its own tale of romantic suffering, peril, or escape, and over all its lovely hills and vales is cast the glamour wrought by the incantations of the 'Great Wizard of the North.'

Surrounded by all this beauty, and breathing in this air filled with the echo of high chivalry and romance, the boyish mind and heart unfolded, which never lost, through the long years of manhood and old age, the passionate love of natural beauty, and that reverential religious sentiment which never fails to recognize the Creator in his works.

It was not only in the natural beauty and traditional associations which surrounded his birthplace that Brewster was especially fortunate. The boyish eye was filled with beauty, and the boyish fancy with romance; and around him, too, were gathered the influences of maturer minds, which aided in the development of his intellectual life. He was trained from his very infancy in the habits of close observation, and steady, patient labor, so essential to success in experimental philosophy. His very playmates were different from those of most children who grow up in an obscure country town. Among the distinguished names which we find associated with his early life is one which stands almost alone in the annals of science—it is that of Mary Fairfax, afterward the celebrated Mrs. Somerville, a woman who has vindicated her sex from the slurs cast upon it from time immemorial—who has proved that a woman may be a scientist without ceasing to be a woman—who has united to acquirements, which have gained her a world-wide reputation, the most exquisite womanliness.

But among the associates of his boyhood, the one who exerted the most powerful influence in moulding his young mind to the form of its future greatness was James Vietch, of Inchbonny. This man, with the sturdy independence so characteristic of the Scotch peasantry, worked all his life at the trade to which he had been apprenticed. He sought only to ennoble and beautify the humble sphere in which he had

been born, never seeking, as the business of his life, that wider field of thought and investigation for which he was so eminently fitted. He had learned plough-making as his trade, and to this work he brought the resources of his fertile invention, enriched by scientific reading. He lightened and improved these implements of agricultural toil, and he contributed several articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* illustrating mechanical science and explaining his own inventions. As a mechanical workman he was very remarkable, and showed himself capable of a delicate handiwork seldom seen in a country workshop. 'Whatever he did,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'was done, not in mere imitation, but on scientific principle, calculation, and experiment.' But his chief delight out of work hours was the construction of telescopes and other optical instruments. Though a self-taught man, his mathematical attainments were sufficient to enable him to calculate the position of the planets at any given time, and to ascertain the time of eclipses and transits. This mathematical knowledge helped him greatly in the construction of his different instruments.

Sir Walter Scott says of him, in a letter to a friend: 'James Vietch is one of the very best makers of telescopes and of all optical and philosophical instruments now living, but prefers working at his own business as a plough-wright, excepting at vacant hours. If you cross the Border, you must see him as one of our curiosities; and the quiet, simple, unpretending manners of a man who has, by dint of private and unaided study, made himself intimate with the abstruse sciences of astronomy and mathematics, are as edifying as the observation of his genius is interesting.¹ It is not strange that the workshop and observatory of this singular man should have become a favorite place of resort for all the intelligent young men and boys of the neighborhood. Here they had lessons in mathematics, in mechanics, and in physics. It was in the companionship of this man, and of those he drew around him, that Brewster passed many of the happiest days of his boyhood. How early he began these visits is not known; but,

¹ *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster.* p. 26.

at the age of *ten*, he had completed a telescope made by his own hands in the Inchbonny workshop. Perhaps no better school for the development of his peculiar talent could have been found in all Europe than this humble workshop, where patient labor, sturdy independence, and reverent faith went hand in hand. It was the man, as well as the philosopher, who gained *threw* and *sinew* in this bracing atmosphere, and by the aid of the honest, painstaking manual work which he there performed.

Another friendship, favorable in every way to his growth, was with the minister of the parish, Dr. Somerville, uncle and father-in-law to Mary Somerville. He was an author of respectable standing, and a man of great industry and research, and it was his delight to gather round him the boys and young men of his parish. 'He availed himself of their services as amanuenses in his literary labors, explaining to them the art of composition, the nature of idioms, and the reason for preferring one form of speech to another.' Brewster acted in his turn as amanuensis, and often spoke in his after life with grateful remembrance of the benefit he derived from the hours thus spent. In his later years he felt the beneficial influence of this training, not only in the formation of his own style, but in the power it gave him of seeing and meeting the difficulties of younger minds.

At the early age of twelve Brewster's name was enrolled as a student in the University of Edinburgh. During his whole college career we see the tender remembrance in which he holds these friends at home who had given such wise guidance and such efficient aid to his early studies. The correspondence between himself and Vietch continued until 1838, when it was closed by the death of his early friend. The enthusiastic discussion of scientific subjects, of various mechanical contrivances, and of new discoveries, occur in almost every letter.

The tastes and talents of the boy so early developed would have seemed to mark out his future career for him; but the father of Daniel Brewster had but one thought. He was a staunch Presbyterian, and designed all of his four sons for the

ministry of the Scottish Church. With a filial obedience, which we of our generation find it hard to understand, David resigned the pursuits of his boyhood and youth to devote himself to the less congenial study of theology. His mind was fully bent upon carrying out his father's will, though his feelings were no more enlisted than were his natural tastes. He held firmly by the theoretical beliefs of the Church of Scotland, but his heart and life were still unmoved by the great truths of Christianity.

Brewster's college career was both brilliant and solid. He became M. A. at the age of nineteen, and during the same year he began his career as experimental philosopher, by making an independent discovery in optics. At the age of twenty he became editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. He still adhered to his intention of becoming a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and maintained a character in accordance with the purpose of his life. He is described by a wild young companion who had known him during his whole collegiate career 'as the only virtuous character he had yet met among young men.'¹

In the year 1803, at the age of twenty-two, he became a licentiate of the Scottish Church, and preached his first sermon in St. Cuthbert's Church, or, as it was commonly called, the West Kirk of Edinburgh, before an audience of twenty-five hundred persons. He went through the services admirably, though evidently under stress of strong excitement. A painful, nervous timidity, which took possession of him whenever he made a public appearance during the early years of his life, interfered greatly with the duties of his profession. The Rev. Dr. Ramsey tells the following anecdote: 'Being together at a large dinner party, when we met in the dining room Mr. Brewster was asked to say grace. He began, but when he went on the words choked in his mouth, and he sat down in a faint. He was taken out of the room, and I went along with him. By proper attention he soon recovered, but we both lost our dinner with the party, and I said to him, "Catch me, Brewster, if I'll ever dine with you again."'²

¹ The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 54.

² Ibid. p. 57.

This timidity made the profession he had chosen a sort of martyrdom to him. 'Success,' says his biographer, 'did not make matters easier, for he never preached without severe nervous restraint. A delicacy of health, owing, there is little doubt, to his early and constant application to study, although it quite left him in later years, showed itself at this time in nervous faintness, only occurring when making any public appearance.'¹ He evidently did not yield to the feeling, for his first sermon was a most trying ordeal; but he determined to face it in the hope of fortifying himself against his own weakness, because, as he said, he wished to have the worst over at the beginning. It was not until the year 1809, five years after his first appearance in the pulpit of St. Cuthbert, that he finally abandoned the ministry to devote himself to writing and scientific investigation.

The following year he married Juliet, daughter of James McPherson, of Belleville, familiarly known as 'Ossian McPherson.' In regard to the much-disputed question of the authorship of *Ossian*, Mrs. Gordon says here, by way of parenthesis, that in the family it was always believed they were genuine Highland poems, only collected and edited by McPherson. His children and grandchildren did not consider him possessed of a poetic gift which would have made the wild, rich imagery of *Ossian* possible, if the poems had been the creation of his own imagination. They at least firmly believed that the poems had been received from the lips of some Highland minstrel, or obtained from Gaelic manuscript, written out some two or three centuries before.

But to return from this digression. Brewster had undertaken, two years before his marriage, to edit the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. He began the work full of enthusiasm and zeal; but difficulties and annoyances beset him on every side in the execution of the task, which finally made the toil and worry almost unendurable. Articles were promised him on various subjects; at the last moment it was found that they had never been written, and then there was nothing to do but for the overtasked editor to go to work with redoubled energy

1 The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 57

to make good the deficiency. Besides the burden of this unexpected work, the onus of the responsibility lay heavy upon him. Great dissatisfaction was felt at the delay and irregularity of the issue; the unmerited reproaches of which he was the subject stung Brewster deeply. He felt their injustice, and his was not the temper to make allowances for the failure of the public to understand all the difficulties which lay in his path. The very qualities of mind which make a man successful in the world of experiment, speculation, and thought, peculiarly unfit him for the practical business of life. The intensity with which he throws himself into a subject, and allows it to absorb him, makes him wholly intolerant of the indifference of others to the furtherance of the same object. The power of concentration which enables him to seize an obscure point, to hold it steady, to look upon it until it grows transparent to his gaze, gives rise to a feeling of irritation at the discursiveness and irrelevancy around him. The habit of theorizing makes him somewhat unobservant of the course of practical events, and, in consequence, he often commits great practical blunders. Brewster possessed all the characteristics of a student and a thinker; but the practical difficulties entailed upon him by the task of editing the *Encyclopædia*, which might easily have been accomplished by a smaller man, proved almost too much for him.

The nervous irritation and irascibility caused by this uncomfortable state of things occasioned the rupture of many of his closest and earliest ties. 'But,' says his biographer, 'one bright circumstance shines like a sunbeam through the gloom connected with this literary undertaking. A request from Dr. Brewster to the Rev. Thomas Chalmers of Kilmany to write the article Christianity, turned the mind of the young and careless, though brilliant, divine, to study the truths of which he had then but a superficial knowledge, and ultimately proved the means of leading him to grasp them as a life-reality, with a force and power without which he could not have been the blessing to his country which he proved in after years. This was the beginning of a long and cordial friendship, which only terminated with the death of Chalmers, in 1847.'

The labor and vexations which had proved so serious an annoyance, now began to tell upon his health, and it was found necessary that he should throw aside his burden of care, and give himself entire rest for a time. He therefore made his first foreign tour in this year, 1814, after paying a visit to Sir William Herschel, on his way through England. The record of his life bears witness to the estimation in which he was held by the scientific men of his own day. He mentions in a letter to his wife, with evident pleasure and pride, that Herschel remarked, 'if I had no letters at all my own name would be sufficient introduction. This was obviously saying too much, but it was pleasant to receive such a compliment from such a great and venerable man as Dr. Herschel.' There is hardly a great name borne by a distinguished Frenchman of that day which is not mentioned in his letters from Paris. He seems to have been received by them all as a peer in the great confraternity of scientists. We find him meeting Biot, Arago, La Place, Lamarck, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Prony, and many others. The discoveries with which his name was associated gained him the entrance into every scientific circle in Europe. Honors crowded thick upon him. Degrees were conferred by home and foreign universities. Medals were bestowed for discoveries in the practical sciences. It is not possible in the limited space of a review article to give anything like a circumstantial life of Brewster; it is only in the hope of giving some idea of the characteristics of his mind and heart that the present article is written, as well as of the work he accomplished in the many and busy years of his life.

There is something wonderfully human about Brewster. We are constantly finding those little inconsistencies, which we do not anticipate, and yet which we always see in real characters, as distinguished from the purely ideal. There is a curious thread of physical fear which runs through the warp of his life, and gives to it that effect of verisimilitude which constitutes the charm of biography. His daughter deals very tenderly, but at the same time very candidly, with his faults. One can almost feel the shrinking with which she lays bare the flaws

in what lies embalmed as a sacred and tender memory in her heart. Yet, in spite of the pain with which the truth is told, we feel that there is nothing withheld, and, in being loyal to the truth, she has been doubly loyal to her father's memory. He stands before us a noble-hearted, grand old man, with the faults, weaknesses, and flaws which make him truly a *man* to us, and not the impossible perfection described in commonplace biography, for whom our admiration is claimed, and against whom we revolt, as utterly untrue.

From the early days of his telescope-making at Inchbonny, he manifested a dread of returning home alone, after his nightly vigils with the stars. He often remained with his friend Vietch till the

‘Wee sma’ hours ayant the twa,’¹

never tired of gazing out upon the wonders and glories of the starry heavens, through the telescopes of their own construction; ‘but,’ says his biographer, ‘he was not at all above accepting his friend’s escort past the “eerie” part of the dark road at the “scaur,” till the outlines of the old abbey towers could be seen clear against the sky, when the trees and their shadows became scantier, and the hooting of the owls less dreary.’ The superstitious element in character forms an integral part of the temperament, and no arguments can be brought to bear upon it which will ever reason it quite away. Brewster had been, through the long years of his public career, an experimental philosopher; he had been used to bring to the crucible of experiment every doubtful fact, and yet, beneath the reason of the man, down in the depths of his emotional nature, lay the old Scottish faith in supernatural agencies. He himself said that ‘he was afraid of ghosts, though he did not believe in them.’ The house in which he lived, at one time, was popularly believed to be haunted by the shades of George Buchanan, and was liable to those sudden, and sometimes inexplicable noises which are common in old buildings. Many a time he is reported to have been heard in the act of making ‘the transit from his study to his bed-room in double

¹ *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster.* pp. 30–31.

quick time,' and in the morning he would acknowledge that 'sitting up alone had made him quite "eerie."'¹

He investigated the marvels of spiritualism, clairvoyance, and kindred subjects, during the later years of his life, and it is curious to mark the conflicting feelings of the man. At one moment he is apparently eager to believe in the supernatural power manifested in the phenomena brought under his notice, at the next, he is applying the inflexible tests of scientific inquiry.

He never seemed to fear the face of man; it was only the 'bogie' that was too much for his philosophy. He does not seem wanting in either moral or physical courage in one sense. As a boy, 'he was ready to face any foe [provided it were human], and he rarely confessed himself vanquished.' Later in life he never shrank from any contest from moral cowardice; but his fear, in spite of all that, was not pure superstition. Mrs. Harford Battersby relates two anecdotes of him, which are amusingly at variance with the popular notion of a philosopher. 'At the time Lord Rosse's telescope was drawing so many scientific men across the channel, he was asked if he were not going too. "Oh, no!" he said, "he was too much afraid of the sea." My father tried to represent to him what a simple matter it was; he thought nothing of it, he said; he just went straight to bed on going on board, and awoke in the morning at his destination. Sir David exclaimed, in unaffected horror, "What! go to your naked bed in the middle of the ocean" (a Scottish expression for going really *into* bed).' Another story betrayed an unphilosophic want of self-control. 'He was talking of a severe fit of toothache he had had, and my father asked him, "What did you do?" (meaning, what remedy had he applied). "Do?" said Sir David, "I just sat and *roared*."'²

Although utterly fearless in regard to encounters, whether moral or physical, with his kind, he had a strong antipathy for some animals. 'The whole canine race he looked upon as imbued with probable hydrophobia, while cats, he declared,

¹ The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 293.

² Ibid. pp. 293-294.

gave him an electric shock each time one entered the room.' A story which shows how much stronger the gentler emotions were within him than even these strong antipathies, is told in regard to a favorite cat which had been brought into the house by some member of the family. One day she invaded the sacred precincts of Brewster's study; without a moment's hesitation she sprang upon his knee, put a paw on either shoulder, and saluted him with a friendly kiss. The astonishment of the grave philosopher made him forget the electric shock which he should have experienced; the affectionate advances of the cat quite won his heart; his life-long prejudices melted away, and they became fast friends. One day she mysteriously disappeared from the house, and Brewster mourned her loss sincerely. Two years afterward the cat re-appeared in excellent condition, entered the doctor's study, and repeated the manner of her first introduction. 'The joy of the reunion was quite touching, although it was never known where she had been during her aberrations; and when, a year or two after, pussy was obliged to be shot, owing to disease produced by over gastronomic indulgence, the distress produced by the event was so great that, by mutual consent, we never had another favorite.'

These are small touches of character, and yet it is chiefly by the aid of these little incidents, illustrating the humbler humanities, that a life-likeness is given to the portraits of great men. Brewster possessed the curious two-sided modesty which characterizes so many men of great minds, vast attainments, and strong human traits. Measuring himself by the men around him, he was conscious of the respect that was due to himself, and asserted his claims to it. Measuring his own attainments by the great realm of truth spread before him waiting to be conquered, he felt himself a pigmy. He was so thoroughly a man of impulse that it would be folly to expect all his sayings and doings to be consistent. Dr. Ramsey mentions that in the early days of his ministry he had preached in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh. After the service was concluded, Brewster asked 'what the people were saying of him. I told him, by way of derision, that the people

said they had never heard such a bore in the pulpit; upon which he said that the people knew nothing about preaching, and declared he would never preach there again.' And yet his daughter says, 'whenever with fond pride any compliment was repeated to him, his invariable reply was, "Oh, don't tell me any flummery."'

Flummery may be pleasing, while it is at the same time slightly embarrassing. It is not often that one meets with the magnificent self-appreciation of Thomas Benton, which can respond to the hyperbolic resolution, 'that Thomas Benton is the greatest man that ever has been, that is now, or ever shall be, in the tide of time, with a calm 'Simple justice, gentlemen, simple justice.' In default of this sublime power of acquiescence, there remained but two horns to the dilemma, when a very broad compliment is presented for his acceptance—he must either disdain it, or set it aside; and Brewster chose the more becoming method of disposing of his unmanageable *tibit*. And yet, for all that, the morsel may have been sweet under his tongue. The most modest of men like appreciation and need reassurance—all the more, perhaps, for the recognition of their own deficiencies. What reveals the genuine modesty of his nature more than anything else was his habit of drawing out the expression of opinion from others, while remaining himself contentedly in the background. One who was himself 'the possessor of genial gifts and genius,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'remarked, "When I have been with other great men, I go away, saying, What clever fellows they are! but when I am with Sir David Brewster I say, What a clever fellow I am!"'

There is something very pleasing, almost touching, in the surprise he unconsciously manifested whenever he found himself taken by the hand as an equal by the great men of his time. And yet, with so many beautiful traits, there was much that was unlovely. His daughter says truly, 'that would be a poor biography which told only the part, and threw a veil over the rest; nay, may it not be said that that would be a poor life which could recount no progression by antagonism, no

1 The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 289.

harmony from discord, no light shining the brighter out of the darkness; no falls, and, therefore, no risings again; no temptations, and, therefore, no victories.' Thus tenderly does she introduce us to 'sweet bells jangled' in this otherwise harmonious life. 'Life was no bed of roses to him,' she says again. 'Almost every step was trod with difficulty, not the less difficult that it was often entirely of his own creating; whilst those that really existed he made more difficult by a power of magnifying them, as by the lens of one of his own powerful microscopes. This exaggeration was not only of feeling, but still more of expression. He used the strongest language to express, what to other minds would have been a comparatively small trial or event; the smallest circumstances connected with food, servants, visits, journeys, or such like, were created, by a naturally irritable temper and finely strung nerves, into serious events; and if the slightest thing went wrong, it was commented on in terms so distressed as would have led a stranger to believe that some calamity of unusual magnitude had occurred. In that work to which his practical life was much devoted—the reformation of abuses wherever found—it is easy to see that this habit of feeling and of expression did not tend to make it an easy or a placid task. During the years of Brewster's connection with the University of St. Andrews [as its Principal], constant and many were the causes of irritation, the feuds and the lawsuits, in which he was engaged. The affairs of the ancient University had undoubtedly fallen into a lax administration, and many of his principal measures were those of a wise, practical reform. To those behind the scenes it appeared very evident that, while in many cases he was right, in the main he was often wrong in his way of carrying out the right thing, and always thoroughly and singularly unconscious of any fault in himself. The strength of expression, the calm, stinging terseness of his letters, and the exaggerated views he would take of a slight failure of business habits, did not tend to conciliation. His power of telling sarcasm was, indeed, very great—it was a weapon which he too much delighted to use, and which came too easily to his hand when he wielded a pen. His entire

freedom from it in daily life was, however, as remarkable. I cannot remember hearing him make use of a sarcastic word or expression. On the other hand, if he caused distress and trouble to others, it was but a tithe of what he caused himself. A troublesome Senatus meeting, or a quarrel with a brother professor, caused him a distress, a gloom, a shadow over his life, which those little dreamed of who saw him bright and genial in society. It was impossible, however, not to see and admire the real placability which mingled with all the vehement and distressed feelings. Few men more strikingly united a capacity for suffering with a temperament which could forget the depths through which it passed, so that times which seemed fullest of discomfort and trial looked to him in the retrospect bright with happiness. When the affair was over and gone, and the thunder-cloud was spent, he would become as intimate and friendly with those who had most deeply wounded him as if nothing had happened; and if a life of battles, it was not without victories, as the true and touching words of his last days testify—"I die at peace with all the world."¹

The felicitous description of Brewster's character has drawn us on from paragraph to paragraph in the above long quotation. It would be impossible to sum up in fewer or more apposite words the apparent incongruities of his disposition than is here given.

He became perfectly absorbed in any subject which he fairly took in hand. The moment he undertook to investigate a question everything bearing on it assumed an immense importance in his eyes, and all matters foreign to it seemed, for the time, trivial and unimportant. It made little difference whether the subject chanced to be a new lens, or a new novel; whether the matter was a historical point, or a scientific question; for the time being that was the centre of interest, and everything else took a subordinate position. He was, in the words of J. J. Gurney, 'a whole man in whatever he did.'

When Dr. Whewell's work, entitled the *Plurality of Worlds*, first appeared, Brewster was requested to review it for the *North British*. At the time he was just recovering

† The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. pp. 290-291.

from a long and prostrating attack of illness, but all was forgotten in the interest of the subject. The book had appeared anonymously, and Brewster was, therefore, quite unaware whom he was attacking. The ascerbity which has been ascribed to personal feeling toward the author really had its source, in great measure, in another and a purely impersonal sentiment. The profoundly religious nature of Brewster made him reject the notion that our earth was the only inhabited world in the universe. He felt that the glory of the Maker of heaven and earth was impugned, and all the fire of his nature was kindled. The strength of expression which he employed may have been somewhat the effect of personal feeling, but it was not animated by that alone. 'I shall never forget,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'the delight and satisfaction with which, in the course of his own private study of the Bible, he came upon this verse in Isaiah, "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it *to be inhabited*;" which his mind at once seized with ardor as a logical demonstration that the others, if uninhabited, would have been "created in vain."'¹

Miss Forbes, whom we have already quoted as Mrs. Harford Battersby, mentions a recollection of Brewster in connection with this work which illustrates very happily a point in his character. She says, in a letter to his biographer: 'One of the episodes of our intercourse which I remember most clearly occurred that spring we all spent at Clifton. Sir David was then writing *More Worlds Than One*, and he asked you and me to help him in correcting the press. In the course of this most interesting work we came across several expressions we thought much too severe, and we summoned courage to point these out to the learned author, who at once altered them in the meekest way to our entire satisfaction; there was, however, one whole sentence which we objected to. Your father said he had looked at it; he did not see anything so very objectionable about it; he did not think he could put it differently; it was printed, so it must just stand, otherwise

¹ The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 247.

there would be a blank in the page, which would never do. We still ventured to persist that we did not think the passage could remain as it was, upon which he said, half provoked and half amused at our audacity and pertinacity, that we were welcome to strike it out if we would write a paragraph to fill the space. This we accordingly did, and inserted something which was, at all events, an improvement in point of amenity! Another thing I remember in connection with this subject is, my mother gently remonstrating with Sir David in regard to the somewhat unmeasured terms in which he spoke of the author, in his review in the *North British*, of the *Plurality of Worlds*. She said such expressions were calculated to hurt his feelings. "Hurt his feelings!" broke in Sir David, "why, it is he that has hurt my feelings."¹

Each new literary undertaking brought upon him floods of correspondence, which must have absorbed much of his time; for he seems to have answered most carefully the letters which came to him in such overwhelming numbers. The war of 'worlds' waxed hot and bitter; the question, which should have been one fought out on the arena of science, with no touch of personality, was dragged down through the mire of invective and recrimination. The controversy attracted general attention, and *Punch* finally let fly the arrow of his raillery in one of his absurd doggerel verses:

'Says Brewster to Whewell,
Let's have a star duel;
Says Whewell to Brewster
You old cock-a-rooster,' etc.

'It is right to state,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'that these two knights of science, true and brave, Brewster and Whewell, both now passed beyond earthly conflict, were thoroughly reconciled to each other some years after this severe test of literary friendship.'

Brewster was no less whole-hearted as a friend and champion than he was as an antagonist. The strength and enduring power of his feelings is beautifully illustrated by the

¹ The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 249.

unswerving devotion which he showed through his long life to the memory of Newton. The feeling with which he always regarded him was one of reverential affection. He looked up to him as guide, philosopher, friend, and seemed to feel himself peculiarly the guardian of his master's honor. In 1831 he wrote a short life of Newton, which was published in *Murray's Family Library*. Four years after the publication of this short biography, a *Life of Flamsteed* was issued by the Board of Admiralty, containing some statements derogatory to the fair fame of Newton. For twenty years Brewster made the subject matter of research, and busied himself collecting the material to refute the charges contained in this Life. The results of this research, which he published under the title *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, were entirely satisfactory to his own mind. It was no small thing to him to feel that he had been permitted to wipe the blot from the scutcheon of that glorious fame. Again, we see him wielding, in the last year of his life, the trenchant weapon of his logic in the same good cause. In 1867, M. Chasles read before the French Institute a portion of some documents purporting to be a correspondence between Pascal and Newton, when the latter was only twelve years old, 'in which the discovery of gravitation by Pascal is clearly announced.' These documents were afterward published in *Les Comptes Rendu*. 'The discovery and establishment of the great law of universal gravitation, which was the foundation of the *Principia*, were partly, it is true, suggested by other minds, especially by Hooke and Cassini, which Newton always frankly acknowledged; but these letters, if true, would have branded the noble-minded philosopher with having fraudulently concealed that these suggestions, and others, had been made to him long before by Pascal.' Brewster was the only man living who had fully examined all the literary remains of Newton; he had been permitted access to all his MSS. when preparing himself to rebut the testimony offered in the *Life of Flamsteed*. He threw himself into the Pascal and Newton controversy with all the zeal and enthusiasm of youth. His discrimination and great personal interest enabled him to seize upon the telling

points, and to make out a case so strong that it hardly admitted of further argument. Mr. Francis Deas, a young friend of his, was in the house at the time, and thus writes of Brewster: 'Another matter, of a somewhat different kind, which greatly interested him at that time, was the Newton and Pascal correspondence. You may remember that I remarked to you at the time that I was amazed at the ability with which he sifted the evidence on that subject, and struck home at the weak points in his opponent's armor. It was more like the way an accomplished lawyer might have been expected to deal with it than one who had never devoted himself to the art of debating.'¹

It has since been discovered that the author of these documents, from whom M. Charles had purchased them, believing them to be genuine, was an habitué of the Imperial Libraries, where he employed himself copying ancient MSS., and the chief contents of whose private room proved to be chemical compounds, and brown and yellow dyes. He confessed having forged the documents, and was remanded for trial for his crime; but his confession was made after Brewster's death. The controversy had been a bitter one, and Newton's champion had been deeply wounded in the battle. 'But,' says his daughter, 'it is pleasant to remember that he went straight from this controversy into the gathering Silences from whose cool, calm shades came the whisper, "I die at peace with all the world."' This devotion to Newton began when he was a boy. In Grayfriars' Church, Edinburgh, was a tablet, erected to the memory of Colin Maclaurin, on which is recorded Newton's commendation of him. 'I have often gazed,' says Brewster, 'upon this simple monument, and pondered over the words to be envied by every aspirant to scientific fame—"NEWTONE SUADENTE."' So strong was this feeling of personal affection that it colored the scientific truths at which he looked. 'Although obliged to admit, by stern scientific facts, the superiority of the undulatory theory of light, yet it seemed as if his mind lingered reluctantly over the beautiful Newtonian doctrine of emission.

¹ *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster.* p. 397.

² *Ibid.* p. 389.

He evidently grieved that the elder philosopher had missed the great discovery made by Wollaston and Fraunhofer of the black lines in the solar spectrum.¹ Certain it is that Brewster never threw aside the language of the old theory; whether it was the influence upon his mind of his master, or whether it was only that his vocabulary was formed, and his style set too decisively to admit of change, before the new theory had established itself, the fact is still the same; he has done his part toward fossilizing the false theory of light, in the nomenclature and general use of terms pertaining to the science.

Some of his mental characteristics are very happily described in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Cousin. 'In anything Sir David had not himself studied,' says he, 'he was singularly receptive, making his inquiries with a sort of child-like earnestness that was very touching in one so stored with knowledge. With all his amazing keenness and subtlety of intellect, and the glancing acuteness with which he could detect any fallacy, it always struck me, notwithstanding, that it seemed more natural to him to believe and accept than merely to start objections. His mind seemed more inclined to belief than to doubt, except in so far as his keenness of vision guarded against anything like credulity. He was a most patient listener, and was most singularly fair and courteous in conversational discussion. If at any time he started an objection, he was, of all men I ever met, the readiest to admit the full force of anything that might be said in answer. Sometimes, indeed, as is mentioned also of Goethe, he would take up an argument against his own opinions that struck him, repeat it in his own words, and present it with greater force and precision. Those who did not know his way, would sometimes fancy he had accepted their conclusion, when thus, in the exercise of mere logical clearness and candor, he was but admitting, as he felt it, the weight of an individual argument. With those less candid, or less logical than himself, his very frankness and candor in discussion would thus sometimes lead to misconception.' His object was, what it always is with true and noble

1 *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster.* p. 268.

minds, *truth*, and not victory; and in her defence he could draw his knightly sword, on either side, with perfect loyalty.

The topic which first enchained his imagination, and became the subject of his childish meditations, was Optics. When scarcely more than a baby, his eye had been attracted by the distorted images of exterior Nature, as seen through a broken pane of glass. This fractured pane of glass was, however, no more the cause of Brewster's discoveries in Optics than was the falling apple of tradition the cause of Newton's magnificent discovery of the law of universal gravitation.

Truth is forever sounding out her glorious hymn of praise to the Being in whose bosom is her home, but the melody floats over the world unheard; all her magnificent harmonies fail to awaken a responsive thrill in the vulgar ear, listening only for the low sounds of earth. Here and there stands an interpreter between the Creator and his creatures—one whose soul is attuned to the heaven-born music—who now and again catches a strain of the melody, and translates it into the language of men. There was a deep and poetical significance in the myth which taught, that to Pythagoras alone it was given to hear the 'music of the spheres in their melodious march around the sun.' The light which fell through the broken pane of glass in Brewster's early home, fell upon an eye, not only quick to perceive the phenomena of the world around him, but keen to discern the golden thread of meaning which bound them into one harmonious whole. His eye did not rest alone upon the glittering facets of physical facts, but saw them gloriously set together as one harmonious work to adorn the crown of its Almighty Creator.

The subject of Optics held him enthralled from his babyhood till his old age. The optical phenomena and laws manifested by the colors of films occupied almost the last moments of his life. Mr. Deas, the young scientific friend whom we have once before quoted, was visiting him during the last days of his life, and to him Brewster entrusted the supervision and publication of these last investigations. He writes, it was touching, too, 'that at the close of his long life he should be admiring with the eye of the philosopher those very beauties

of the fleeting soap-bubble, which doubtless he had long before delighted in, with a different but not less intense interest, as a child; as grieved as ever when the poor bubble broke and scattered its glories just as they reached perfection.'

It is impossible even to make a passing allusion to the printed record of the original investigations which Brewster has given to the world. A list of three hundred and fifteen papers, contributed to the Reports and Transactions of various philosophical societies, British and foreign, is appended to his Life, as well as the titles to fifty-nine articles which appeared in the *North British*, headed, 'the following are among his contributions to the *North British Review*.' When we consider that these investigations were made during the intervals of leisure in a busy life, there is strong encouragement to the many who are situated in the same way. When a man loves ardently a certain work, that work he will somehow manage to do, even in the face of difficulties which look insuperable. Every obstacle yields, every hindrance goes down before the force of a strong will, a steady persistency, a passionate earnestness in the search after truth.

In our own country, if not in other parts of the world, these intervals of leisure, in the bread-winning business of life, generally include all the time which can be given to original research. Such a life as Brewster's, crowned with such noble fruition, is better proof of what may be done by steady perseverance than all the theoretical demonstrations in the world. No words, however convincing, could ever speak so eloquently of the possibilities lying hidden in every life as does the silent record of his struggles and his victories. No matter if his discoveries in science are superseded by the aid of better instruments and new methods of investigation, he still stands a hero in the battle of life, whose grand heroism is a boon to mankind. It thrills down through the ages, waking here and there a responsive note in some heart waiting for the electric touch which shall stir it into intellectual activity. But his contributions to science will not become obsolete. He has conquered a vast area, in the world of Nature, which lay in darkness and anarchy, and brought it within the realm of law and order. What

matters it whether the law by which it is governed be changed, the very classification has made it a subject of some law, and has rendered future investigation easier. To the mind of man all the order and harmony of Nature is chaos till some such work as this is done. The scientist creates nothing; he is only the interpreter of the thoughts of God as expressed in the physical universe; and yet, in a modified sense, we may say that he does create. For what without him was a blank, with him is the fair temple in which the soul may worship. No honest, earnest, reverent work was ever done in vain. There are long, quiet breathing places in the history of every onward progress, whether it be individual or collective—times when the work done seems nothing—when it may even seem that there is retrogression instead of progression. But these times are essential to the intellectual life of every man; the soul is gathering strength for the forward leap which shall fix upon it the admiring eyes of the world. What is true of the individual seems equally true of the collective life of man. The intervals when the world sees nothing are not intervals of stagnation. The functions of life go on, the blood is coursing through the veins, the muscular system is strengthening, the brain is becoming clearer, the nerves more steady, to do the mighty deed when the time for it has come. The patient labor of every man who is working with a single eye toward truth, if it does no more, adds its quota to this life; and, in one sense, his work can never die.

‘Pale Science in her laboratory
Works on with crucible and wire
Unnoticed, till an instant glory
Crowns some high issue as with fire,
And men, with wondering eyes awide,
Gauge great invention’s giant stride.’

It is the cumulative work of successive generations which expresses itself in each grand discovery of truth. Newton himself, the greatest mind which has ever adorned the annals of science, and who added more than any other man to the domain of physical science, says, in a letter to Hooke: ‘If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.’

No man is more ready to acknowledge the aid he has received from others than the genuine scientist—the original discoverer of great truths. The toil and unwearied labor by which he has gained the eminence on which he stands, makes him tender toward the sufferings of those who have also toiled and labored; the struggles and disappointments out of which his fame has grown makes him jealous of the fame of the great men who have laid the foundation on which he has builded. It is not generally true with regard to contemporary discoveries. Human nature is a little too strong, even in a philosopher, to let him look quite amiably upon the man who it about to snatch the well-earned laurel from his brow. Yet was the magnanimity of Brewster equal, more than once, even to this.

His life was not wanting the noblest crown which a practical investigation can ever hope to win and wear. He not only enlarged the field of science, and laid the foundation on which future generations were to build, by his researches; he not only brought the truths which he had discovered out of the laboratory of the chemist, and the sanctum of the physicist, within reach of the general intelligence of the people, by his writings; but he was also a practical inventor. Weighed in the balances of the utilitarians of our eminently practical age, he was not found wanting. He not only invented those ingenious optical toys, the kaleidoscope, and one popular form of the stereoscope, which have been the source of so much pure and innocent gratification, but he conferred upon mankind, by his discoveries, more than one blessing which made him truly a benefactor to his race. His discovery of the cause of *cataract* gave a clue to its successful treatment, and brought from the Berlin University the title of *Honorary Doctor of Medicine*, in recognition of the services he had done in the ‘sciences auxiliary to medicine.’ But his greatest practical work, the one which brought the greatest blessings to his race, was an invention which has never been accredited to him. In his boyish days he had, as we have before mentioned, spent much time in the workshop of James Vietch. His practical acquaintance with the various portions of telescopes, and other optical in-

struments, led him to the construction of a system of lenses and mirrors which he at first designed for the purpose of converging the sun's rays to a focus. He published, with illustrations, an account of this system of lenses in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in the year 1812, under the head of *Burning Instruments*. He soon afterward saw a new and important application to be made of his invention. The practically parallel rays of the sun fell directly, or after reflection, through a series of lenses upon a common centre within the system. By placing a light at this central focus the rays would follow the same path, only in a reverse direction, and so give out a parallel sheaf of great intensity. The lenses must, of course, in this case, be constructed with reference to the passage of light rays, not to heat rays. Brewster saw at once what a wonderful improvement this would make in lamps for light-house use. In 1816 he offered the suggestion to Geo. Stephenson, but, with the characteristic slowness of the British mind to accept what is new, it was laid aside. Alan Stephenson, the son of the great engineer, states that in 1820 he knew of this 'polyzonal lens,' as Brewster called it, being again submitted for consideration; but it was not then accepted. In 1822 Fresnel, the wonderful young French physicist, submitted the same system of reflectors and retractors to the Academy of Sciences, described and illustrated in a memoir entitled, *A New Method of Illuminating Light-houses*. In the same year M. Fresnel was made Secretary of the French Light-house Board, and, before its expiration, the light had been introduced into use. 'Before his death, in 1827,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'M. Fresnel was a man whom his nation delighted to honor as the inventor of the life-saving instruments which guard the rocks and the reefs of the French coast.'

It was entirely different in England. The invention, which had been offered certainly as early as 1820, was not accepted and brought into use till fifteen years later. In the meantime, Fresnel's lights had been used in France, Germany, Russia, and Scotland. *The Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, with the full description of the 'polyzonal lens,' had been in the library of the French Institute for *six years* before Fresnel announced

his discovery, and yet see how Brewster writes of him: 'I have always considered that distinguished philosopher as an independent inventor of the built-up lens, and its relative apparatus, as described by himself, though I preceded him by many years; and if his friends shall think it just to assign to him a higher place than mine, it will be done with the delicacy and tenderness which honorable men feel to a rival, and with that love of truth which his colleagues and mine in the Imperial Institute of France will not fail to cherish and observe.'¹

Probably if an Englishman had not discovered it, too, and pressed it upon the attention of his countrymen, another fifteen years would have elapsed and scores of precious lives have been lost in consequence. After his death came a full recognition of the services he had rendered by this invention. After his death! Will it always be so in England?

But if he had never been a practical inventor, he would still have large claim upon the affectionate gratitude of his race. 'Now, the popular notion of science,' says Tyndall, 'both in this country and England, often relates not to science, strictly so-called, but to applications of science; such applications, especially on this continent, are so astounding—they spread themselves so largely and umbrageously before the public eye—as to shut out from view those workers who are engaged in the quieter and profounder business of original investigation.' In reference to the discovery of the electric telegraph, but with an application which may be universal he says again, 'The force had been discovered, its laws investigated and made sure, the most complete mastery over the phenomena had been attained; nay, its application to telegraphic purposes demonstrated by men whose sole reward for their labors was the noble joy of discovery, and before your practical men had appeared at all upon the scene. Are we to ignore all this? We do so at our peril. For I say again, that behind all your practical applications there is a region of intellectual action to which practical men have rarely contributed, but from which they draw all their supplies. Cut them off from this region and they become eventually help-

¹ The Home Life of Sir David Brewster. p. 373.

less. In no case is the adage truer, "Other men have labored, and ye have entered into their labors," than in the case of the discoverer and applier of natural truth."¹ Again he says, 'While I say that practical men are not the men to make the necessary antecedent discoveries, the cases are rare in which the discoverer knows how to turn his labors to practical account.'² Brewster was one of these rare cases.

But, with all his discoveries which have enriched science and ameliorated the condition of man, there is nothing which touches into such beautiful meaning the work he left behind him as does the light shed upon it all by his childlike, reverential, loving faith. In the eighty-six years of his life he never seems to have faltered in his allegiance to the faith of his fathers. Mr. Francis Deas says, in writing to one of the family, 'I dare say, you remember remarking to me long ago, that, in driving or walking with him, every few yards of the road presented either something he wished to look at or had something to tell about. I was probably more struck with this peculiarity of his during that visit than I had been before, because I saw more of him, and tried to amuse him during his confinement with any subject for talk I could think of. Any way, I remember thinking what a sight it was to see the grand old philosopher who had, in the truest sense, *lived* through well nigh a century, during which he had so diligently and so lovingly gathered in and employed, to the glory of God and the weal of man, the truth and beauty which, though lying all around, it needs the seer's eye to see, sitting still at his work, with all his faculties as perfect as ever, his memory as clear, and his interest as keen.'

Over the portals of the temple he built, namely, his life work, might well be inscribed the words, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.'

In his earlier years one of his most striking characteristics was an utter intolerance of whatever, either in theory or in practice, fell short of his own ideal. The words in which he expressed his opinions of others were of the strongest and the

¹ Lectures in America. p. 176.

² Ibid. p. 177.

bitterest ; but the disappointments and sorrows of a long life had not come to him in vain. His spirit had ripened and matured under the storms of adversity and the sunshine of prosperity, and now he could look upon failure in practice, or difference of creed, with a wide and liberal charity. 'He could now,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'be broad even to those whose views he still held to be narrow ; perhaps one of the most difficult phases of catholicity.'

Dr. Guthrie said, in his funeral sermon, 'Men forget what Sir David Brewster knew, and what, I rejoice to say, he bore his testimony to. The arts and sciences have new discoveries to boast of, and they will have new discoveries to boast of, but the Church has none. It is an old Bible ; it is an old faith ; it is an old system.' Old as the loves, and joys, and sorrows of human experience are ; old, and yet new with the thrill of life to each soul which is born again. It is an oft-told tale, old as Bethlehem, and Gethsemane, and Calvary. And yet it is the 'new song' with which the walls of the New Jerusalem shall ever ring. His spirit passed away from the storms and controversies of this lower life to the perpetual peace with this 'new song' in his mouth.

The following lines, with which his biography closes, were written by his daughter :

Under the storm !

Under the storm !

Lift ye gently the aged form !

Bear him tenderly down the stair—

Carry him out to the wintry air !

Let him into the shelter go,

Of the plummy pomp, of the conquered foe !

Under the calm !

Under the calm !

Bear him along with the victor's palm !

Borrow a glow from the purple dell,

And a gleam from the river he loved so well ;

Let the bells ring out a birthday chime,

For the soul new-born from the throes of time.

Under the snow !

Under the snow !

Into the damp and the dews below !

Lay him down with his long-loved dead,

Weep if ye will o'er his silver head;
 We have not an honor to reach him now—
 We have not a love that can touch his brow!

Under the sun!

Under the sun!

Joy! for the saved one whose race is run!
 Joy! for the gift of the doubtless trust,
 That shall parry many a doubter's thrust!
 Joy! for the saint with his fair, white stole,
 Of Christ's finished work in the glorious goal!

Under the skies!

Under the skies!

When the hosts of heaven in glory rise,
 They shine on the couch where the sage is laid;
 To his first night's sleep in the cloistered shade,
 Doth he walk "astonied" their land of light?
 Hath he found a 'hest for his spirit's might?
 Hath he lifted a beacon in space unknown?
 Hath he solved the hues of the prison'd throne?
 Hath he learned from the seraphs new meed for praise?
 We see not! we see not! but this we know,
 He hath bowed his head with its honors low!
 Not mine! not mine! is his whisper meet,
 As he casts his crown at his Saviour's feet.

ART. IV.—1. *The Bayeux Tapestry*. Elucidated by Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL. D., F. S. A., etc., etc. London: John Russell Smith. 1856.

2. *Chefs-D'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts*. By Philippe Burty. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.

3. *A History of Lace*. By Mrs. Bury Palisser. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Marston. 1869.

The occupation described in the words 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' which fell like tear-drops from the pen of Thomas Hood, has been a monopoly of women since women were. We are free to confess, however, that, in spite of the poet's touching verses,

we have a firm belief that Mrs. Hood had as hum-drum and 'sew-sew' an existence as the rest of her sisters; still it serves our purpose to introduce the fact that the needle has always been the familiar companion of 'fingers weary and worn,' and of the fair and rosy-tipped as well.

It was under tents in the Orient that this implement first traced images of natural objects on silk and cloth. We cannot profess to vouch for the truth of Reynolds' assertion, that 'what begins in Taste will conclude in Virtue'; but it is certain that Art has, from the earliest periods, been associated with Religion; and that tapestry was used to beautify and adorn the temples of gods, and to represent the mysteries of a nation's faith. The embroidered curtains of the tabernacle described in Exodus, were supposed to be worked, with the needle, of silk and gold, or wool. If it is true that 'all noble ornament is the expression of man's delight in God's work,' then, in this exhibition of taste, he was not pursuing a vague ideality. He sympathised with Nature, and would follow her steps, however feebly. The love of Nature is very striking in the Jews; some of the tender verses in Isaiah are full of this feeling. The ornamentation in which they indulged was, invariably, imagery of natural objects; animals, leaves, flowers. The robe of the Ephod is described as being embroidered with 'pomegranates of blue, purple, and scarlet.' Embroidery and needlework are mentioned throughout the Old Testament: 'Fine-twined linen wrought with needlework of blue, purple, and scarlet, with cherubim of cunning work.' The Jews, doubtless, learned the art from the Egyptians. Homer mentions veils, cauls, and networks of gold; and the outer Egyptian tunic is always represented on the tombs as being embroidered in various patterns.

The Greeks attributed the invention to Minerva. Much skill and labor were bestowed on the shawls and hangings with which they adorned their temples. We can imagine the perfection to which tapestry was brought, when we remember how often it was celebrated by the poets. Euripides describes minutely a shawl which belonged to the temple of Apollo at Delphi; the sun, moon, and stars were embroidered on it, and

it was sometimes used to form a magnificent tent. This art is often mentioned by Homer and Ovid. When Troy is threatened, Hector says to his mother: 'The most elegant and the largest veil thou hast in thy possession, that which thou lovest best, spread out on the knees of glorious-haired Minerva. . . . He had no sooner uttered it than the queen herself descended into the scented chamber, where were veils artistically worked by the Sidonian women, which the god-like Paris had brought from Sidon.' And we are told that the one she selected 'shone like a star.' The consecration of the Peplus, or veil for the statue of Minerva, was a high festival of the Athenians. The embroiderers were young girls selected from the best families, over whom presided two principals or superintendents. On the veil were represented the battles of the gods and giants—Jupiter hurling thunderbolts, and Minerva in her chariot as the vanquisher of Typhon or Euceladus. We are familiar with the names of Helen and Penelope as connected with needlework. But in this our day, when in the presence of those great pictures, before which generations have knelt, do we not feel a tender thrill when we see, in all representations of the Annunciation, the introduction of the work basket? It is as indispensable as the Lily—the symbolical *Fleur de Marie*. This adjunct to the picture is meant not merely to show the industry of Mary, but because the legend says that when she returned to the house 'She took purple linen and sat down to work it.'

In ancient days the art of tapestry was monopolized by Asia. The sole dowry of a girl often consisted of a piece of tapestry made by her own hands. Jean Lagrange writes: 'The carpets of Smyrna and Caramania are woven by women. When a child is old enough to hold a shuttle, she is given worsted of all colors, and between two trees are stretched the cords that are to form the warp. Then she is told, "It is for you to make your own dowry." For her guides she has only the innate feeling of the beauty of outline, and the sorting of shades, and the tradition and example of her companions. The work is slowly continued. Each successive week, month, and year mark the growth of the work and of the worker.

When childhood is over and womanhood has set in, the task is generally completed, and then two masters—two purchasers—present themselves: the one carries off a carpet, the other a wife.'

Historical critics have failed to discover how and at what period the art of tapestry made its way into France. It is supposed to have been introduced by the Saracens, and by Byzantine workmen who attended the mosaists under the predecessors of Charlemagne. Tapestried hangings were thought by some to possess a magical power over the nerves; thus in Molière's *Amour Médecin*, when Sganarelle consults his friends about the health of his daughter Lucinda, and begs that they will suggest a remedy that will cheer her spirits, Monsieur Guillaume makes this suggestion: 'If I were in your place I would buy a fine hanging of tapestry *de verdure*, or with figures, and I would suspend it in her room, to enliven her mind and raise her spirits.'

The Anglo-Saxon women excelled in this feminine accomplishment. The art of embroidery was known and successfully practised in England long before the Conqueror set his foot upon the shore. A worthy chronicler informs us that 'the proficiency of the four sisters of King Athelstane procured for them the addresses of the greatest princes in Europe.' Editha, the consort of Edward the Confessor, was not only amiable and learned, but she was also skilful in the gentle craft of needlework. The Saxon historian, Ingulphus, affirms that 'the queen used frequently to intercept him and his schoolfellows in their walks, and moot points of grammar with them.' Yet she was perfect mistress of her needle, and with her own hands she embroidered the garments of her royal husband. She is represented as being the most interesting of our Saxon queens.

Skill in needlework was considered a necessary element in a woman's education, and often large sums were given to insure proficiency in the art. We are told that the Anglo-Saxon Godric, Sheriff of Buckingham, granted to Alcuin half a hide of land, as long as he should be sheriff, on condition that she would teach his daughter the art of embroidery. In later days every woman was obliged to make one shirt in a lifetime.

Even 'Good Queen Bess,' whom we can hardly realize as engaged in an employment so peculiarly feminine, presented Prince Edward with 'a cambric smock wrought by her own hands.' There is an epitaph in Westminster Abbey to Catherine Sloper, 1620 :

'Exquisite at her needle.'

St. Dunstan himself designed patterns for church embroidery.

We are told that the noble lady Ethelwynne enlisted him in her service for this purpose, and that the holy man daily sat in her bower directing the fair fingers of both lady and maidens. The women of that day, in fact, did little but

'Finger the fine needle and nyse thread.'

What could they do else? Knowledge was not generally diffused among them. The customs of the age obliged them to stay much within doors. They knew a little music, to be sure, and while engaged at work, surrounded by their maidens, they were used to sing the '*chansons à toile*,' as the ballads of the day were called. This was the universal employment of great ladies through the morning of every day. Now, nothing can be further from our thoughts than to say anything rude or unkind about our grandmothers. If they had no taste for anything higher, this was better than nothing, surely; but how pitiful for a woman to be doomed to this petty routine, whatever her taste or capacity!

When we look at a work of art, we cannot fail to be impressed with the feeling that there is about it an undefinable something which time and study alone can interpret. Emblematical signs are common to the infancy of all nations. Roman historians tell us that it was usual for shipwrecked mariners to carry about with them a painted story of their misfortunes, as they excited sympathy more surely in this way than in any other. The Mexicans transmitted the news of a European invasion to the emperor by means of pictures. The History of Peru was a tapestried one, the knowledge of its past being preserved by a simple arrangement of colored threads; and the history of the Conquest—the event on which the world's

future depended—was wrought by Matilda with that simple instrument, the needle. Before entering into a detailed account of the Bayeux Tapestry, it may be well to give a short sketch of the queen, who has bequeathed to us this important historic document.

In her early years Matilda, afterward the wife of William the Conqueror, loved a young Saxon nobleman named Brihtric Mean, surnamed Snaw, from the extreme fairness of his complexion. But our blue-eyed ancestor was supremely indifferent to the regard with which Matilda distinguished him. The old French Satirist has said that in a love affair there is usually one person who loves, and the other, *qui se laisse aimer*. In this instance, however, there was not even an acceptance of the heart's offering. The future Queen of England gave all, and received not so much as a tribute of gratitude in return. Deadly hate was the grave-stone with which she covered up her slighted love. Be sure that, bye and bye, she made Brihtric suffer for it all.

By a strange compensation, all this while Duke William had been paying his addresses to Matilda in vain. For seven long years he pursued her with untiring devotion. At length he determined to bring matters to a crisis by a manifestation of love, the like of which history had never chronicled. In Roscoe's *Life of the Conqueror* we are told that he repaired to Bruges and met the high-bred damsel as she returned from church through the streets of her father's gay capital. Having reproached her for her long continued scorn and cruelty, he seized her and coolly rolled her in the mud, to the no small injury of her trim and costly attire. Then, after a few blows with his fist—which striking proofs of regard she must have sensibly felt from such a hand—the lover rode away at full speed, leaving her to her own reflections. Strangely enough, she was now completely subdued. 'Let us have peace, then, though it cost a little high,' she seems to say; for in a brief space the nuptial ceremonies were solemnized with a splendor becoming the occasion. Wace, in his poetical chronicle, says, 'That the Count, her father, gave Matilda joyfully, with very rich appareilment, that she was very fair and graceful, and

that William married her by the advice of the baronage.' The mantle, embroidered with silk and jewels, which she wore on that occasion, as well as the one which adorned the brawny shoulders of her lord, were long preserved in the treasury of Bayeux. Lancelot mentions these costly bridal robes in an inventory of precious effects belonging to the Church. For fourteen years they lived together in great harmony, and she is described by the chroniclers of the day as 'exceeding all commendations, and winning the love of all hearts.' But, although so good a wife and mother, she nurtured in her heart a spirit of cruel hate. She had never forgotten the slighted love of her youth. Her smiles were ready, but there was a nameless uneasiness rankling within which could not be quelled. Her home was apparently a happy one, but an unbidden guest had entered there. Revenge was ever whispering in her ear; and, alas! the very first act of power exercised by the 'fair, winning woman' was in compliance with the behests of this grim visitor. In the first year of the reign of William the Conqueror he was induced by his wife to sacrifice Brihtric to her displeasure. Death she deemed too good for him. Vindictive queen that she was! she must see him poor and miserable first; for that would be worse than death itself. So, we find William bestowing on Matilda grants of Brihtric's land; imprisonment followed, and death put the finishing stroke to her enmity. This is the only dark chapter in Matilda's life. She had had a great passion, and had closed the account.

Let us turn the leaf over, and we see her again the gentle, loving wife; the wise, industrious ruler of her household, and the mother of a long line of kings. It may be well, also, in this connection, to remember that Matilda's after-life was marked by an event the importance of which may be difficult to realize in our material age; but in that day superstition was a power which influenced and controlled the energies of men. In 1093 Matilda was attacked by an illness supposed to be mortal. During those long hours of danger, with death staring her in the face, doubtless the years of her life, now soon, as she thought, to close, rose in array before her, and the

great sin of her youth sank heavy upon her conscience. No wonder that she prayed and made good resolutions. It was then that she promised, should life be spared her, that she would offer, as a votive gift, a costly shrine of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones, and that in this casket the holy winding sheet should be placed. The shrine had been given to Charlemagne in a casket of carved ivory by Constantine II as a reward for his services. When Matilda recovered she fulfilled her vow, and sent the shrine to Philip I, with her wish that it should be the receptacle of the holy relic. Philip drew up a charter, signed by himself, in which he thus mentions the royal gift and its translation: 'Il nous a plu de mettre dans une chasse d'or, enrichie de pierres précieuses donnée, à cette église par la reine d'Angleterre, les reliques de notre Seigneur; nous avons vu ce linge dans lequel le corps de notre Sauveur a reposé, et que nous nommons *Suaire*, selon le Saint évangéliste, lequel a été livré du vase d'ivoire.' It is difficult to realize now the importance attached to this event by the historians of the day. The Crusaders hailed the honors so opportunely paid to the sacred treasure of France as a symbol and a promise; their faith, already quickened by the renunciation of all that made life dear—home, kindred, nay, life itself—for the deliverance of the Tomb, was stimulated to more heroic sacrifice; their hope was intensified to prophecy by what appeared like a typical coincidence, a manifestation of divine approval that must insure the success of their enterprise.'

We shall see how strangely the trivial acts of this queen, governed always by a powerful emotion, influenced not only the men of her day, but has also continued to exercise a sway over their imaginations down to the present day. The needle of Matilda has conferred immortality on the heroic exploits of her husband, and may vie with the pen of the historian, or the brush of the painter. Master Wace says: 'All things hasten to decay, all fall, all perish, all come to an end; man dieth, iron consumeth, wood decayeth; towers crumble, strong walls fall down; the rose withereth away; the war-horse waxeth feeble; gay trappings grow old; all the works of men

perish. Thus we are taught that we all die, both clerk and lay; and short would be the fame of any after death, if their history did not endure by being written in the book of the clerk.' No chronicle which has ever been penned by clerk; no statue, though carved by the greatest genius, is so full of meaning as this monument of antiquity—*La Tapisserie de la Reine Mathilde*. A musical rhythm of love and honest, womanly pride breathes through every stitch on the canvas, keeping time to the martial scenes and victories depicted thereon.

Matilda took an enthusiastic interest in her husband's favorite pursuits, and, to use an expression of Lady Payson, 'She had liever far that success should attend his efforts than that she should have a new gown, though it were of scarlet.' She could not buckle on armor and go on the field, but she employed herself and all the ladies of her court in embroidering

' ————By night and day
A magic web, with colors gay,'

on which she could commemorate the deeds of her brave knight and husband. She could not be beside him in the fray, but she

' ————fought his battles o'er again'

on tapestry.

The attention of the learned was first called to this tapestry by M. Lancelot in 1724, who found the drawing of a portion of it in the Cabinet of Antiquities in Paris. He was at once struck with the antiquity of it, and we are told that he pronounced it to be of the age of William the Conqueror; but he could not determine whether the drawing represented a bas-relief, a painting, or a piece of sculpture, or, he adds, 'even if it be a piece of tapestry.' Montfaucon was much interested in this suggestion, and after very many inquiries, and great trouble, found the tapestry at Bayeux, where he ascertained that the work was ascribed to Matilda. It was ordinarily called in the country '*La Toilette de Duc Guillaume*.' For a long time it was preserved with great care in a side chapel of the cathedral; 'it was kept rolled up on a winch, and was only

exposed to view once a year, on the festival of the relics, and during the octave.'

It is supposed by many that the designs for this work were made by the priests, who were the principal artists of the day. The Latin inscriptions show that the ladies who embroidered it were aided by educated persons. Some historians suppose the designs to have been made 'for Matilda by Turolde, a dwarf artist, who, moved by a natural desire of claiming his share in the celebrity which he foresaw would attach to the work, has cunningly introduced his own effigies and name, thus authenticating the Norman tradition that he was the person who illuminated the canvas with the proper outlines and colors.'

The tapestry is at present preserved in the town's library at Bayeux, where it is exhibited very advantageously by being extended in eight lengths from end to end of the room, and is at the same time protected from injury by being covered with glass. Originally it was in one piece, measuring twenty-seven feet in length, and twenty inches in breadth. The ground-work is of fine linen, which has become brown through age. Hudson Gurney, in the *Archæologia*, says: 'The colors are as bright and distinct, and the letters of the superscriptions as legible as if of yesterday.' There is an ornamental border at the top and bottom of the tapestry, representing some of the fables of Æsop; for instance, the crow and the fox, the wolf and the lamb, the eagle and the tortoise, and some others. But the main subject of the Bayeux Tapestry is an illustrated history of the exploits of William the Conqueror, from Harold's first landing in Normandy to his fall at Hastings. The leading transactions are represented in regular order; it contains many hundred figures of men, horses, beasts, houses, churches, and castles, with legends inscribed above them to elucidate the story. Only three women appear in the whole roll of tapestry; and some one has suggested that this surely proves the modesty and retiring habits of the Saxon and Norman ladies. As they are so few in number, it may be interesting to take a passing glance at their attire, and see how the women in 'May Fair' decked themselves out in those days. Their dress is represented as a loose, flowing robe, enveloping the


body in graceful folds. The sleeves at the wrist are made full, knotted up to prevent trailing on the ground. A cynical old monk of that era, in order to throw discredit on the fashion, represented the Evil One attired in the same way.

In the first scene is Edward the Confessor, giving audience to men of rank, who propose Harold's visit to William; after this is arranged satisfactorily, they repair to a church to ask a blessing on their journey. It is curious to see how strangely our ancestors blended their devotions and festivities. Adjoining the church is a festal board, and, prayers being said, they repair thither to regale themselves with creature comforts, and pledge one another in goblets of rare old wine. The challenged and challenger drink out of the same cup. On their goblets are frequently inscribed such mottoes as the following:

'In the name of the Trinitie
Fille the kup, and drinke to mee.'

Next in order on the tapestry are the ships, manned and ready to sail. Harold is in full dress, but armed with a spear; 'for though on pleasure he is bent, he has a wary mind.' The group of figures which now appear reveals the plot. Harold is arrested and put in prison. The party seem inclined at first to resist. Most of their weapons are laid aside; but the *Saxe*, a weapon half-knife half-dagger, which the Saxon never resigns, is drawn for defence. The medieval rhymist, Gottfridus Viterbriensis, tells us that it is from this weapon that the Saxons derive their name. The succeeding portions of the tapestry are evidently intended to place the ingratitude of Harold in a glaring light, and to show how monstrous was any opposition to William's claim to the throne of England.

The vessel which finds the most conspicuous place in the tapestry is the *Mora*, which Matilda had caused to be built and adorned in splendid style, without the knowledge of her husband. It was a superb surprise gift to William on the eve of his embarkation. We are told that 'the effigy of William, their youngest son, in bronze, decorated the prow. His face was turned toward England; holding a trumpet to his lips with one hand, and carrying a bow with the other, with the




arrow aimed at England.' When the duke landed on the shores of Albion he measured his royal length upon the ground. The superstitious Normans regarding this as an ill omen, raised a cry of horror, but William filling his hands with sand, arose, and said in a loud voice, 'See, Seigneurs! by the splendor of God I have seized England with my two hands. Without challenge no prize can be made, and that which I have grasped I will, by your good help, maintain.' The superstitious fears of his followers slunk away abashed before the presence of this brave spirit. One of the men ran forward, and taking the thatch from the roof of a hut, presented it to the duke, exclaiming, 'Sire, come and receive *seizin*. I give you *seizin* in token that this realm is yours.' 'I accept it,' replied the duke, 'and may God be with us!' They immediately began to erect a wooden tent with pieces brought from Normandy. In the tapestry Matilda has shown the way in which the men conveyed the wood from the ships.

The people of England were, about this time, in dismay at the appearance of a three-tailed comet, which was visible in the beginning of the year 1066, only a few days before the death of King Edward. The tendency of the age was very superstitious, and the terror of the nation was much increased by the prediction of an astrologer, who announced its coming in the following couplet:

' In the year one thousand and sixty-six,
Comets to England's sons an end shall fix.'

Miss Strickland says, that 'all descriptions fell far short of the delineations of this comet made by Matilda in the Bayeux Tapestry, where the royal needle has represented it of dimensions that might well have justified the alarm of the terror-stricken group of Saxon princes, priests, and ladies, who appear to be rushing out of their pigmy dwellings, and pointing to it with unequivocal signs of horror; for independently of the fact that it looks near enough to singe all their noses, it would have inevitably whisked the world and all its sister planets out of their orbits, if it had been of a hundredth part proportionable to the magnitude there displayed.'



In the autumn of 1803, when Bonaparte contemplated the invasion of England, we are told that 'the tapestry was brought from its obscurity at Bayeux and exhibited at the national museum at Paris, where it remained some months. The First Consul himself went to see it, and affected to be struck with that particular part which represents the appearance of the meteor, presaging the defeat of Harold, and suggesting the inference that the meteor which had been lately seen in the south of France was the prelude to a similar event.' This exhibition was so popular that a small dramatic piece was performed at the *Theatre du Vaudeville*, entitled '*La Tapisserie de la Reine Mathilde*,' in which Matilda was represented passing her time with her women in embroidering the exploits of the Duke, and never leaving her work except to put up prayers for her husband's safety and success.

There is so much of the critical spirit in the nineteenth century, so little of the unquestioning belief which belonged to 'the ages of faith,' that we are not surprised to find doubts raised as to the person who worked the tapestry, many controverting the fact that Matilda had anything to do with it. Miss Agnes Strickland is very indignant that men should ever discuss the merits or antiquity of this work. Before they begin to argue she wants to know if they know how to sew. 'With due deference,' she says, 'to the lords of creation on all subjects connected with science and policy, we venture to think that our learned friends, the archaeologists and antiquaries, would do well to direct their intellectual powers to more masculine subjects of inquiry, and leave the question of the Bayeux Tapestry (with all other matters allied to needle craft) to the decision of the ladies, to whose province it belongs. It is matter of doubt to us whether one out of the many gentlemen who have disputed Matilda's claim to that work, if called upon to execute a copy of either of the figures on the canvas, would know how to put in the first stitch.' We know what the Senate of Berne did with the profane wretch who wrote a book to prove that William Tell and the apple were both myths; we know that the Senate publicly burnt the book, by the hand of the hangman, in the market place of Berne. We

would deal in like manner with all wicked doubters who use their facts as clubs to demolish the fairy fabrics of the past.

In connection with the Bayeux Tapestry we will give the reader a curious anecdote concerning it. In 1830 the artist Stothard went to Bayeux in order to execute his well-known copy of the work in question. Mrs. Stothard availed herself of the courteous facilities extended to her husband, and, without his knowledge, cut with her scissors from one of the ends of the cloth a piece about as large as a hand. At the death of Mrs. Stothard, some years since, the stolen piece was presented to the South Kensington Museum by her husband, with an account, written by him, of the disgraceful theft. During the course of the past year the directors of the museum sent artists to Bayeux to photograph the tapestry, and announced their wish in a letter containing the relic, which was found to agree in every thread with the missing piece.

Embroidery grew and strengthened until it rose to the dignity of an art. But taste, which is ever changing, began to tire of the fashion for pictures in silk and wool, however exquisite they might be. The little instrument by which such marvels had been wrought, with a power of adaptation peculiar to the sex whom it served, instantly sought a new and more delicate fabric with which again to please the popular taste.

It was from open work embroidery, or 'cut work,' as it was called, that we date the origin of lace. It is generally thought that the word 'lace' is of Latin origin, from 'lacinia,' signifying the fringe of a garment; but Mrs. Palisser says that she considers it of Anglo-Norman origin. The term '*lacez*,' rendered in the English translation '*laces*,' appears long before lace came into use. The earlier laces were called '*passament*,' a general term for gimps and braids as well as for lace; and it was not until the reign of Richard III that the word 'lace' appears in the account of the royal wardrobe. 'At his coronation his queen wore a white cloth of gold mantle, garnished with a mantlet lace of white silk and Venys gold.'

Lace is divided into point and pillow lace. The Italians claim the invention of the first kind. '*Oet homme est bien en*

points,’ was a term used to indicate that a person wore rich laces. Those best known to the commercial world are of Venice, Milan, and Genoa. Venice point came into general use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the Islands of the Lagune they still tell a story about the origin of this exquisite production. ‘A sailor youth, bound for the Southern Seas, brought home to his betrothed a bunch of that pretty coralline known to the unlearned as “mermaid’s lace.” The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the sea-weed, with its small, white knots, united as by a bride, imitated it with her needle, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, produced that delicate guipure which, before long, became the taste of all Europe.’ The arrangement of bouquets in perforated paper, resembling lace, has a remote origin. We are told that, when the Doge made his annual visit to the *Convent delle Vergini*, ‘the Lady Abbess and novices received him in the parlor and presented him with a nosegay of flowers, placed in a handle of gold, and trimmed around with the finest lace that Venice could produce.’ Venice point is now no more; it has lived out its little day. The only relics are coarse torchon laces, offered for sale by the peasants to strangers on their arrival at hotels.

In the reign of Louis XIV the extravagance in imported laces reached its climax. A single pair of knee ruffles cost 7000 livres. No sumptuary laws were of any avail. Royal commands could not compel the people to substitute the coarser lace of France for the exquisite fabrics of her sister countries. Colbert, the Secretary of Mazarin, adopted a wise expedient. He selected Madame Gilbert, a native of Alençon, and already acquainted with the manner of making Venice point, to open an establishment for this purpose. He advanced her 50,000 crowns, placed his chateau of Louray, near Alençon, at her disposal, and established her there with thirty forewomen, whom he brought from Venice. The first specimens of her work were exhibited to the king and ladies of the court on an appointed day. The walls of the room were covered with crimson damask, and the laces arranged thereon artistically. The king was delighted. He presented Madame Gilbert

with a large sum ; commanded that no other lace should appear in court, and bestowed upon it the name of 'Point de France.' Royalty smiled, and the fortune of Alençon was made. The manufacture was conducted on a larger scale, with an exclusive privilege for ten years, and a grant of 36,000 francs ; a company was formed, and in 1668 the capital amounted to 22,000 livres. The first distribution of profits took place in October, 1669, amounting to fifty per cent. on each share. In 1670 a fresh distribution took place, and 120,000 livres were divided among the shareholders. In 1673 the profits were still greater, and in 1675 the ten years privilege, ceased, the money was returned, and the remainder divided. This was the origin of Point d'Alençon in France. Colbert was proud of his success, and used to say that 'Fashion was to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain.' The finest example of Point d'Alençon was the production of the Bayeux fabric. The dress consisted of two flounces ; the price was 85,000 francs—£3,400. It took forty women seven years to make it ! The designs for Point d'Alençon are engraved on copper plates, and printed on green parchment, about ten inches long. This lace is made with a fine needle entirely by hand. Each part is executed by a separate workwoman. Formerly eighteen different hands were employed on one piece of lace, but the number is now reduced to twelve.

Valenciennes lace is so substantial that it is called '*Les éternelles Valenciennes*.' It is peculiar to the place in which it is made, so that we find M. Diendonné writing : 'This beautiful manufacture is so inherent to the place that it is an established fact if a piece of lace were begun at Valenciennes, and finished outside the walls, the part which had not been made at Valenciennes would be visibly less beautiful and less perfect than the other, though continued by the same lace-maker, with the same thread, and upon the same pillow.' The puzzling problem involved in this assertion we will leave for philosophers to solve.

In 1589 the Dutch wore no lace but of their own manufacture, and very little embroidery ; but about a century later the love of this luxury had grown into a passion. They were

not content to adorn their persons with it, but we are told that they even 'tied up their knockers with rich point to announce the birth of an heir.' A traveller who visited France in 1691 remarks of his hotel: 'The warming-pans and brasses were not here muffled up in point and cut-work, after the manner of Holland, for there were no such things to be seen.'

Pillow lace was introduced into Germany by Barbara Uttman. She had learned the art of lace-making from a Protestant native of Brabant, whom the cruelties of the Duke of Alva had driven from her country. Barbara took great interest in watching the mountain girls making nets for the miners' hair, and profiting by her experience, she succeeded in 'producing first a fine knitted tricot, afterward a plain lace ground.' She managed to procure aid from Flanders, and set up a workshop of her own in Annaberg. The work soon spread from the Bavarian frontier to Altenberg and Geissen, giving employment to 30,000 persons, and producing a revenue of 1,000,000 thalers. There was a prophecy made before her marriage, that her descendants would equal in number the stitches of the first lace ground she had worked. At her death, we are told, she left 65 children and grandchildren. On her tomb at Annaberg is inscribed: 'Here lies Barbara Uttman, died 14 January, 1575, whose invention of lace in 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains.

'An active mind, a skilful hand,
Bring blessings down on the Fatherland.'

Lace-making forms a source of the national wealth of Belgium. It is so ruinous to the eyesight that workers are generally blind before the age of thirty. When five years old they are put to this work, and often the poor little creatures, at this early age, are quite skilful in twisting their bobbins. In a tract of the seventeenth century, entitled, 'England's Improvement by Sea and Land to outdo the Dutch without Fighting,' we have an account of one of these establishments: 'Joining to this spinning school is one for maids weaving bone lace, and in all the towns there are schools, according to the bigness and multitude of the children. I will show you how they are

governed. First, there is a large room, and in the middle there is a little box like a pulpit; second, there are benches built about the room, as in our playhouses. In the box in the middle of the room is the grand mistress, with a long white wand in her hand. If she observes any of them idle she reaches them a tap, and if that will not do she rings a bell which, by a little cord, is attached to the box. She points out the offender, who is taken into another room and chastised. And I believe this way of ordering the young women,' the crusty chronicler goes on to say, 'is one great cause that the German women have so little twit-twat [gossip], and I am sure it will be as well were it so in England. *There* the children emulate the father—*here* they beggar him. Child' (he says finally), 'I charge you tell this to thy wyfe, and it may be that she, understanding the benefit it will be to her and her children, will turn Dutchwoman and endeavor to save moneys.'

The manufacture of Brussels lace has been placed at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Three workers are employed on one piece. One is occupied in grounding, one in working the flowers, and the third 'hearts' the flowers with open work. The texture of the thread used is exquisitely fine; it is spun in dark, underground rooms, as contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. We are told that it is so fine as almost to escape the sight; the touch, as it passes through the fingers, being the surest guide. Every possible artificial help is given to the eye. A background of dark paper is placed so as to throw out the thread, and the apertures admitting light are arranged in such a way as to cause only a single ray to fall upon the work. The life of the thread-spinner must be necessarily unhealthy, and she knows, too, that she will be blind after a while; but the wages are high, and so she is a slave—the slave of Christian men and women—sold into bondage by that cruellest master—Poverty.

Lace making was introduced into Devonshire by Flemings, who took refuge in England during the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. The designs for Honiton lace were at one time hideous to a degree, but Queen Adelaide, wishing to cul-

tivate a purer taste, gave an order for a dress to be made of Honiton sprigs, the flowers to be copied from nature. The order was successfully executed; the initial of each flower forming the name of her Majesty—Amaranth, Daphne, Eglantine, Lilac, Auricula, Ivy, Dahlia, Eglantine.

Wadstena, in Sweden, is celebrated for its lace. Tradition says that St. Bridget introduced the art into the convent, on her return from Italy. A law in the convent of Wadstena forbade the nuns to touch either gold or silver, except while introducing it into their netting or embroidery. In a collection of old documents, Mrs. Palisser tells us there are several curious letters of a Wadstena nun to her lover '*extra muros*.' 'I wish,' she writes, 'I could send you a netted cap that I myself have made, but when Sister Karin Anderstotter saw that I mingled gold and silver thread in it, she said, "You must surely have some beloved." "Do not think so," I answered; "here in the kloster you may easily see if any of the brethren has such a cap, and I dare not send it by any one to a sweetheart outside the walls." "You intend it for Axel Nilson," answered Sister Karin. "It is not for you to talk," I replied; "I have seen you net a long hood, and talk and prattle yourself with Brother Bertol."'

The laces of the Vatican and the Holy Conclave, says Mrs. Palisser, are magnificent beyond all description, but they are constantly in the market. When a cardinal dies they are sold probably to some new prelate. A lady, describing the ceremony of washing the feet by the Pope, writes in 1771: 'One of the cardinals brought him an apron of "old point," with a broad border of Mechlin lace, and tied it with a white ribbon round his Holiness' waist, and thus he performed the ceremony.' Clement IX often made presents of Italian lace to Monsieur de Sorbière. 'He sends ruffles,' cries the irritated man, 'to a man who never has a shirt.'

In France dogs were trained for the purpose of smuggling lace from Belgium. A dog intended for this purpose was petted and fed daintily at home, then he was sent across the frontier, where they tied him up and starved him. The skin of a larger dog being then obtained and fitted to his body, the

intervening space was filled with lace. He was then allowed to escape. He soon made his way home, where he was relieved of his precious burden.

Ben Jonson says, 'Rich apparel has strange virtues; it is the bird-lime of fools.' But so long as fools remain in the majority such bird lime is not to be despised. This, at least, must have been the feeling of his day, for in another place we hear him saying that 'men thought little of turning four or five acres of their best land into two or three trunks of wearing apparel.'

It was in the sixteenth century, in France, that the taste for luxury in embroideries and laces reached its greatest height. In 1579 the ruffs of the French Court attained such an outrageous size, that a journalist of Henry III says the heads of the courtiers 'looked like the head of John the Baptist in a charger.' Our coquettish ancestresses thus attired found difficulty in eating. We are told that Reine Margot, when seated at dinner one day, was compelled to send for a spoon with a handle two feet long, wherewith to eat her soup. On state occasions Henry wore on his own dress 4,000 yards of pure gold lace. His successor, Henry IV, issued several edicts against the excessive use of this luxury, and even tried to enforce them by his example, appearing at times in public in a plain grey coat without lace or trimmings. Quintillian says: 'What princes do themselves they engage others to do.' But in this instance both edict and example failed to put down *point coupé*. Reine Margot, Madame Gabrielle, and Bassompierre have their own way in spite of royal prohibition. In an inventory made at the death of Madame Gabrielle, the lovely Duchess de Beaufort, we find entered sleeves and towels of point coupé, with fine handkerchiefs, gifts of the king, of such rare value that Henry demanded they should be restored to him. In the same list is mentioned the duchess' bed of ivory, with hangings of lace.

Rubens has made us familiar with the enormous collarette of that day. In contemporary engravings we see gloves trimmed with large rosettes of lace, the tops of boots ornamented with deep ruffles of point, and garters made like a

scarf of the same fabric. In an engraving of the Prodigal Son, by Abraham Bosse, the mother appears holding out to her repentant boy a collar trimmed with the finest point. The tears of the Foolish Virgins fall upon lace handkerchiefs, and the Rich Man's table cloth and napkins are beautified in the same expensive way.

The art of starching ruffs did not reach England until 1564. Madame Dinghen was very expert in this way. The nobility patronized her, but the masses looked upon her with doubtful eyes, and called her famous starch 'devil's broth.' The highest aim of the wearer's life seems, in those days, to have been to keep the ruff from falling.

'Not so close, thy breath will thaw my ruff,'

a fop exclaims. 'The wind and his nobility' were sworn foes. We are told that the English called this fashion 'The French ruff,' and that in France it bore the name of the 'English monster.' Queen Elizabeth was said to have worn hers higher and stiffer than any one in Europe save the Queen of Navarre, who, unfortunately, had a yellow throat, and wanted to conceal it. This monstrosity of fashion was an unfailing source of wit for the satirists of the day. Every play teems with allusions to it. The dignitaries of the Church at last assailed it with violent pulpit invectives. John King, Bishop of London, said: 'Fashion has brought in deep ruffs and shallow ruffs, thick ruffs and thin ruffs, double ruffs and single ruffs. When the Judge of quick and dead shall appear, He will not know those who have so defaced the fashion He has created.' Joseph Hall, too, Bishop of Exeter, in a sermon, after denouncing the custom, concludes thus: 'But if none of our persuasions can prevail, hear this, ye garish popinjays of our time. If ye will not be ashamed to clothe yourselves after this shameful fashion, Heaven shall clothe you with shame and confusion. Hear this, ye plaister-faced Jezabels. If ye will not leave your daubs and washes, Heaven will one day wash them off with fire and brimstone.' Can you not see the beauties of the day beaming down smiles on the old bishop from above their stiff ruffs while he rails at their darling fashions? Dooms-

day may be near to him, they think, but it is far enough from them.

Fashion, that arbitrary empress, has for centuries drawn her inspiration from France. The French nation are proverbially changeable. Goethe, in his romance of *Wilhelm Meister*, makes a German woman say, that she knows her lover has changed, and wants to forsake her, because he writes to her in French. Fashion is *French*, and therefore fickle. We are always abusing her, but always following her. Thus we see that whenever love of luxury and lace are rife in France, England and all Europe soon follow *en suite*.

In 1679 Louis XIV gave a grand fête to his court. We are told that, when the ladies repaired to their dressing-rooms to attire themselves for the ball, each one found awaiting her a fresh and beautiful robe, trimmed with the finest point, a present from the gallant monarch. Madame de Lude attributes the origin of a singular head-dress in this reign to the Fontange. She tells us how that, 'during the chase, the locks of the royal favorite escaped from the ribbon that bound them; how the fair huntress, hurriedly tying the lace kerchief round her head, produced in one moment a coiffure so light, so artistic, that Louis XIV, enchanted, prayed her to retain it for that night in court. The lady obeyed the royal command. This mixture of lace and ribbon, now worn for the first time, caused a sensation, and the next day all the ladies of the court appeared "coiffées à la Fontange."' There was a twisted lace necktie peculiar to this day, the origin of which is curious. It was called a 'Steinkirk,' from a battle of that name in which the young French princes of the blood were ordered into action. They were said to have tied on their lace cravats in the most careless fashion, and rushed off to the field, where they gained the battle. In commemoration of this, the beaux and belles tied their cravats in the same careless style. The Abbé de Choisy, who always dressed in female attire, wrote on one occasion '*J'avais une Steinkerque de Malines.*'

In the reign of Louis XV, the time, of all others, for a grand display of lace was at a visit to a Parisian lady on her '*relevailles.*' 'Reclining on a *chaise longue*, she awaits her

visitors. Nothing is to be seen but the finest laces, arranged in artistic folds, and long bows of ribbon. An attendant, stationed at the door, asks of each new arrival: "Have you any perfumes?" She [the visitor] replies in the negative, and passes on—an atmosphere of fragrance. The lady must not be spoken to, but, as the usual compliments are over, the visitors proceed to admire the lace. "Beautiful! exquisite!" but, "Hist—speak low;" and she who gave the caution is the first, in true French fashion, to speak loudest.' Madame de Créguy, describing her visit to the Duchess Douairière de La Ferté, says: 'When that lady received me she was lying in a state bed, under a coverlet made of Point de Venise in one piece.' 'I am persuaded,' she goes on to say, 'that the trimming of her sheets, which was of Point d'Argenton, was worth at least 40,000 crowns.'

In the reign of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, wishing to escape from the trammels of court etiquette, inaugurated the use of French muslin in the place of lace. Even the queen's hairdresser, Léonard, did not venture to use it. For twelve years after the French Revolution the manufacture of lace ceased almost entirely; but in the palmy days of Napoleon we find it mentioned among the adornments of the ladies of the New Regime. Lace was never more in vogue than in the first days of the Empire, as a description of a ball at Madame Récamier's will testify.

'The First Consul was expected, and the élite of Paris early thronged the salons of the charming hostess; but where was Madame Récamier? "*Souffrante*," the murmur ran, retained to her bed by a sudden indisposition. She would, however, receive her guests "*conchées*." The company passed to the bedroom of the lady, which, as is still common in France, opened on one of the principal salons. There, in a gilded bed, lay Madame Récamier, the most beautiful woman in France. The bed curtains were of the finest Brussels lace, bordered with garlands of honeysuckle, and lined with satin of the palest rose. The *Couvrepiéd* was of the same material; from the pillow of embroidered cambric fell "*des flots des Valenciennes*." The lady herself wore a *peignoir*, trimmed

with the most exquisite English Point. Never had she looked more lovely; never had she done the honors more gracefully. And so she received Napoleon—so she received the budding heroes of the great Empire. All admired her “fortitude,” her “*devouement*,” in thus sacrificing herself to society; and on the following day *tout Paris s’est fait inscrire chez elle*. Never had such anxiety been expressed—never had woman gained such a triumph.’

In England, during the reign of Charles I, the officers shone with gold lace and embroidery; but in the Roundhead army their clothes were dingy and sombre. The glory of the lace-makers departed when the rule of the Puritans began. Amusements and gay attire were no longer countenanced; but the love of display was still in the hearts of the people, and it went hard with gay ladies and courtiers to exchange the splendid dress of the Stuarts for the gloomy livery of the Roundheads. That it was only a political necessity of the age may be deduced from the fact that the mother of Cromwell never laid aside these adornments; we are told that she wore a lace handkerchief, of which the broad point lace alone could be seen, and her green velvet cardinal was edged with broad gold lace. Just so soon as Cromwell accomplished his ends he became more particular in his dress; and, after death, his body was more gorgeously attired than any deceased sovereign with purple, velvet, ermine, and the richest Flanders lace. His effigy, carved by one Symonds, was clad in a fine shirt of Holland, richly laced; he wore bands and cuffs of the same material, and his clothes were covered with gold lace.’

With the restoration of the Stuarts the taste for luxury burst forth with increased vigor. Pepys writes in his diary: ‘Lord’s Day, Oct. 19, 1662. Put on my new lace band, and, so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace bands, and it will set off everything else.’ In the same year this incorrigible Paul Pry says: ‘May 21. My Wife and I to my Lord’s lodgings; where she and I staid walking in White Hall Gardens; and in the Privy Gardens saw the finest amocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine’s, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and it did me

good to look at them.' It was considered court etiquette in those days for members of the royal family to die with a lace nightcap on. This cap was called a 'toquet,' and was put on when the king was '*in extremis*.'

In the reign of William III high head-dresses were worn, made of tiers of lace, one above the other, until the wits of the day declared that 'the women carried Bow Steeple upon their heads.' 'We appeared,' says the spectator, 'like grasshoppers before them.' In the reign of Queen Anne those structures had a sudden collapse, but the display of lace was the same as before. An old antiquary, who should have been an old bachelor, Sir Thomas Clayton, notes down in his accounts: 'Lace and fal-talls, and a large looking-glass to see her ugly old face in, frivolous expenses to please my proud lady.' Queen Anne was so enraged by Lord Bolingbroke's untidy appearance, that she 'supposed, forsooth, he would some day come to court in his night-cap'; yet he is described as wearing his ruffles so voluminous as to hide his hands. Swift writes of the sex: 'When you are among yourselves how naturally, after the first compliments, do you entertain yourselves with the price and choice of lace; apply your hands to each other's lappets and ruffles, as if the whole business of your life and the public concern depended on the cut of your petticoats.'

In 1856 very magnificent orders were issued for the Imperial largette; a precise description was given in the *Illustrated London News*. The young prince being a blonde, the prevailing color of the largette was *white*. 'The curtains of the cradle were of Mechlin lace, with Alençon coverlet, lined with satin. The christening robe, mantle, and head-dress were all of Alençon, and the three *corbeilles*, bearing the Imperial arms and cipher, were also covered with the same point. Twelve dozen embroidered frocks, each in itself a work of art, were all profusely trimmed with Alençon, as were also the aprons of the Imperial nurses.' Reading these lines in the light of to-day, we find a deep lesson hidden under the glittering show described in them. In the strange vicissitudes of fortune which they suggest we feel the stranger mystery of life, the

intense littleness of paltry surroundings, and the ineffable importance of those higher things which alone endure and live. We all remember that Michael Angelo was once commanded by Pietro de Medici to mould a statue out of snow, and he obeyed the mandate. We are indignant whenever we think that the greatest genius of his age was employed in executing a work which must pass away in a few hours. But how many of us are voluntarily carving our life-work out of substances quite as unsubstantial. Ruskin says: 'It would be strange if, at any great assembly of the young and fair, the spirits of Truth and Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted, not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay, white dresses of yours strange, dark spots, and crimson patterns, that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that cover your fair heads, and glow in your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.'

ART. V.—*Why I am not an Episcopalian.* By Thomas O. Summers, LL.D. Nashville, Tenn.: A. H. Redford. 1873.

It is known to most, if not to all, the readers of this *Review* that its editor was once a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, and that he is one now in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The motives or reasons for this change in my ecclesiastical relations have been wholly

unknown to the world at large; for, with the exception of a few personal friends, they have remained to this day locked up in my own bosom. But in this little, busy world of ours ignorance is often more loquacious than knowledge, and folly more noisy than wisdom. Hence, a hundred and one stories have been invented and put in circulation to account for the change in question, which I feel called upon to notice; not only to vindicate my character, *but also the cause which I now represent.*

I should have noticed these stories long ago, and shown them to be full of 'all uncharitableness,' but for the disagreeable egotism in which it would necessarily involve me. I have good authority for such a vindication of myself, and of the cause which I have espoused. Dr. Thomas Scott, in a work entitled *The Force of Truth*, has given the history of his own religious opinions in order to wipe off the aspersions cast on his good name, and to vindicate the cause of truth. So, in like manner, the Rev. John Henry Newman wrote his *Apologia*, with a view to justify his transit from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. Now, there is no reason why I should not follow these celebrated examples, and hundreds of others, unless it be found in the insignificance of my name and position in the world. But if others have deemed me of sufficient importance to call forth their attacks, they should not complain of the self-sufficiency of a reply to those attacks.

Whatever may be thought of the premises, or the processes, or the conclusions of the works above named, no one who has read them can doubt the honesty of the motives, or the sincerity of the convictions of the men by whom they were written. If we admit the premises of Dr. Newman (and they were, no doubt, honestly entertained by himself), his conclusions are inevitable. His logic fairly landed him in the Church of Rome; and, besides, terrible is the castigation which he has administered to his chief accuser. I hope to improve upon the example he has set me. That is to say, I hope to vindicate my own character and *cause* without administering the least punishment, or showing the least desire to inflict pain, on any human being under the sun. I feel, indeed, so clearly and so

firmly established in the truth of my premises, and in the correctness of my reasonings, that I am grateful to my accusers for the opportunity they have given me to make this defence.

According to a story which has been extensively circulated, 'Bishop McIlvaine and myself had a dispute on the subject of infant baptism, which degenerated into an angry quarrel. The bishop flew into a passion, and advised me to resign the ministry; and thereupon I also flew into a passion, resigning office in the church, and retired into private life.' I have heard this story from the lips of three Episcopal clergymen, who have assured me that it has been widely circulated. The whole story is untrue. It is without the shadow of a foundation in fact. The parties did, it is true, differ as to the meaning and design of the Baptismal Office contained in the *Book of Common Prayer*. But not one impatient or unpleasant word marred the discussion of our points of difference. The whole debate was, on the contrary, as calm, and patient, and respectful on both sides as any one could have desired. It did not disturb, even for moment, the friendly relations which had always subsisted between us. The arguments of the Bishop did, it is true, fail to convince me; but whether this was owing to the dulness or the clearness of my understanding the reader will have an opportunity to judge for himself. I was not convinced then; and now, after the reading and reflection of many years, I still more firmly believe than ever that the mind of the great bishop was obfuscated and held in trammels by the teachings of a party. Whether this be so, however, or whether I was rash and presumptuous in opposing the views of the bishop, and of the party to which we both belonged, is the very question now under consideration. Let the reader hear and decide for himself. Before we come to the main point, however, one or two preliminary considerations demand our attention.

After our discussion was at an end, and there seemed no hope of agreement, only one question remained to be decided, and that was, the course it became me to pursue. Did it become me, as an honest man, to continue to enjoy the honors and emoluments of the Episcopal ministry after I had ceased

to believe the doctrines, and to administer the offices of that church in good faith, just as they are set forth in her *Book of Common Prayer*? This question seemed, in the opinion of both of us, to admit of only one honest answer. As I occupied a place in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and enjoyed its emoluments only on the condition *and under the vow* that I would preach her doctrines and administer her offices; so, when I could no longer do this with a clear conscience, did it not become me to resign the position, to renounce all its honors and emoluments, and retire into private life? This path was exceedingly painful to tread; it was strewn with thorns; nay, it was beset by the spectres of disappointment, poverty, and want, both for self and family. But it was the path of duty. Hence, the bishop had no sooner advised me to resign than my resignation was respectfully tendered to him. The bishop, at the next Annual Convention of his Diocese, gave notice to the church, and to the world, that my resignation had been received and accepted, for causes not affecting my 'moral character.'

Yet, in spite of this record, has an Episcopal clergyman asserted that 'Dr. Bledsoe was degraded from the Episcopal ministry for *immoral conduct*.' So little, however, was Bishop McIlvaine aware of *this fact*, that when my name was brought forward as a candidate for a professorship in the University of Mississippi, and afterwards in the University of Virginia, he was among the many eminent Episcopalians by whom strong testimonials were given in favor of my 'moral character.' It was, indeed, at the unsolicited request of Bishop McIlvaine that the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon me by Kenyon College, over which he then presided, at the same time that it was conferred by the University of Mississippi. This last honor was particularly gratifying to me, because it was the first degree ever conferred by the University of Mississippi, though repeatedly asked for such honors; and because it was conferred, unsolicited on my part, by noble men, or a Board of Trustees, whom I had served for six long years, and whom I had learned to love and to honor. I have always been proud of their friendship.

I can, however, freely forgive the aforesaid Episcopal minister for his calumny. For coming, as he did, from among the Methodists, he knew nothing of the facts of the case, nor of my career in the Episcopal Church. He did not say whether it was for lying, or cheating, or stealing, or bearing false witness against my neighbor that I was disgraced and driven from the ministry of that Church. He did not, and he could not specify at all; but yet he was sure I must have been guilty of some crime or other. How could he believe otherwise? The apostolical honors, or the more than apostolical emoluments of that ministry has such an irresistible charm for him, how could he possibly imagine that any man would quit it, unless deposed and driven from it for 'immoral conduct'? Was it not perfectly natural that he should judge others by himself? And who can deny that, according to this rule, his judgment was right? I venture to predict, for one, that if he ever quits the Episcopal ministry, he will be expelled from it for 'immoral conduct,' and not *by the force of truth*. Unless I am very greatly mistaken, indeed, he could more easily believe, without a shadow of proof, that a minister of the Gospel had committed any crime, than that he had made any serious sacrifice in the cause of truth. Admitting his premises, then, that he is the best standard by which to judge others, his reasoning is to be commended rather than to be condemned. It must be conceded, however, that he was either a little dull, or a little dishonest, when, after drawing his *inference*, he stated it as a known *fact*. His premises, too, were none of the best; for 'a Methodist in search of *the* Church' is a very different character from 'a Churchman in search of *the* truth.' No very great wonder is it, therefore, that they should have travelled the same road in opposite directions—the one directly toward, and the other directly away from, a good fat salary. I purposely conceal his name, because I wish to spare the *person* of the assassin, while I expose his dastardly *deed* alone to the detestation and abhorrence of mankind.

An Episcopal clergyman of the Diocese of Virginia, wishing to know the truth respecting the alleged quarrel between Bishop McIlvaine and myself, wrote to the former on the sub-

ject a short time before his death. The bishop replied, as the clergyman in question has informed me, that the whole story is utterly destitute of truth. That clergyman, whom I am still proud to number among my friends, communicated the substance of the bishop's reply before I had the least intimation that he had written, or intended to write. The following is an extract from the bishop's letter:¹

‘CINC., April 26, ’72.

‘*My Dear Friend and Brother:*

‘Mr. Hewson has showed me your letter to him asking him to inquire of me “What were the circumstances attending Dr. Bledsoe’s leaving the ministry of our Church?” It is better that I should give you the answer. You say you have heard that it originated “in some dispute between himself and the bishop.” Nothing can be more untrue, and I never heard that any such idea was about till some eighteen months ago. There never was any dispute, or feeling, or personal variance between him and me. From the time of his being a cadet at W. Point, under my ministry, when I received him to the Communion in 1826, to the breaking out of the late war, our relations were not only cordial, but affectionate—at least I can speak for my side of the question.

‘As to the particulars of his leaving the ministry of our Church, there were none that I ever knew, except that in 1839 he applied to me by letter, in the usual way, to be displaced from the ministry under the canon; and although it was greatly to my surprise and regret, I proceeded—after assuring myself that his mind was fully made up, and that there would be no use in trying to change it—to take the canonical course, and he was displaced. So far as I recollect, and I have no reason to doubt the correctness of my recollection, he gave but one reason, which was that he could not any longer bap-

¹ I had reached this point when I found it necessary to write to the friend in question, to obtain the promised extract. He has very kindly sent me the whole letter, and, with his permission, the whole shall be published. It seems that I was mistaken, however, in supposing he had written to the bishop himself. He wrote to the bishop’s son-in-law, Mr Hewson, but the bishop himself replied to the inquiry.

tize infants, in the use of our office, because he did not believe they were capable of regeneration.

‘The displacement was preceded by no manifestation, that I ever heard of, of dissatisfaction with our Church. He had showed no difference of opinion with the clergy of the diocese, and my personal relations were unchanged by his leaving our ministry. I have said above that they continued cordial, etc., *till the war*. I do not mean that the war caused anything more on my part but suspension of communication. The last time I met him (till an accidental meeting in a street of Baltimore last October) was when I was a guest at his house at the University of Va., in the fall of 1859. You can judge of our old relations by a single extract which I make from a letter of his in 1848, when he was practising law in Springfield, Illinois. “So poor a hand am I at letter-writing that you will wonder what great emergency has induced me to threaten you with a letter. But I can tell you that nothing has made me undertake so great a task but *pure affection* [the underscoring is his], for if I should not write for half a century, I could not have helped loving you and yours better than all other persons in the world, *except a few little lawful exceptions.*’”

Now, it will be seen from the above extract, that my statement previously made is corroborated by Bishop McIlvaine. He has, indeed, been very unjustly blamed for my resignation. One friend, for instance, has said that he had never thought of my resignation without getting provoked with Bishop McIlvaine. Another very learned and highly respected friend expressed the wish to me, many years ago, that I had consulted him before resigning, instead of following the advice of the bishop, as he thought there was no necessity for such a step on my part. But these friends seem to labor under a very great mistake. They seem to imagine that if I had been more skilfully managed, or tenderly manipulated, I might have been retained in the Episcopal ministry. This is a great mistake. It was light—it was argument—it was conviction, and not management, which my case required. The bishop used all the arguments in his power to convince me that the high-church doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is not taught

in the Prayer Book, and they failed to carry conviction to my mind. What more could he have done? Could he, or can any man, show that the Prayer Book, as to that doctrine, is not with the high-church party of the Episcopal Church? I have since more fully and more profoundly examined all the arguments urged by Bishop McIlvaine and other advocates of the low-church party, to make good their interpretation of the Prayer Book. But the more I have examined them, the more have they seemed to melt into thin air. But whether, in regard to this question, I was right or wrong, the reader will have an opportunity to judge for himself. I will only add, in passing, that some thirty years or more after the discussion between Bishop McIlvaine and myself, the same point precisely came up for argument and decision in the celebrated case of Gorham; and, after hearing counsel on both sides, the Court of Arches decided it as I had done. They held, in other words, that the high-church doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is clearly set forth in the Office of Baptism. I should have been filled with astonishment if that high ecclesiastical tribunal had decided otherwise.

The bishop is right in stating that I 'gave but one reason, which was that he [I] could not any longer baptize infants, in the use of our office.' This is precisely the reason, and the only reason, which I gave for my resignation. But his memory fails him in regard to the ground on which I planted this reason. I did not believe then, and I do not believe now, that 'infants are not capable of regeneration.' Dark indeed, unutterably dark, would this world be to my mind, if I did not believe that infants are capable of regeneration; or if, in other words, I did not believe that 'where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.' I only deny that the regenerating grace of the Spirit—the free, the glorious, the all-conquering grace of the Spirit—is tied to the ordinance of baptism. I have always believed that infants not only may be, *but are*, regenerated, or born of the Spirit, even if they are not baptized. Otherwise I should be forced to adopt the awful conclusion of the authors of the office in question, that unbaptized infants are doomed 'to bear hell-torments forever.' No, the

regenerating grace of God flows down, not merely through the fingers of the priest, nor 'in partial and scanty droppings' through the narrow channel of an artificial 'office,' but through the tender mercies of Christ, the second Adam, in one broad and universal shower on the infant world, or offspring of the first Adam. I could not 'use our office,' not because I did not believe that infants might be regenerated, but because I believed that they may be, *and are*, regenerated and *saved without baptism*. When I saw, with sorrow and dismay, that *this* was denied by the Church of the sixteenth century—the church in which the good bishop lived and died—I marched onward, and knocked at the door of the Church of the eighteenth century. I only wished to get a little farther away from the dark ages—that was all.

But, as the above extract from one of my letters shows, I carried away with me nothing but love for the bishop, as I thought—and thought, too, with a clear conscience—that I was leaving the great bishop behind in our little 'office'; so I parted from him without even the symptom of the sensation of an unkind feeling. O ye, then, who live in the little 'offices,' in the dark holes of the past, do not howl after me, nor curse me in your rage! I wish you all the happiness in the world, with a little better 'office.'

How stories, without the shadow of a foundation in fact, get abroad in the world, it is often difficult to conceive. But as I did, during the war, disapprove of Bishop McIlvaine's course, this difficulty may have been transferred to the time of my resignation, and assigned as the reason of that step, so little accuracy, or carefulness, is there in the statements of men. But whatever may have been the origin or cause of the story, I have always, on every suitable occasion, given it a prompt and unqualified denial. It is perhaps deemed too good a story not to be true, that the great champion of low-church Episcopacy flew into a passion, and kicked his humble co-laborer in the same cause out of the ministry of the Church. But, as we have seen, there is not a word of truth in the story. So let it pass.

I have been accused also by many persons of 'abusing the

Prayer Book.' One lady has indeed allowed herself to become so excited by the enormity of this imaginary offence, that she has pronounced me 'the greatest traitor who has appeared in the world since the time of Judas Iscariot.' What shall I do then? Shall I go out and hang myself? One slight objection, at least, seems to exist against the perpetration of so desperate a deed. It was a conviction of conscience, a terrible remorse, which led Judas Iscariot to lay violent hands on himself; and if, without the least consciousness of guilt, I should do the same thing, I would not have even his excuse for the horrible crime of self-murder. Hence I must, and do, most respectfully decline to take my own life, however agreeable such a transit from the world might be to some persons. If I am to be hanged, it must be, not by myself, but by those who consider me deserving of death. If any one, then, wishes to hang me, I have only one word to say, and that is, *hang, but hear.*

Before I am hanged, then, let it be known that I plead 'not guilty' to the charge of 'abusing the Prayer Book.' I have, on the contrary, dealt as tenderly as possible with that book. No slight motive could indeed induce me to touch an object which is so justly dear to all the early associations, and to all the pious affections of so many good Christian people. But then I cannot forget that it is a human production, and *as such* has some faults which require to be removed. I know the impatience, nay, the indignation, with which such a statement will be received by some persons. I have known more than one fair lady, in fact, who could no more believe that her curls are *not* beautiful, than that her Prayer Book is not absolutely without fault or flaw. But I have been compelled, in spite of myself and my own interests, to see faults in the Prayer Book, which seem to militate against the glory of Christ. This is 'the head and front of my offending'—this, and nothing more. I do not *abuse* it; but I do say it has faults; and against these faults I must, and will, continue to contend, until I conclude to betray my Lord and Master into the hands of the Pharisees.

What! abuse the Prayer Book? Why, I take up Bishop

Odenheimer's little work, entitled the *Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book*, and I listen with pleasure to the great cloud of witnesses he has so industriously summoned to bear testimony to the transcendent excellences of that production. I hear Presbyterians, and Baptists, and Methodists, and Episcopalians all uniting in exalted eulogies on the Prayer Book; and yet not one word is uttered which does not meet with my most cordial approbation. How, then, can it be said that I abuse the Prayer Book? Why this, or anything else, can be very easily said, if only the hundreth part of an excuse be given to bigotry to utter the false accusation. I have been compelled, and I am still compelled, to give such excuse.

Bishop Odenheimer cannot say that he has told 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' He has, on the contrary, suppressed most important and material items in the testimony of his own witnesses. He has, moreover, drawn an unwarrantable inference from the testimony adduced by himself. 'Now, my good reader,' he says, 'if you happen to be one who dissents from the Church, here is a list of testimonies to the excellence of the Prayer Book, which includes men, some of whom, perhaps, you are proud to call *masters*; let them teach you that every cavil or attack upon this book of their love is unworthy of a candid, intelligent Christian.' (p. 34.) Now, this appeal is, it must be admitted, admirably adapted to deceive poor, ignorant people. But let the whole truth be heard, and then see what becomes of Bishop Odenheimer and his appeal.

John Wesley is his twenty-fifth witness. His testimony is in these words: '(25.) Rev. John Wesley says, "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England—its language is not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree."' (p. 32.) True—every word true—and I have not one syllable to say against this most just encomium on the Prayer Book. But I have one or two words to say against Bishop Odenheimer.

He does not give the whole testimony of the Rev. John Wesley. He does not even tell the 'good reader' where he

finds the words of Mr. Wesley, nor in what connection they stand. If he had done this it would have been seen that his appeal is false, and his inference utterly unfounded. For Mr. Wesley, as is well known, prepared a new and expurgated edition of the Prayer Book for the use of his followers in this country. It appears from this new edition that there were many things in the Prayer Book which he did not approve. He omitted fourteen or fifteen of the XXXIX Articles of that book, so that his followers now subscribe to only twenty-five Articles. He made, also, a great and radical change in the IX Article of the Church of England. He struck out the awful clause which declares, that in every infant born into the world, 'original or birth-sin . . . deserves God's wrath and damnation.' Having removed this clause, which has always served as the taproot of the great error of Baptismal Regeneration, he was careful to lopp off its branches in the Office of Infant Baptism. In the Preface to his new Prayer Book, Mr. Wesley says, 'Some sentences in the Offices of Baptism, and for the Burial of the Dead, *are omitted.*' Yet, in the face of these facts, Bishop Odenheimer says, Let Mr. Wesley *teach* his followers that 'every cavil' against the Prayer Book, the 'book of his love, is 'unworthy of a candid, intelligent Christian.' Why, Mr. Wesley himself not only objected to that book, but also made all the changes therein, and more than all, that I have ever desired to see made. He made the changes. I only wished to see them made. He founded a great sect on the basis of his new Prayer Book. Without knowing his objections to that Book, or the changes he had made therein, I only felt the force of the same objections, and carried them with me into private life, because I could not introduce them into the same Book. Yet, in spite of Mr. Wesley's objections to the Prayer Book, the authorities of the Church of England have voted him a monument in Westminster Abbey. I do hope, then, that no one will hang me, merely because my mind unconsciously ran in the same channel with Mr. Wesley's. I do not ask for a monument; I only beg not to be hanged.

Bishop Odenheimer quotes, as we have seen, the testimony

of Mr. Wesley, to convince his followers that every cavil or objection to 'the book of his love' is unworthy of a candid, intelligent Christian. But where does he find this testimony? Why, wonderful to relate, in the Preface to Mr. Wesley's new edition of the Prayer Book—the very work in which his own objections are demonstrated in the form of changes! Nor is this all. He does not quote the testimony fairly. He omits one part of a sentence, which, if quoted in full, would have shown that previous changes had been introduced into the Prayer Book. The whole sentence, with the omitted part underscored, is as follows: 'I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England. *And although the main of it was compiled more than two hundred years ago, yet is the language of it* not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree.' Bishop Odenheimer just makes these two sentences into one. He omits the first part of the second sentence, and then, by means of a few slight changes in the phraseology of its last part, he tacks it on to the tail of the first sentence! Then, lo! you have the whole of John Wesley's testimony, *except as to the fact that the Prayer Book had been, from time to time, subject to changes.* If this fact of history, which was as well known to Bishop Odenheimer as it was to John Wesley, had been permitted to appear, then the readers of the bishop might have been led to exclaim, What! the Prayer Book subjected to changes in times past, and that, too, by its greatest friends and admirers! If so, then why, in the name of common sense, all this outcry against those who wish to see other changes and improvements made in the Prayer Book, as if they were the enemies of *the* Book and *the* Church? Has not the example been set them by the most illustrious friends and champions of 'this book of their love' themselves? In fact, the only changes for which I have ever contended as improvements in the Prayer Book were recommended, in 1787, by Bishop White himself, the venerable father of the Episcopal Church in this country. Was *he* her enemy? I have, indeed, long been profoundly convinced that if the

changes then recommended by the good bishop had been made in the Prayer Book it would have been greatly improved, and that the Episcopal Church would, at this day, have been ten times more prosperous than it is. If wishing to see such improvements made in the Book of the Church, and to see such prosperity and success crown her labors, makes me her enemy, then am I her enemy, and intend so to remain. My enemies may say 'I abuse their Book' as a pretext for abusing me; but my convictions are too clear and fixed to be moved by such things. Knowing and feeling that I am, at this moment, as good an Episcopalian as Bishop White was, I should, indeed, be a very poor 'reed shaken with the wind' if I could not stand erect in such a breath of opposition.

Having quoted the first paragraph of Mr. Wesley's Preface, Bishop Odenheimer there stops, though the sentences which immediately follow describe the changes he had made in 'this book of his love.' They are in these words: 'Little alteration is made in the following edition of it (which I recommend to our SOCIETIES IN AMERICA), except in the following instances:

'1. Most of the holy-days (so-called) are omitted, as at present answering no valuable ends.

'2. The service of the LORD'S DAY, the length of which has often been complained of, is considerably shortened.

'3. Some sentences in *The Offices of Baptism*, and for the Burial of the Dead, *are omitted*. And,

'4. Many psalms are left out, and many parts of the others, as being highly improper for the mouths of a Christian congregation.'

The reader now has the whole of Mr. Wesley's Preface before him. It shows the changes he made in the Prayer Book. Yet, directly in the face of these changes, Bishop Odenheimer would convince us that, in the opinion of Mr. Wesley, all candid and intelligent Christians should lay aside every cavil or objection to that 'book of his love.' He did, indeed, love that book; and that is the very reason why he did not conceal his objection to it, but endeavored to make it as perfect as possible. It is for the same reason that God himself, in his

infinite goodness, labors to deliver the souls of his children from all their faults and imperfections.

The course of the bishop is the more wonderful, because the Office of Baptism is the great subject of controversy, is the very part of the Prayer Book which he is the most solicitous to preserve free from all change; and yet that is the part in which Mr. Wesley made the most serious changes! How could the good bishop do so? Is it not evident that he himself must have been a little lacking, either in candor or intelligence, when he made such a use of Mr. Wesley's authority?

But, if possible, there is a still stranger thing to come. Wishing to convince his readers that his witnesses discourage every cavil or objection to 'the book of their love,' and especially to the Office of Infant Baptism, he actually quotes the authority of the great Baptist, Robert Hall! With the wise and good of all denominations, Mr. Hall not only admired all that is excellent in the Prayer Book, but bestowed upon it his enthusiastic praise. Did it follow, therefore, that he had no objections to that 'book of his love'? He believed, as every one knows, that the baptism of infants is itself unscriptural, and, besides, that the superstitions of the dark ages deface the Episcopal office of infant baptism. Yet, directly in the face of all this, Bishop Odenheimer would fain shield, with the authority of his great name, the baptismal regeneration of infants! He would, in other words, teach all Baptists, out of Robert Hall, that every cavil or objection to that 'book of his love' is unworthy of a candid, intelligent Christian. Was not Robert Hall, 'a candid, intelligent Christian'? He was certainly one of the clearest thinkers, and one of the most beautiful writers, which this or any other age has produced. But even if he had been as dark as he was clear, or dull as he was intelligent, it would have been equally unfair to pervert his authority, or to use it to shield those parts of the Prayer Book which he is known to have condemned. 'Here is a list of testimonies to the excellence of the Prayer Book,' says Bishop Odenheimer, 'which includes men, some of whom, perhaps, you are proud to call *masters*; let them teach you that every cavil or attack upon this book of their love is unworthy of a candid,

intelligent Christian.' Yet in this list of witnesses, there are men who, like John Wesley and Robert Hall, did attack 'this book' in the very point which the good bishop is most anxious to guard against every cavil or objection! Ah, bishop, bishop, don't attempt to mislead us, or to throw dust in our eyes, with your grand array of illustrious authorities. Come back to the point. However the wise and good of all Protestant denominations may indulge in *general* praises of the Prayer Book, there is one point to which nearly all, except those of your own party, do most seriously object. Come back to this point, this vulnerable point of baptismal regeneration; it is *the* point at issue. Bring forth your testimonies to *this* point, and let them teach us, if they will, to lay aside our objections to that particular dogma. Convince us that we are wrong here and we yield, but do not seek to dazzle us into blindness with the multitude and splendor of your authorities. Give us proofs or testimonies which bear on *the* question at issue, and cease to throw in our eyes the dust of your glittering generalities. The language of Wesley, Hall, and others, only proves that they admire what they praise, and *not the specific things they are well known to condemn.*

It has been said, too, and repeated far and wide, that I have abused 'the Episcopal Church,' 'the Church of my choice,' my 'first love,' etc., etc. One doctor of divinity has, indeed, assigned this, in a letter to me, as his reason for *abusing* me, or for his personal attacks on my character. Why, was *his* Church in any danger? Did she need any such miserable defence? If she maintains the truth, and the truth only, then, most assuredly, she may look down on my assaults with pity and contempt. If this learned doctor had only answered my arguments, this, it seems to me, would have been a far nobler and more manly mode of defence than the one to which he has descended. But he must judge for himself; and, for one, I am willing to concede that the mode of defence chosen by him is better adapted to his capacity than a fair and manly course of argument would be, and is, besides, *far more easily constructed.* Let him, then, abuse on to his heart's content. Much good, much honor, much glory, may it reflect on *his* Church!

But how have I ‘abused the Episcopal Church’? I have only endeavored, by fair and legitimate argument, to correct its errors for the sake of truth. And in this humble labor for the benefit of others, and especially of Episcopalians themselves, I have advanced no opinion which I did not form while an officiating minister in the Episcopal Church, and which I did not repeat more than a thousand times while an obscure layman in her communion. The only difference is, that the opinions and arguments which I then uttered in private conversation with my family and friends—Episcopalians all—I have since felt it my duty to lay before the public. It was not the cherishing of those opinions, it was the publication of them, which has given so much offense. But if I have done any wrong at all, it is not in having published my views and arguments so soon, but in having remained so long silent. Where are the champions of the Church? Where is Strong, brave man, who has cried: Ah, ha! what a fine, what a glorious opportunity has this enemy of *the* Church, this uncircumcised Philistine, given me to demolish him? Where is the honest, the honorable, the high-minded, the chivalric son of the Church, who has come forth, like a man, to meet, in fair and open field, my arguments and views? I have not seen him. But I have seen the men—and among them, too, an old, familiar friend—who have not scrupled to use the assassin’s knife. *Et tu Brute!* As long as my opinions were confined to private circles, they smiled upon me with their lips. As soon as they were made public, they gnashed upon me with their teeth. O holy Stephen! thou hast prayed for their souls! O blessed Master! have mercy on them!

In justice, however, to the Episcopal Church, I rejoice to acknowledge the fact that there have been men, ministers, and doctors of divinity in her communion who have pursued a very different course. They have done honor to the Christianity of the age by the way in which they treated, not a personal enemy, nor an enemy of their Church, nor of any Church, but only an honest and fearless opponent of *some of their views*. I could, if necessary, relate instances of their treatment, which have brought tears to my eyes, and which

will be remembered long after the abuse of unscrupulous enemies shall have been buried in everlasting oblivion. As the brightest of all these bright examples of Christian bearing, of noble and magnanimous treatment, I here mention the name of the Rev. Dr. Henderson, the late pastor of the Episcopal Church in Athens, Georgia. He has since gone to his rest with the saints in light. Whatever may be her sins, or shortcomings, I cannot but honor a Church which is capable of producing such a man; and she has produced many such.

I owe the readers of the *Review* an apology for the foregoing piece of egotism. Having undertaken, however, to show 'Why I became a Methodist.' I shall not imitate General Scott, who has written an apology for speaking of himself in his autobiography. Of what else could he have spoken? Was not *self* the very subject of his book? If he owed the world any apology at all, it was not for speaking so much about himself in his autobiography, but for having chosen to write a life of himself. I apologize for making *self* the topic of this paper, and base my apology on the three following reasons:

In the first place, many readers of the *Southern Review* have requested, by letter and otherwise, that I would let them and the world know why I became a Methodist. Having promised to comply with this request, I should have done so long ago if I had not been kept back by the idea of egotism, which, at the best, is a poor, mean gratification. And, besides, '*he is getting old,*' they will say; '*is garrulous, and prates about himself.*' Very well, let them say. There are two things which they cannot gainsay: first, that wise and good men sometimes write about themselves; and, secondly, that the world is full of miserable cowards standing in abject awe of a 'They will say.'

Secondly, so many people have busied themselves in talking about my becoming a Methodist, and have put so many ridiculous stories afloat on the subject, that I have concluded that a little truth relating to it would do no very great harm. Hence, as I am inclined to think that I know a little about my own affairs as well as other people, I have just thought that I would make

that little known, if it were only to show that I am not the only person in the community who feels no interest in my own name and character. Moreover, if I am really the same person I was before I heard all these stories, it becomes me to realize the fact of my identity by reviving and preserving, in a written, permanent form, the consciousness of 'my antecedents.' I have preferred this course to getting a certificate from some of my acquaintances, that I am the same person I used to be.

In the third place, the system of truth which I now hold is dearer to me than life, or than reputation itself. Hence, I have deemed it a sacred duty to use all the means in my power to impress this system on the minds of others; and one of the very best of these means has appeared to be an exhibition of the natural operations of my mind in its formation. In the discharge of this duty, therefore, I have determined to brave the 'affrightful *empusa*' called egotism, of shrinking, like a poor coward, from the terrors of a 'THEY WILL SAY.' I have taken this bull by the horns. So, let them say what 'they will say,' I will continue to explain the genesis of my religious beliefs or opinions. I will do so in the next number of the *Review*, under the four following heads: I. Early Religious Education. II. Education and Mental Training at West Point. III. The Influence of Legal Studies. And IV. The Influence of Teachers, and Theological Studies, in the Theological Seminary, at Gambier, Ohio. This completed, another paper will follow, in which I will discuss the great question of Baptismal Regeneration, which more than thirty years ago so profoundly agitated my mind, and which is now, as I then foresaw and predicted, shaking the Protestant Episcopal Church, both in this country and in England, to its very foundations. The Christian world is in labour, the Church of the future is being born, and the hearts of sectarians are failing them with fear. Old things are passing away; behold, all things are becoming new. Who, then, would not contribute his two mites, or pour out his two millions, if he had them, to further the cause of God and his Church?

ART. VI.—*The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races.*

From the French of Count A. De Gobineau. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

The present condition and the probable destiny of the African race in the United States have exercised the thoughts and excited the anxieties of every true friend of humanity in this country. It is, in fact, one of the most complicated, difficult, and important problems of the day, to ascertain the best means of dealing with the freed Africans of the United States. It is profoundly interesting, too, both from the bearing which its solution must have on the future of the two races in this country, as well as on the country itself. Its solution will depend, not on abstract principles or speculations, but only on the conduct of the races themselves, acting under all the facts, circumstances, and conditions by which they are surrounded. The unimpassioned reflection, the sound judgment, the just intention, and the firm resolution of the wise, practical statesman, are all needed to deal with such a question. Nor will all these avail much, if anything, unless favored by the mutual good faith and prudent forbearance of the whites and the Africans.

A careful, and, as far as possible, a dispassionate examination of the subject will, perhaps, aid in dispelling some of the uncertainties, doubts, and prejudices in which it is now involved. By reducing our thoughts upon it to system and order, we may at least ascertain what must be the future relations of the two parties, if those relations are to be happy, or conducive to the best interests of both.

This paper is written from neither a white nor an African standpoint; neither is it written with any intent to justify, defend, eulogize, or denounce slavery. It is meant simply to get at facts and truths concerning slavery, so far as they may bear on the present subject. This paper is written in the honest endeavor to discard all the disturbing influences of political sentiments, of prejudices of race, or of color—to look the truth, whatever it be, fairly and squarely in the face,

recognizing the fact that there are concerned in this inquiry two great families of human beings, each having the feelings, the sensibilities, the faculties, the wants, and the responsibilities of men—each having rights, legal and moral, which *must* be considered, weighed, and respected.

Should the writer seem to fail in wholly dismissing whatever might interfere with a perfectly impartial investigation, or with right conclusions, he asks for confidence in the good faith at least of his intentions and efforts, and for belief when he says, that if he should press upon the self-love of any one, or of any body of men, it is done from no indifference, from no want of respect, and with no desire to be offensive, but solely from faithfulness to facts. It is trusted, too, that if these pages shall fail to convince, they will, at all events, suggest and excite candid inquiry into the matters treated of.

It is, too, of the utmost importance to all concerned, of both races, and of every interest, to get as nearly as possible at the exact truth—at a practical knowledge of their real status. Self-deception, or mistake, or ignorance may be ruinous.

The term 'African' is used, because it has no opprobrious associations, and it is a more distinctive designation than the term 'colored,' which would apply equally well to Indians, Chinese, Malays, Japanese, and to any who are not 'white.'

Let us consider the position, the course, and the destiny of the African in the United States.

His position at this time—what is it?

1. *Personally*—from the light of his history.

In the native home of his race the African was in the fifty-sixth century of the world's age—in the sixteenth century of the Christian era—and, so far as we can know, he had been for ages, and he now is, a barbarian of the wildest and most savage type; subject, among his fellows, to no law save that of the strong hand, liable every moment to become the captive property of any of his own race who may have the strength, or the address to take him prisoner. In his captivity he is the slave of his own kindred (in fact, slavery seems to be as indigenous to Africa as its own palms), with no personal rights, with not a moment's security of life, liable to death at the nod

of his native owner, upon any caprice or passion; and he is required, or at least expected—especially if he have attained any distinction by favor—on the death of his lord to attend him to the land of spirits.

The cupidity of the native African captor, met and stimulated, or at all events co-operated with, the cupidity of the white man, and effected the transfer of the captive from savage slavery to Christian slavery—a change which, though it was to the advantage of the slave, yet it retained in mitigated form most of the horrors and the hardships incident to the condition of slavery, as contrasted with that of protected freedom. The severance, however, from home, its relations and ties, had already been effected by the original captor.

It may be an open question whether the effect of the slave trade thus inaugurated was not to diminish the butcheries rather than to increase the captures.

By this change the captive African was brought into contact with Christianity and civilization. He was subjected to a master who, in his worst type, was better than his native savage captor and tyrant—a master who was bound by his interests, and the laws of the land, and to the sentiments of humanity more or less pervading every civilized community, to deal mercifully with his slave.

In this country the African became a slave in the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia, and the importation of slaves was prolonged at the instance of New England, and from consideration for her valuable interests invested in the trade. As slave labor became unprofitable, and the presence of the African undesirable there, he was sold by New England and the Middle States to the South, where slavery continued, till recently, to exist, with constantly increasing ameliorations of the condition of the slave as to his comforts, and as to the safety of his person, and with constant advancement, on his part, in civilization, religiously, morally, and intellectually, until the period arrived, in the providence of God, for the termination of his condition of tutelage, and for his stepping into the arena of life—a freeman, *sui juris*.

But he comes to this position weak in numbers, poor in purse, ignorant, and untrained in the arts of independent life.

The God of nations has led him by a way he knew not of, as he did the Israelites of old; and he is yet leading him, step by step, to that level in the scale of human life to which he knows that the capacities with which he has endowed him are fitted and are equal; for ends and purposes toward himself, toward his own race, and toward others, determined by him; for the work for the accomplishment of which he has been and is steadily preparing the African in this hemisphere as his chosen instrument.

What these capacities are, and what that level may be, is yet unknown to human experience, is wholly unindicated by the past history of the race. It is to be worked out by well conducted experiment, is to be developed by cultivation adapted and wisely applied to it, and established by the evidence of results.

It is thus that Providence has led other portions of the human family, by consecutive process, seemingly slow in its gradations, by protracted journeyings, long to them; tedious to their impatience, but only momentary to Him in whose sight a thousand years are but as one day.

To the African, when brought among the whites, the condition of slavery here was in truth a refuge from his native barbarism and its perils. *Slavery, too, was the only condition in which he could have had safety and continuance here.* Had he come, barbarian and savage as he was, as an equal, and self-dependent, had there not been thrown around him the guardianship and protection of the self-interest, the pride, and the authority of his owner, the African could no more have existed in this land than could the child without parent or guardian—no more than could the Indian, whose powers of self protection are tenfold greater than his.

True, he was cut off from, or, to speak more accurately, he was not admitted to, the rights and privileges of school education and of independent action. Such were inconsistent with the only condition which he could occupy with safety. The deprivation was one of its hardships, and hardship and depriva-

tion are the inseparable incidents of tutelage in every form or degree. Nevertheless, the African was being educated by contact and example. He reached, while in Southern slavery, an elevation in the scale of humanity incomparably higher than was ever before attained by his race—an elevation which he could not have attained but for his contact with the whites, and his condition as their pupil and ward under the style of slave.

That wardship served its allotted purpose and is ended, and no sane man would wish it renewed.

The African steps out, as having arrived at his majority. Hitherto he has labored, but, like any other ward or apprentice, his labor is set off, and compensated by his support and expenses, and by the practical education and advancement he has received, up to the point which Providence deemed the fitting one for ending the guardianship; and this is all which any white ward or apprentice can claim for his labor during his minority.

The African now enters, a self-dependent freeman, into a life and a social organization in which he has to find his place, and to win his own way by merit and ability—an organization in which there are wealth, conveniences, special sources of enjoyment, laws of intercourse of its own enactment, and artificial privileges, with the creation of which he has had nothing to do—which are in no way the product nor the contribution of his skill, intelligence, or enterprise, any more than the riches and beauty of a city are the product of the apprentice just freed from his indentures, and the participation in which is not among the natural and inalienable rights of man.

The African is entitled to the protection of the laws as to life and liberty, and the acquisition of property; but he can claim no natural or moral right to equality in those personal matters which are the special and artificial product of the cultivation, social organization, skill, and energy of the white man. Nor can he expect the whites to forget, in a moment, his recent barbarism, and the steps of his progress from it, nor to ignore the fact that the highest point his race has yet arrived at is far below their own.

The African cannot, rationally, expect the whites to recognize or accept him as an equal in those associations, public and private, of which they are specially tenacious, even among their own color, until, at least, he has proved his title to equality by patient and persevering progress, under his own use of the legitimate means, to the still higher grades of civilization and refinement.

There are rules of exclusion in every variety and phase of social life, in all trades and occupations, in all communities. There is no seclusion more rigidly exclusive than that of the lordly senior toward the freshman at our colleges.

It is the most unwise of all follies to attempt to *force* these barriers. Possibly, they may be *won* by time and merit; but to attempt to break them down by a *rush of assertion* does violence to the life-long feelings, and to those prejudices of men which are more rooted, and are more sensitive than even their feelings of self-interest; an attempt which *uselessly* multiplies the difficulties in the way of the African, already numerous enough, at a time when he sorely needs every help in clearing his way; an attempt which will disgust and alienate those who are predisposed in his favor, and which will raise up and intensify opposition which might otherwise sleep; an attempt which is most perilous unless backed by overwhelming power—physical, moral, and intellectual—which, if successful outwardly, could not change the *inward* repugnance to it of the white; an attempt which must incite a conflict which will end in implacable hatred and chronic hostility, in mortification, in violence, in failure, and in irreparable injury to the status of the weaker and the aggressive party.

For the African, just arrived at his majority, with all his want of numbers, resources, and preparatory fitness, to seize the reins, and to seek to control the State, to become a ruler, or to assume social equality, is perilous, alike from the risk of rousing the enmity of those without whose *help* he is ruined, and from the possibility, nay, the certainty, of final failure, fraught, too, with ultimate ruin to his cause by the premature exhibition of unavoidable deficiencies.

To say that the African, just emerged from slavery, and

scarcely a century removed from barbarism, is fit for the high functions of a ruler, and of a social equal, in a land like this, is as untrue as it is unnatural. *As a tribute to Southern slavery* as a preparatory school of sovereigns and of statesmen, it is neither claimed nor merited. *As a matter of fact*, it is as baseless as the myth of Minerva springing, full armed, from the brain of Jove. The history of our own ancestors, and of all mankind, shows that the substitution of the self-control of the moral elements, of the supremacy of the intellectual over the animal, of the refinement of the nature, of all the qualities and capacities, internal and external, which constitute civilization, for their opposites, which constitute barbarism, is the work of time, and change through generations; and the African is no such brilliant exception to the law of human nature that less than a century can transform him from the savage of Ethiopia to the social and intellectual equal of the Anglo-American, even though it be aided by the special facilities of Southern slavery. Nor is it doing him any injustice or offense to say that he comes under the immutable laws of nature, enacted by the God of nature, or to say that he must bide his time, and go through the same course of preparation which other races have gone through, before he can arrive at the same results which they have reached.

Let us now consider the position of the African—

2. *Numerically.*

By the census returns of 1870 we find that the aggregate population of the whole United States in 1870 was 38,558,371, of whom there were : Whites, 33,589,377 ; Africans, 4,880,009 ; Chinese, 63,199 ; Japanese, 55 ; Indians, 25,731. This includes only the civilized Indians, the census not having been taken among the others.

An analysis of the census returns of 1870 will show us the *proportion in numbers* of the whites to the Africans in the whole of the United States, and in the principal divisions thereof, as follows, viz. :

In the whole United States there were, in 1870, 7 whites to 1 African.

In the States and Territories not recently slaveholding, 70.71 whites to 1 African.

In the States and District of Columbia, late slaveholding, 2.09 whites to 1 African.

In the New England States, 108.96 whites to 1 African.

In the Middle States, 58.51 whites to 1 African.

In the Western States, 71.62 whites to 1 African.

In the Pacific States, 126.88 whites to 1 African.

In the Territories, 198.78 whites to 1 African.

In the Cotton and Sugar States, 1.37 whites to 1 African.

In the District of Columbia, 2.03 whites to 1 African.

In Alabama, 1.1 white to 1 African.

In Arkansas, 2.96 whites to 1 African.

In Florida, 1.04 white to 1 African.

In Georgia, 1.12 white to 1 African.

In Louisiana, 1 white to 1.06 African.

In Mississippi, 1 white to 1.16 African.

In South Carolina, 1 white to 1.45 African.

In Tennessee, 2.90 whites to 1 African.

In Texas, 2.23 whites to 1 African.

The census returns of 1870 also show us something of the *increase*, or, rather, of the *rates* of increase, of the two races—

The *increase* of the *white* population in the *whole United States* from 1820 to 1830 was 2,675,212, or 34.02 per cent. of the white population of 1820.

From 1830 to 1840 it was 3,658,437, or 34.71 per cent. of the white population of 1830.

From 1840 to 1850 it was 5,357,263, or 37.73 per cent. of the white population of 1840.

From 1850 to 1860 it was 7,369,460, or 37.69 per cent. of the white population of 1850.

From 1860 to 1870 it was 6,666,840, or 24.76 per cent. of the white population of 1860.

The falling off in the last decade being attributable to the unusual mortality of four years of war, and to the check of emigration by reason of the war.

The *increase* of the *African* population in the *whole United*

States from 1820 to 1830 was 556,986, or 31.44 of the African population of 1820.

From 1830 to 1840 it was 545,006, or 22.32 per cent. of the African population of 1830.

From 1840 to 1850 it was 765,160, or 26.62 per cent. of the African population of 1840.

From 1850 to 1860 it was 803,022, or 22.07 per cent. of the African population of 1850.

From 1860 to 1870 it was 438,171, or 9.86 per cent. of the African population of 1860.

Thus we see that, though there may be an actual increase of the African population, yet their *rate* of increase has, with the exception of one decade, steadily fallen off; and that in the last decade, though the African was not exposed to the casualties of war, his rate of increase fell off 22.07 per cent. to less than 10 per cent.; and in the fifty years, from 1820 to 1870, the *rate* fell off from 31.44 to less than 10 per cent.; while the rate of increase of the whites becomes steadily greater in each decade except the last, during which last there were the extraordinary causes from war for a diminution, which diminution is itself less than that of the African in the same decade.

The *white* population of the *slaveholding* region increased from 1820 to 1830, 832,090, or 29.38 per cent. of 1820.

From 1830 to 1840 969,093, or 26.45 per cent. of 1830.

From 1840 to 1850 1,589,677, or 34.48 per cent. of 1840.

From 1850 to 1860 1,776,004, or 28.33 per cent. of 1850.

From 1860 to 1870 1,467,043, or 18.35 per cent. of 1860.

Showing a steady rise of the *rate* of increase from 1830 to 1860, though the admission of Texas gave an unusual advance in 1840 to 1850. This also shows, even in the war decade, a *rate* of increase greater than that of the African.

The *African* population in the *slaveholding* region increased from 1820 to 1830 534,304, or 32.31 per cent. of 1820.

From 1830 to 1840 514,945, or 23.50 per cent. of 1830.

From 1840 to 1850 739,748, or 27.37 per cent. of 1840.

From 1850 to 1860 774,876, or 22.49 per cent. of 1850.

From 1860 to 1870 but 322,268, or 7.44 per cent. of 1860.

The *African* population in the *non-slaveholding* region increased from 1820 to 1830 22,682, or 10.71 per cent. of 1820.

From 1830 to 1840 30,564, or 21.63 per cent. of 1830.

From 1840 to 1850 24,914, or 14.51 per cent. of 1840.

From 1850 to 1860 29,641, or 15.07 per cent. of 1850.

From 1860 to 1870 114,911, or 50.97 per cent. of 1860.

The *African* *rate* of increase was—

In New England.	In the three Middle States.
From 1820 to 1830 2.16 per cent.	15.63 per cent.
From 1830 to 1840 5.97 per cent.	15.24 per cent.
From 1840 to 1850 1.60 per cent.	5.91 per cent.
From 1850 to 1860 7.34 per cent.	3.59 per cent.
From 1860 to 1870 28.30 per cent.	12.75 per cent.

The last two decades being affected by the increase of fugitives from 1850 to 1860, and the migration from the South after 1861, and in the others by the ordinary elements of births and deaths.

The falling off of *African* increase in the slaveholding region, and the large growth of *African* increase in the non-slaveholding region, between 1860 and 1870, is, no doubt, partly owing to the *migration* from the South after emancipation; but if we take 85,000 (the excess of the growth from 1860 to 1870 over that from 1850 to 1860 in the Free States), and credit this 85,000 to the South, and add it to 322,268, the increase there between 1860 and 1870, we still have but 407,268 as the total increase of the *African* in the Slaveholding States in the last decade, or scarcely half his increase in the decade of 1850 to 1860, a falling off of nearly 50 per cent. in that decade.

An analysis of the *African* population in any subdivision of the slaveholding region cannot be made, as that class of the population fluctuated there from causes other than those of births and deaths.

To the increment of the native white population of the United States must be added (or at least taken into consideration) the steadily increasing white immigration from Europe, a source of increase not possessed by the *African*.

The foreign *born* population of the United States *increased*

from 1850 to 1860 1,894,095, and from 1860 to 1870 1,428,532, in spite of the check to immigration by reason of the war.

This shows us that an addition to the white race is made every ten years from abroad equal to nearly one-half of the *entire* African population in the United States; and the African rate falling off, and that of immigration growing greater, it will not be long before every ten years will put in the country a reinforcement to the whites from this source equal to the whole African population of the United States.

The examination of the census of 1870 also shows us that while there *may* now be some annual gross increase of the Africans, the *rate* of increase, always less than that of the whites, has steadily declined, while theirs has as steadily risen. That this decline in the African rate has become fearfully greater in the last decade, during which emancipation took place, than before; whatever the causes, and that, if they continue, and the decline be not checked, the rate of increase will lessen until it change to a growing rate of *decrease*. That if facts exhibited by the census, as existing from 1860 to 1870, continue to show the law of the period, the African race will go on to extinction unless saved by the removal of the causes of decline.

Thus much by way of comparison of *numbers* and *growth*. Now consider the position of the African—

3. *Financially.*

By the census of 1870 we find that the aggregate value of property of all descriptions in the United States was, in 1870, \$30,068,518,507. If this were distributed according to numbers, the whites would have seven-eighths, and the Africans one-eighth; but we all know well that there is no such proportionate distribution of the wealth.

Ten dollars a head for every man, woman, and child of the Africans will not be an underestimate of the shares they hold (if you think it too low, fix your own figure and run it out). This would put the aggregate wealth of the entire African population in the United States at \$48,800,090, and that of the whites at \$30,019,717,917. This disparity is probably still greater. This would be about \$895 per each white man,

woman, and child—\$895 to \$10—thirty thousand millions to forty-eight millions; or the whites could lay down nearly \$600 for every \$1 which the African could produce.

Besides this, the property of the whites is chiefly of that description which is constantly appreciating, while that of the African is not of that sort.

Let us consider the position of the African in respect to

4. *Education.* We will say nothing as to native capacity, as that would be begging, for one side or the other, a most contested question. But under the head of Education we must include general information, knowledge of letters, of arts and sciences, etc.; mental discipline, development of the intellect, of the powers of reasoning, of discrimination, of analysis, of construction, habits of perseverance and attention, memory, judgment, and taste. *Training* is part of education, training in the operations and habits of business; in thrift, economy, self-denial, industry; in respect for the sacredness of contracts and obligations; in looking beyond the wants and gratifications of the present moment; training in executive and administrative capacity, and in the arts of skilled labor.

In all the acquired qualifications for success in the contest and competition of life no one, not even an intelligent African himself, can hesitate to say that, compared with his rivals and competitors, the African is as yet immeasurably inferior.

What is the position of the African in regard to the

5. *Avocations* by which men obtain a livelihood, or wealth.

It cannot be controverted that the business pursuits, the skill, training, and experience of the Africans, as a class, are as yet limited to the manual labor of the field, etc., or to the lowest grades of mechanic arts; and in these the whites, native or foreign, are at least his equals, if not his superiors.

6. *Locality.* The African in the Free States and Territories is lost, and is practically ignored amid the overwhelming numbers of the whites about him, being from fifty or two hundred to his one. His color is chiefly concentrated in the late slaveholding States. Even there, in his stronghold, the whites outnumber him more than two to one.

The cotton and sugar raising States are his principal resi-

dence, and even there the whites outnumber him by over one-third. In but three States is he in a majority, and in one of those it is but .06, in another but .16, and in the other but .45—perhaps not even this upon a comparison of *male* numbers.

By the rates of increase, as shown by the preceding figures, this slight preponderance, if not already lost, bids fair to disappear through his declining rate, and the more rapid progression of white numbers.

These data being based on figures accessible to all, or on facts within the experience of all, it is in the power of any man to test their accuracy, and, if they be found in any degree erroneous, to correct them; but, though liable to some arithmetical errors, they will not be found materially out of the way, if at all.

Assuming with confidence their close approximation to accuracy, let us, by them, review fairly the position of the African, his difficulties and resources, as he steps into the arena of life, and of competition, as self-dependent and equal.

The African, like the white apprentice, or the son of the poor man, at twenty-one, has now to enter the lists and contend for his own living; has to win for himself everything he may get, from the barest necessities to the highest luxuries.

In this struggle his white competitors outnumber him in a proportion which he can never reduce, which is constantly increasing against him from causes which it is utterly beyond *his* power to counterbalance.

In the whole Union they are seven to his one. In those divisions which were most hostile to slavery they are from fifty to two hundred to his one. In all the South taken together they are double his force, and in the States where he is strongest they are in reality numerically equal to him, and this equality he is losing, as the balance of numbers is everywhere growing rapidly against him.

At the risk of being wearisome through repetition, the reader's attention is called to the *facts* disclosed by the census returns of 1870: 1st. That the *rate of increase* of the whites (or the percentage of increase in each decade on the population

of its immediate predecessor) from 1820 to 1860 has steadily risen in all the Union and its subdivisions. 2d. That the like rate of the African for the like period, in all the Union and its subdivisions, has lessened. 3d. That the falling off of this percentage in the war decade was far less among the whites than among the Africans, though the one was, and the other was not, exposed to the casualties and checks of war. 4th. That this percentage of increase of the African has been greater from 1820 to 1860 in the slaveholding than in the non-slaveholding States, and has been lower in New England than in the aggregate Free States. 5th. That the decline of the African *rate* of increase has been wonderfully more rapid in the war and emancipation decade of 1860 to 1870 than in those other decades in which most of the race were in slavery, a decline which, if not checked, foreshadows ultimate extinction. 6th, That the numbers of the whites everywhere have increased in more rapid *progression* than have those of the African, a progression which will continue with *constantly accelerated rapidity*. These facts alone are referred to, without any attempt to suggest a conjecture as to the causes.

Although thus inferior in numerical strength and growth, has the African those elements of power, innate or extrinsic, which often enable the few to dominate over the many, and to force success from adverse circumstances?

On the contrary, the nation, the soil, and the wealth are all in the hands of his antagonists. The education, the knowledge, the skill, the experience, the trained habits of mind and body, the connections with the rest of the world, the habituation to command, the acquired capacities—in short, all the indispensable advantages are with them, and not with him.

Not only is he thus entering naked into competition, as an equal, with a race whose numbers surround him, as the sea surrounds the sandbar, which the rising tide threatens to engulf—a race who possess every extrinsic advantage, but it is with the Anglo-Saxons, the ruling race of the world, even amid their own color—a race, with their powers and desires intensified by the special circumstances of this country—a race, surpassing in all the elements of domination and success,

equalled by none on the globe in energy, intellect, courage, determination, shrewdness, avidity, pride, and impatience of superiority in any, and of equality in most.

These are yearly reinforced by a yet more formidable competition to the African, who, like the native American, excels him in his own specialty of manual labor. This is the foreign immigrant, whose foothold in the country is on the labor level which the African occupies, whose first employments are in those avocations to which he alone is as yet adapted and habituated, and which are his sole dependence. These immigrants recognize him at once as their immediate rival, and look with peculiar jealousy upon him. Whenever they have come into contact with them they have rooted the African out of those branches of work which were peculiarly his own.

Years ago, in the northern cities, towns, and villages, the waiters, the porters, the barbers, the hackmen, the ostlers, the coal-heavers, etc., etc., were all Africans; now they are all white, and chiefly foreign. Since the emancipation the tide has been inclining southward slowly; it would be more rapid but for the lingering preference which the southern white has for the service of the color to which life-long habit and association have attached him.

But, inferior though he be in numbers, resources, force, and qualifications, can the African rely on the forbearance of his competitors, on their kindly feeling, their pity for his weakness, their predilection for his color? So far from it, he is, at all these odds, contending with a host the mass of whom are enemies, in whose natures is an unmitigated and ineradicable antipathy of race inherent in the human breast wherever man is found, and a prejudice of color. Yet, stronger than race, right or wrong, these feelings are *fixed facts* which must be taken into account in estimating the forces which the African has to encounter.

Strange though it may seem, these antipathies of race and color are stronger in the foreign immigrant than in the native white; and they are, too, tenfold stronger in the people of the old Free States than in those of States which have been slave-

holding for generations, and who have been born among, and grown up in association with, the African.

In the Free States this feeling is deep and intense, and its intensity increases the lower we go in the gradations of society and wealth. It is strongest in classes not removed by wealth, or occupation, or other causes, from that plane on which the African would more especially meet them and assert his claim to equality, and where the two would be brought in more direct contact and rivalry; where their interests and pursuits would come into nearer competition; where wealth and competition would not replace the distinction of color.

The African has not, thus far, a conception of the lion in his path, nor of the circumspection necessary to avoid it. The contest has not yet extended beyond the South; the competition has not yet become general. The people elsewhere than in the South still think of him as being at a long distance, as they do of the Kaffirs of Africa; they have not realized that he has stepped into the ring with *them*, and they have not waked up to their own connection with the questions in which he takes part. So long as they are not brought into personal collision with the African, nor their interests into competition which *is visible* to them, they may be kept quiet by their political leaders, and may passively acquiesce in the grant of privileges to him, looking in silent disgust on his extravagant use of them, afar from their home. They acquiesce the more readily if those privileges enure to the benefit of their political compatriots. For the present, they look as indifferently on the transactions in the South as they look at an experiment in government in France; but the march of events and results will not permit this indifference to continue always.

So soon as these changes and this rivalry shall be brought home to them; so soon as these privileges and equality, or supremacy, are asserted against them personally and offensively; so soon as they think that this competition affects materially and injuriously their interests, or interferes with their purpose, their antipathies, now scarcely dormant, will blaze out in a consuming fire; and any general attempt of the African to force, practically, his claim of equality, or

to exercise his privilege offensively on the northern white; or whenever his occupancy of the Southern field of labor becomes counter to their objects; or whenever the political benefit ceases to be valued, this quiescent antipathy will culminate in relentless hostility. The African cannot rely on Northern love, nor on the perpetuity of Northern neutrality.

That the professions of regard for him in the free States are not caused by any genuine recognition of his equal merits and rights, are not founded on any heartfelt love and respect for him, or any actual feeling or concern for him, is evident from the history of his residence in the non-slaveholding States, etc. In the non-slaveholding States, etc., in 1870, there were in New England 31,705 Africans; in the Middle States (Delaware not included), 148,033; in the Western States, 156,272; in the Pacific States, 4,618; in the Territories, 1,499—in all, 342,127.

There were in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—all three adjoining, all three in constant and universal railroad communication—constituting almost one community in a space less than that of Virginia, in 1850, 20,427 African residents; in 1860, 22,181 African residents; in 1870, 28,595 African residents.

In the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, adjoining, and, in like manner, in constant communication, and of similar identity, there were—

	1850	1860	1870	
In New Jersey,	24,046	25,336	30,658	African residents.
In New York,	49,069	49,005	52,081	"
In Pennsylvania,	53,626	56,949	65,294	"

In all three,	126,741	131,290	148,033	"
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In the single State of Ohio there were, in 1850, 25,279 African residents; in 1860, 36,673 African residents; in 1870, 63,213 African residents.

Although permanently residing in these large masses in these States, where the anti-slavery sentiment was strongest and most active, the African has never been allowed any distinction—social, personal, or political—among them, nor has he received from those people any share of the offices, State or

Federal, in their gift, though the citizens of those States claim to have brought the means of education and preparation for life to the highest degree of perfection and of accessibility.

From the entire Free States and Territories but two residents of African descent have attained any degree of national eminence, and those two are scarcely to be considered representatives of the African race and blood. Their success, too, is exceptional, and is owing less to their own abilities, confessedly good, than to adventitious circumstances. Though residing there in these large bodies, the African is quickly passed by or ignored. Nor is the association of the African with the Northern white so genial that he can thrive upon it. In New England his percentage of increase is lower than anywhere else, and in the Free States it has constantly been lower than in the Slave States, until 1860-70. But for the reinforcements from fugitives the race would scarcely have held its own there, still less have increased by excess of births over deaths.

There is no doubt, however, that there were, and are, very many who, from sincere benevolence, and yet more who, from abstract notions or principles, wished, and still truly wish, good to the African. They have labored honestly and zealously to give him freedom and protection; they desire his advancement in the scale of mankind, and watch his course closely and anxiously. These men are invaluable to him; and it behooves him to be careful, and not to forfeit their confidence.

It will be an evil day for him when they turn from him in sorrow and disgust; and they will do so if he permit himself to be led on to foolish and unwarranted demands, or if he abuse the political rights given him, and use them for evil and not good; nay, many are already beginning to doubt the wisdom and prudence, for his sake as well as for the country's, of having gone so far as they have. Let him be warned not to disappoint the faith and hope of such as these by extravagance, by arrogance, or by misuse of 'what has been given him.'

Now, what has the African to counterbalance the disadvantages enumerated?

I. He has the civil and political rights of property and person given him by the law, which all men are disposed to respect, if not abused. II. He has the support of the Republican Party so long as he can be useful to it, and so long as it can extend to him that support without offence to masses elsewhere, whose aid and countenance are more valuable than his, and which cannot safely be dispensed with. This advantage, however, is subject to these drawbacks, viz.: 1. That if the African should become more elevated and self-dependent, he may become less subservient and controllable, and less useful and needful to any political party. 2. Such relations as his to any party are profitless to him and deteriorating; he gains nothing from them save responsibility for any of its policy or measures which are condemned, and no credit for anything which may be approved. 3. Any political party is precarious as a sole dependence; for the political history of all free nations, especially of this one, shows that no party can have a perpetual lease of power; that their tenure is limited to about an average number of years, of which the present party has consumed a material portion. A popular change of political opinions, or policy, or party affiliations; or an outbreak of the antipathy of the Northern or Western people; or the feeling on their part that the value to them of the South is curtailed by the present status; or that their own migration there is impeded by the African; or a general belief that they have gone too far in giving, and the African too far in abusing his privileges, may cause the Republican Party to consider him a source of weakness, and to withdraw its support from him. III. His adaptation to the climate and culture of the South, and his acquaintance with, and capacity to endure, its labor. IV. His concentration in the Southern States, his equality or majority of votes in some of them and in parts of others, and his power of working temporary mischief. V. The vast extent of Western and Northwestern territory to which the tide of migration has thus far set, but which may change with the extension of public improvement, the discovery of resources, and of other causes in the South. VI. The hold he has on the kindly feeling of the Southern whites, through their habits and

associations, neutralizing the repulsion of race and color, and the community of interest he has with them.

But enough has been said to satisfy any mind (or put it upon an inquiry which will satisfy it) of the inequality of any general contest, in any form, between the African and the white races, and of the certainty of the result which always follows when a superior and an inferior race (whether so in native capacity, in civilization, strength, or resources,) come in contact on the footing of self-dependent rivals and equals. The weaker or inferior fades out of existence, slowly vanishing like the ghost of itself. It is like the attrition of iron and lead. It is so with the Indian, notwithstanding the pre-occupancy of the field, his numbers, his courage, and his warlike powers. Even when the Indian becomes civilized the work goes on. The census shows that in 1860 there were 44,021 civilized Indians in the United States, and in 1870 there were but 25,731, a loss of 18,290, or nearly half in ten years, though not materially exposed to the casualties of war.

It has been so with the French and Spanish who inhabited Canada on the one hand, and Florida and Louisiana on the other. It is so with the Mexico-Spaniard in Texas, New Mexico, California, etc. It will be so with the African, if he has to meet, single-handed, the conflict with white antagonisms.

It is the settled belief of ninety-nine hundredths of the white race, outside of the late slaveholding States, that the African is unfit for and incapable of self-government, and is by nature inferior in capacity and in all things to the white man. This general belief is a fact which no intelligent man will deny or can ignore.

On the other hand, the African, and those who are his especial advocates, claim that he is morally and intellectually, and in all other native qualities, the equal of the white man; and that whatever be the deficiencies he may labor under, they are the consequences of the adverse influences and circumstances which have surrounded him.

The opinion of neither party can be changed by mere assertion. The truth has got to be *proved* practically before either

will give his present opinion for it. The African has either to *force* or to *win* the recognition of his equality. If he attempt to force his recognition without other ground than abstract and offensive assertion, and without removing the prejudice, he runs a muck against the pride and the antipathies of those who are in all things stronger than he is; and were he to succeed he would realize the truth, that

‘A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.’

He would array against himself a force seven times greater than his in numbers, and a thousand times greater than his in all other respects. He would but increase and concentrate the aversion to this ‘equality,’ the law would be evaded and defeated in every way, and ultimately repealed in deference to general public demand, even endangering other rights in the popular reaction. But he may win it by such exhibition of self-command—by so steady a pursuit of a wise and systematic course—by the exercise of such intelligence, integrity and industry—by a progress so regular and continued, as will make the white race eye-witnesses of his worth and capacities, as he rises step by step, each won by a merit and a fitness which all can see and none can deny, and without which he has no title to what he claims.

On the other hand, for him to attempt to claim a degree of equality which the white man will not willingly accord without proof, which is repugnant to his inborn feelings and ideas, is but to make the African at once despised, and hated, and thwarted by those able to thwart him.

To seize on positions and power before he is fit for them, but insures shameful failure, but strengthens the arguments of those who deny his capacity. Dignity of race, wisdom, and self-interest, all demand that he should approach the goal of his ambition, recognized equality, by deliberate, well-considered, and certain steps.

Were every white man removed from this country, the case of the African would be hopeless. He well knows his dependence on the white race; he knows that in such a condition his aspirations after better things would be vain indeed; that

it is by the contact with, the example, the active encouragement, and the assistance of the white man, by the teachings and helps of his civilization and acquirements, and only with these, he can hope to rise. How evil, then, the folly which would convert the helping hand into the hostile fist, nerved by hatred to strike him down, instead of being stretched out to lift him up, and to guide him forward.

Let us consider his possible course of action under these circumstances. There are three courses, either of which the African may follow. One is, to drift along in the present current of events, aimlessly, with no well-matured, no systematic plan; with no definite, reasonable object beyond that of barely existing, with the least restraint possible; with no distinct idea of the way to elevate himself in those sections where he is in a minority, other than by an offensive and persistent assertion of social and personal equality; irritating and riding roughshod over all the rooted and violent prejudices and pride of the vast masses who surround him, a recognition of which is the most difficult of all things to whites among themselves, and which, if he could succeed in forcing it, could do him no practical good, which true dignity of race would teach him to wait for till it was accorded to his established merit, content in the interim with his political equality; an assertion of social equality which is doing more to irritate and to excite to activity the antipathies against him, and to array the masses in hostility to him everywhere, than aught else that he could do, even were he to do actual injury to material interests. In those sections where his numbers give him power, having no more definite idea than that of employing that power, not in providing for and securing education and the best interests of himself and of the public, but only in senseless and unreasoning obedience to the dictates of others, in the vague idea, if he have any idea about it, that he is exercising the rights of freedom and his independence—that he is indulging that causeless hostility to his white neighbors with which he may be inflamed, and that by some process, and at some time, he knows not what or where, his white leaders and friends will make him great, and rich, and wise, without any agency of his

beyond voting and doing as he is told. Meanwhile he enjoys the license given him—lives in idleness, and ignorance, and lawlessness, without civilizing influences—gravitates steadily toward barbarism and heathenism—sinks lower and lower into depravity, his rate of increase converted into a growing rate of decrease; while the land and its owners will become more and more impoverished by diminution of crops for want of continuous and certain labor, and by the excessive taxation he votes for on the one hand, and by the depreciation of values on the other, until the failure to cultivate those staples, which alone or mainly supply the place of specie in our foreign trade, the loss of the Southern market, and the sight of so rich and fair a part of the Union becoming a waste and wilderness, will touch the pocket-nerve of the people, will waken them to consciousness of facts and consequences, will rouse up the feeling that blood is thicker than water, and will unite both South and North in withdrawing from the African the political favoritism he relies on, and in throwing off the incubus. The solicitations of the landowners, the demand for labor, the sales of land in small tracts, and at low prices, will make the South a better field for fortune than the inclement West, so remote from the sea, and will bring a stream of emigration, of native and foreign labor and speculation, which the African will have to compete with successfully, or else die of starvation or disease. The landowner may put his own shoulder to the wheel, and dispense with the labor of the African to the extent of his own personal exertions, added to the labor he can bring in by inducements, or supply by machinery. The process may vary; it may be slow or quick, but the result will be the same as described.

There is another track he may follow. Besides arraying himself actively and menacingly against the whites wherever they meet, East or West, North or South, in parts where he has no power of numbers, striving only to force his recognition and acceptance as an equal in all things, he may, where he *has* the power of numbers, seize every political position which this power will give him. Where he is in a State majority, grown weary of barren subordination to his white

leaders, he may reject all their interference, assume the whole government of the State, exercise all its functions, and powers, and emoluments, fill every office, legislative, judicial, and executive, with his own color, and 'run' the State government himself; he may insist, too, in occupying a place in the national councils, and in sharing its grandest gifts and highest places side by side with the whites of every section. The result is self-evident:

1. He would alienate his party friends whom he has excluded from power and profit, and who would not dare to face, on his behalf, the storm which would be aroused among masses whose strength and support are more valuable than his.

2. To have one or more of the States avowedly and exclusively under African rule, without disguise or equivocation, a Hayti in the United States, would stir into activity every element of white hostility in every breast in the whole land, no matter where resident. The political toleration of the African, the resentments engendered by political or sectional strife, and the asperities of war, would all be swallowed up in the feeling of repulsion of race and color innate in their hearts, in the revolt of the pride of the whites at such a spectacle.

3. Taking the reins of government, without any fitness from previous education, training, and preparation, it would be like putting a beggar on horseback. Ruin, confusion, and anarchy would be the inevitable consequences, even were all the people of the State of one race and color. Much more would it be thus where they are divided so nearly equally. We have the history of the West Indies, and of Mexico, an open book before us.

4. His own numbers would go on decreasing in a constantly accelerating rate.

Put it to-day to any intelligent African, whether he would feel as safe in person and property under a government wholly in the hands of his own color as in those of the whites, and he would unhesitatingly answer, if he uttered his true opinion, that he would not trust an African government.

Nor can any one hug to himself the idea, that the African,

by his present combination with whites of his political school, can be trained and fitted to be speedily inducted into the government with safety. This preparation, to suffice, must be the work of years, of care and labor, and self-education, expended on a new generation. It will take a new generation, at least, as it did in the case of the Israelites after leaving Egypt.

Either of these courses would, sooner or later, involve a direct collision, and an active antagonism with the entire white race. How the African would fare in such an array, and what may be his chances of success, can be estimated from the facts and figures set out in the former part of this paper. Setting aside any idea of a violent collision (which is not beyond the range of *possibility*), the merely peaceful conflict of competition, in politics or business pursuits, with those who possess the land, the numbers, the wealth, the skill, the information, animated by self-interest, self-preservation, and the feeling of race and color, would ultimately result in the destruction of the African, unaided as he would be by aught save his own weak powers, and the protection of the laws which could not interfere in a strife which in no way violated them, destitute as he would then be of the sympathy or the sustaining alliance of those with whom he shared the occupancy of the soil, and whose friendship he had rejected.

The African of the present hour cannot sustain himself alone, even if he were unopposed.

He cannot sustain himself against the entire white race of the United States, who, by the law of nature and the sequence of facts, must and will pervade and prevail in the whole of this land, whose swelling numbers will close around him and over him.

He cannot alone sustain himself against the tide of hardy white immigration and speculation, which, as the avenues of travel are opened, or as the Southern resources are understood and needed, will pour in through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia on the one hand, and through Texas on the other, attracted, as of old, by the matchless charms and riches of the South.

He cannot, in the long run, sustain himself in array against

the present Southern whites, and in disconnection with their interests, should they bring to bear all their energies, their resources, and intelligence against him. Their numbers are equal, or nearly so; they have the land, the wealth, the connections, the knowledge, the alliance of the pecuniary interests of others, all of which, if skillfully used by men *true to themselves*, would overmatch him. They can combine and refuse to employ him; they can, by temporary sacrifice and well-applied effort, find a substitute for his labor. Then where would he be?

He may, in his folly, form a 'color line' of separation. He may annoy and injure the whites, but he at the same time hurts himself more in striking down his own sole dependence. His interests and theirs, as occupants of the same territory, are necessarily so interwoven that his welfare, and his very livelihood, must depend on their will and ability to employ and pay him, while their dependence on him, though great, is not absolute.

Even were the Southern whites swept out, the African would roam wild over a howling waste, until adventurous whites and hardy borderers came and dispossessed him, as they have dispossessed, and now are dispossessing, the Indian and the Mexican.

Now, is it to be presumed, by any reasonable man, that 9,378,000 whites in the late slaveholding States, where they are more than two to the African's one; or that 4,154,000 whites in the cotton and sugar States, where they are at least equal in numbers to the African; or that the 300,000 or 400,000 whites, with all their resources, in any one State, will passively submit to a continuance of a condition of things in which *they* are to be silenced and ruined?—that from separation, if from nothing else, they will not resist, within the limits of the law, with all the energy and appliances they can command?—that that resistance will not be sustained, or that it will be looked at with indifference or hostility by the rest of their race? What power would the African have to defeat this resistance? Does he rely on the influence and the aid of the Federal Government? Would the Federal Government throw in its power

to crush out that resistance? We will not presume that it would. But if it were to do so, would not the reasons for and the object of that resistance, as well as the conduct of the Government, be fully and generally published and rigidly canvassed? How long could any administration or party stand up under the condemnation it would ultimately bring upon itself by such a course—a course setting a precedent so fatal to the rights and liberties of every State and of every citizen in the Union, approval of which would seal their own fate? The people of no section are so stolid, or so lost to the duty of eternal vigilance over their liberties, as not to condemn and punish such violations when they are clearly presented and proved to their minds.

A contest with desperate antagonists of such sort would be the doom of the African, whatever were the consequences to the whites.

By the law, the immutable law, of nature, he must perish, or he must have allies and friends among the ruling race, with whom he must connect his interests. His *political* alliance with the Northern whites is cold, one-sided, precarious, and to him most unprofitable and hurtful. A personal alliance with them he cannot make, because of their distance, and of their want of community of feeling and interest with him, of their utter ignorance of him, as well as their inborn aversion to personal association with him.

There is but one alliance which he can make, and that is with the Southern whites, which is the most natural one, because of contiguity, of community of interest, of mutual knowledge of each other, of common residence, of the mitigation of prejudice by long habituation to and of kindly intercourse and association with him.

All things point to the Southern whites as his instructors in life, as his witnesses to see and testify of his advance, under their own eyes, in fitness and capacity, and as the advocates of the rendition to him of whatever he may demonstrate to be due him. Everything points to them as in position to be his best and most efficient friends, or his most dangerous unfriends.

There is the remaining course of the three which the African may pursue—a course the most natural and which may—nay, will—insure to him safety, prosperity, and elevation to the utmost limit of his capacity.

Let us illustrate this course, suggested to him, by that of a young white man, just arrived at twenty-one years of age, who has to begin the world for himself, penniless, uneducated, inexperienced, but with natural shrewdness, with energy and capacity, and with a fixed determination to rise in the world. He may have, too, some friends who wish him well and can give him employment. What would *he* do? He would not, in his unfitness, set up to control the business or public affairs of the community, nor to pervert them to the general injury. Neither would he spend his time in idle discussion before he could understand them. His first object would be to seek such work as would enable him to obtain the necessities of life. He would seek for that sort which he knew most about, and was best adapted to. Necessarily it would be on the lowest round of manual labor; he would naturally seek it from those near him who needed his work, and who were able and willing to hire him, and who would open the way for him to present supply and to future advancement. He would start with the resolve to make out of himself the utmost which his capacities would admit of. He would do his work efficiently and faithfully. He would strive to merit the confidence of his employer. He would strive to earn a name for skill, industry, and strict observance of his word and his contracts, and for capacities beyond his primary sphere. He would use every honest mode of securing the good will of others, and of deserving it. He would educate himself, intellectually and morally. He would make every honest penny he could, and save it. He would seek to accumulate,

‘Not from the sordid lust for gold,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.’

He would work up the ladder, round by round, but he would make sure of each rise by fitting himself for it on the round

below. He would grow in gear, and in reputation, station, and respect. Of how many men is this the history?

The like of this is the true course of the African. It is no disrespect to him to say that now he is utterly unfit to be a ruler and lawgiver. It would bring ruin to *himself, and to his people, and to his cause*, as well as to others, were he to have the reins of government in his hands.

It would insure a failure, which would retard for long years the happy result of the trial of the great issue, whether or not he has a capacity for self-government, etc., etc. It is of the last importance to the African race that they should undertake no step upward before acquiring such fitness as will insure their success. The failures of African rule in the West Indies have done their race immeasurable harm.

The African should wait to mature his crude powers. He should begin at the point he is *now* fit for, and which he knows more about, the manual labor of the field, and elsewhere, and work up, letting politics alone as an engrossing pursuit.

He should put himself in accord with the Southern whites, because—

1st. He and they occupy the same territory, and are the nearest neighbors.

2d. His and their interests are identical.

They own the land, they need labor, and he needs and *must* have employment. His welfare is intimately connected with, and *must depend* on, their prosperity.

If he thus meets their wants, and supplies, reliably, a labor so necessary, he insures not only that they will not seek other labor, but that, preferring his from habit and liking, and having thus a useful place for his race, they will not invite any other to come; and by this accord he is guarded against a competition which otherwise they would be compelled, in self-preservation, to invite, nay, to strive for by every appliance they can invent, and which would destroy him.

3d. They are his friends, or would be such if he would be on friendly terms. They are the only part of the white race who have any real feeling of sympathy with, or of

attachment to, him, or in whom the antipathy of race is overcome by habit and association. This the African knows, and were he called upon to-day to choose a master, he would select one from the Southern whites before he would from his Northern allies.

4th. The Southern white, by reason of contiguity, habit, and interest, is the only one with whom he can form a lasting accord and alliance of permanent and mutual benefit.

It would be the duty and the true interest of the Southern whites, under such circumstances, to deserve and to win the confidence of the African; to respect his real merits; to recognize and to hold inviolable his rights as a man and a freeman; to give him every opportunity, aid, and support in advancing himself in mind and morals; to encourage him in acquiring property and a pecuniary interest in the public weal; to stimulate him to become a good and a safe citizen in their midst; to help him in every effort to raise himself in the scale of humanity. It would be their privilege to redeem his race and to present it a noble addition to the family of man, wrested from the dark ranks of heathen barbarism and present ignorance, and transformed into enlightened, intelligent, civilized, and christianized men. The Southern white would and should be his friend, his adviser, and his instructor, as well as his employer, remembering that the African has a peculiar claim on him. For while, during the war, the African was told that the North was his friend and the South his enemy—that the Union armies were fighting to free him, and the Confederates to perpetuate his slavery, he, as a mass, remained faithful to his master, remaining on the plantation, the trusted and trusty guard of the families, of the old and the feeble. While the strong men were in the army, he cultivated the earth and produced the supplies by which alone the Southern forces kept the field—an exhibition of fidelity never before exceeded or shown by any race in the history of man. The Southern white, too, should realize that, after the war was over, wild, and extravagant, and evil as the conduct of the African may have too often been, brutal as it may have shown itself in many instances, yet, as a general rule, it has

been most moderate compared to what might have been expected from them under the sudden spring from the restraints of slavery to unlicensed and lawless liberty, under

‘The madness and drunkenness of soul
A new-waked people feel.’

The African has by nature that docility which makes him specially open to the influences of others, be they for good or for evil, and in friendly and trustworthy associations would not fail to reward any labor of kindness.

The result of this alliance would be—

1. Harmony and combined industry of the joint occupants of the same soil.

2. The full and thorough cultivation of the land, the development of all the resources of the country, the increase of wealth, the promotion of all the arts of peaceful industry, the multiplication of avenues of enterprise (in all of which the African could participate), plenty, order, comfort, and true progress to all parties.

3. The African, as an independent freeman, would be brought under the discipline of just, mild, and uniform laws, and would acquire that habit of obedience to such laws so essential a preliminary to the power of command, and to the capacity of wise legislation. He would, also, be brought under the civilizing and refining influences, intellectual, moral, and religious, of a cultivated people, amid circumstances such as would enable him to take the fullest benefit of those influences, not by fits and starts, not by desultory or spasmodic efforts, but by continuous, systematic arrangement, regularly pursued as part of the order of his life.

4. The decline in the increase of the African incident to the life he now leads, would, under circumstances so favorable to the preservation of human life, be converted into a rate of increase as great and as growing, in proportion, as that of the whites.

5. The African would secure, in the Southern white, a defender and an *instructor*, who, of all men, best understands him; a *witness* whose testimony to his progress and his merits

will have more weight than that of any others ; an advocate with the other whites such as can nowhere else be found.

He would be in the most favorable situation possible for the training he needs ; and by his pursuit of that course will gladden the hearts, fix the confidence, and command the best efforts of those who may be truly friends to him elsewhere.

In this relation the African, instead of wasting his time and dissipating his mind and energies in trying to be and to do that for which he is necessarily, as yet, utterly unfit—for which he has had no time or opportunity of becoming fit—in which he must fail, and by failure ruin or retard his own cause more than he injures the whites—in attempting which he is liable to become the tool and property of designing men, (for such will always be on hand ready to mislead his ignorance, to do his thinking, to inflame his passions for their own purposes)—he becomes a happy, a useful, and respectable member of the community, his mind is settled by a definite and practicable plan of action, his hopes elevated to a worthy and reasonable object.

He would have nothing to fear. He has obtained all the good which his party affiliations can give him. His freedom and his political rights are secured to him by the organic law of the whole country, and cannot be taken away from him ; while he, in turn, has rendered his party full and ample compensation for all it has done for him, and he is at liberty to make any alliance or to take any course which may best conduce to his welfare. He has his vote for his own protection, if needful, and can use it at no one's dictation, but conscientiously for the good of all, and not from the mere blind desire wantonly to oppose or injure any.

He need sacrifice no part of his self-respect or independence. He can educate and train himself and his children for better things. He can make manifest what power and capabilities are in him to men who are willing to see and to accredit them to him. His worth may, in a great measure, outgrow and abate in other generations the general prejudice of race and color.

He will have access to all the avenues of industry and enter-

prise which the increased prosperity of the South will open, as well as to those of the whole country, wherever he may desire to try its pursuits of industry and to compete for its wealth.

In such an association and accord, the countenance and influence of the mass of the Southern whites, and their testimony to the fact of his conduct, worth, and capacities, from their own experience and observation, would, beyond that of all others, reconcile the nation to his color, convince them of what just claim he may have, and obtain from them a rendition of a verdict favorable to his race—a verdict valuable because given willingly and sustained by their conviction.

The African cannot forget that the Southern white had a title to his confidence, from the further fact that he is the only one in this country who has ever offered him the opportunity of proving the capacity of his race for political self-government in a separate nationality. He is the only one who has ever yet established the African in a civilized and independent state *of his own*, which, removed from white antagonism, has sustained itself, and has gone on with fair prospects of ultimate and permanent success, as a free, prosperous, well-regulated republic, governed solely by the African himself. Nor can he forget that it was in its long association with the Southern white that his race attained the highest point of civilization, intelligence, and moral elevation ever reached by it in all its known history.

This alliance or accord with the Southern white, based as it would be on neighboring occupancy, on mutual interests and services, mutual faith and mutual good feeling, and on reciprocal benefits, would be worth to the African a thousand-fold more than that based on partizan politics of any kind, precarious in its continuance, lawless in its character, unsettling and degrading in its effects, profitless and dangerous in its results to the African and to the community, wherein one party may be but the tool, and the other the recipient of every benefit derived from it.

There are demoralization, death, and final extinction in the other courses. There are life, peace, prosperity, continuous

improvement, and a fair working out of the question of African capability in the last-named track. No human being can foretell which one of the three the African will choose, but the true results of either can be predicted by any one possessed of that shrewdness which is nothing more than the power to forecast the future by sound conclusions drawn from the experience of what has gone before.

It is for the African to decide for himself what course he will take. But those who have his confidence, who are his friends in honest sincerity, and not his mere manipulators, should impress upon him that he is not perfect, that he has much to learn, and much to change in himself before he can be truly the equal of the white race; that he needs the external education which informs the mind, and the *internal* education which fosters those qualities of intellect and soul, of thought, of habit, of feeling, motives, and conduct which constitute the distinction, not only between the savage and the civilized, but also between the grades of civilized men.

He should realize that his emancipation did not work the miracle of perfecting him. It simply terminated the primary shape of his education, and promoted him to a higher form in the great school of human life, in which he may be yet further prepared for the great work his Creator has marked out for the African race now resident in the United States.

He should realize the danger to himself, and especially to the great cause of the African race entrusted to him, of trying, with childish impatience, to force results, of overleaping the intermediate steps, and of prematurely seizing a position which will only exhibit his unfitness to his enemies, and of aiming at *inferior ends*, which are impossible or destructive in the nature of things.

His destiny is not to expend himself in a needless and hopeless struggle for the joint possession and sovereignty of this land of the whites; a struggle of pigmies against giants; a struggle in which it is impossible that the African should not, sooner or later, perish; a struggle in which the most sanguine of his color can hope for no greater success than a continuance

here by sufferance—an utter obliteration of the race as a separate and distinct existence.

Nor is it his destiny, even, to found a dwarfed or stunted African State here—an *imperium in imperio*, for the Anglo-American would never suffer it, and no boundary barriers could be devised by the wit or skill of man strong enough to withstand the pressure of the surging numbers of the whites dashing through and over them, and wresting from him the occupation of the land. How could the African exist, much less develope, in such a state of things? It is *not* his destiny to be absorbed into the white race. Subdivisions of the same race, like the French or the Spanish, may be amalgamated; but, by the decrees of Him who enacted the laws of human as well as inanimate nature—who, for His own purpose, scattered men at Babel and separated them into the five grand divisions of Race, those divisions can never be obliterated nor blended, nor can they be absorbed by amalgamation. The weaker will be inevitably destroyed, and the stronger debased, in any effort to do so.

It is not the destiny of the African to fade away and perish like the Indian, in a conflict with a race of superior power in the fruitless and unnatural struggle for a joint occupancy, and a divided dominion; with a race whose most marked feature is its utter intolerance of all such partnership, and whose impatience of it is backed by overwhelming superiority of numbers and resources.

The Creator never intended this departure from His immutable law. Nor can we believe that He intended that five millions of His human creatures, who are *possessed, as the African is, of the capability for civilization*, shall go to useless waste, or sink into extinction, if they will accept, and do not reject, the mission and the work He has allotted them, and the home He has provided as their own by inheritance.

What is that mission?—what is the work before him?

It is no cant to say that the African in the United States has 'a mission,' a great and glorious destiny, one which may well stir the heart, nerve the strength, and tax the powers of the mighty—one which may well fill the measure of aspira-

tions felt by the grandest and the loftiest ambition. The mission of the African in the United States is to *civilise a continent and to redeem an entire race from heathenism to Christianity*, a work for which he, and he alone, is the fittest agent.

It is reserved to the African in the United States to afford the *first evidence in the history of his race of their capacity for glorious and mighty achievements.*

To this end he has been rescued from the savage life by the only means through which he could have been placed in contact with Christian civilization, and in the only condition in which it was, humanly speaking, possible for him to remain in that contact. In that condition of slavery he was in process of education. When the fit time arrived, that condition of slavery was ended at the first moment in the history of the country at which it was possible to give him, as a freeman, the protection of organic laws, and of the national power.

This stage of his education being passed, he has been advanced to a higher grade, but still he is only in the process of being educated up to that point when he will be imbued with the powers, internal and external, intellectual and moral, needful to make him, not a despot, but a citizen of a free, separate, and self-governing nation of his own.

He is placed in the most favorable of all conditions for acquiring those capabilities essential to the discharge of the duties of the citizen, or of the statesman of a true republic, by the example, the instruction, the counsel of and contact with the people of this land; instruction which can be given and received freely and fully only in a condition of peace and good feeling, and which can be available only by the practice of the principles of good citizenship.

It is no part of the scheme contemplated by this paper that there should be forced emigration; but, estimating the native good sense of the African, his perception of his own interests, and the impulses which will operate on him by the same standard as those of mankind generally, we believe that, conscious of the barriers to his success here, his race, when thus prepared, will do as our forefathers did—that is, from time to time, voluntarily leave an unfriendly soil, where they are over-

shadowed and confined, and, in greater or lesser masses, recross the Atlantic to the shores of Africa, to build up there in their native land a mighty empire of their own, the corner-stone of which has been laid, the pioneer work of which has been done already; an empire ruled by themselves, which shall be the centre from which the rays of light of Christian civilization shall pierce the thick blackness of darkness which has brooded over Africa since the deluge, and shall in time spread over it those arts of peace which shall conquer to the human family this vast section of itself, which, for uncounted ages, has been lost to it for any purpose of good.

This is no mere romance of the imagination. The wealth and the continent are there, the emigrants are here; and this is but the reproduction of the history of our own land and of its white race. The African claims equality with the white in all that constitutes a man; he says that he, too, can do 'all that doth become "a man."' Here, then, is his golden opportunity to show it.

The only point in doubt is, whether the African has the needful pluck and energy; whether he will recognize his destiny, will be equal to the occasion, will rise to its level, will consent to the work, will accept the task of preparation, and the dangers and hardships of its accomplishment; whether he will leave the flesh-pots of Egypt for the sovereignty of Canaan; whether he will, *or can*, appreciate the greatness of his future, and resolve to enter the promised land and on the work before him; whether he will make these purposes the great aim and object of his life; and whether, ultimately leading the way, he will draw after him the scattered fragments of his race now on this side of the Atlantic, who will in time be, like him, pressed upon and overlaid by the advancing swell of the white peoples; whether it is in him to lift his eyes from the square inch of the present, and to look abroad at the vast space and glorious promise within the limits of his horizon, and to realize the boundless expanse beyond his actual vision, but no less real and visible to the calm and practical mind.

Or will the African turn from this future, in sensual indolence, in the cowardice of conscious inability and want of

daring, and limit his purpose to petty scuffles for 'social equality,' insanely hoping to wrest victory from a race who have shown themselves possessed of all the daring in which he is wanting, or to coax concession from those who are the type of inexorable acquisitiveness?—to a struggle of one to seven—aye, of one to one thousand—a struggle for the joint sovereignty of this land—a struggle in which the very existence of their race here will perish, ignobly smothered by numbers, and ground to undistinguishable dust by the harder metal?

But should the African adopt the former alternative—should he announce his purpose and policy to be that of temporary stay here, of preparation and training for his own home, and not to be that of offense and interference here, he will at once allay the jealousy of race, the hostile feature of competition, and will enlist the whites as more or less his friends, his helpers, his teachers, his protectors.

Let the African ponder well his own past history, his present status, and his future course. Let him strive to comprehend God's plan, and neither outrun it nor lag behind it, nor yet turn aside from it for minor or unworthy objects outside of it, but obey his marching orders.

Let him realize that this land is *not the abiding place* nor the home of his race; that it was not won by them, and that it is not their inheritance; that he is but a sojourner here for educational purposes only. Let him realize, too, the intermediate work before him, that

'The race must come before the prize.'

Let him bide his time in patience, knowing that impatience is a weakness as well as sluggishness, that so is rashness as well as cowardice; that there may be as much heroism in patient waiting for the right moment, and for matured preparations, as there is in action, energy, boldness, and daring when the true time shall come.

Let him make this destiny and this work the traditions of his race. The very anticipation and contemplation of such a goal will elevate him, will lift him up toward it, and will be a powerful agency in fitting him for it.

Let him choose carefully his leaders and counsellors, making sure that those into whose hand he puts his own for guidance are true, and wise, and, above all, are honest and disinterested—faithful to the real welfare and interest of the African.

We do, in all sincerity, believe that the great Ruler of nature and of nations has thus marked out the course and mission of the African race on this continent. That for this He suffered them to be brought here, and permitted their slavery to exist, as the protecting matrix of the race. For this He allowed their bonds to be shattered by emancipation, when the ends of slavery had been accomplished. For this He offers to the African the noblest opportunity for every requisite training, with the intent that he shall return to his native home an enlightened, educated, civilized Christian, equal in mind and morals, as he is physically, to the task of building up and of maintaining a republic in Africa—the daughter and rival of our own—peopled and ruled by Africans only—strong, to command safety and success; just, to secure confidence and respect—which shall diffuse itself over that continent and redeem it to light, and life, and humanity. For this He has hedged in the way of the African by barriers and difficulties which he can neither surmount nor escape from by any other course.

Will any one say that it is not to the interest nor to the advantage of the African to seek this outlet to his race—to go in and possess this goodly land of his own, where he can expand and develop all that is manly and great in his nature? That he has a right to share the inheritance of this land, and should stay and assert it at all hazards and to the last extremity? That it would be better for him to stay and dwindle to non-entity and final extinction—to stay and risk the consequences of a struggle so utterly hopeless—of a strife and competition with the numbers, wealth, skill, training, cupidity, intolerance, and daring aggressiveness of the whites? To such we deem no answer needful.

Let every man who has brains, or one particle of philanthropy in his soul, lay aside his prejudices, and bring to the consideration of this momentous subject his best thoughts, and his

ripest knowledge. Let him lay aside, especially, all the prejudices of race, and color, and all the feeling of past wrongs, and bring to the great problem of the African in this country a sublime purpose, bent on the best interest of his species. Let him act as a man dealing with men—with men who have a place in the world, and who must leave their impress on the history of mankind. Let him remember, that we must either work with, or else succumb to, the stern logic of facts and natural law. Let him, above all, look to that Divine Providence for guidance, without whose aid the schemes of men are as certain to fail as those of mice, and are, moreover, infinitely more fearful in their failure.

ART. VII.—1. *The Honey Bee, its Natural History, Physiology, and Management.* By Edward Bevan, M. D. Revised, Enlarged, and Illustrated, by William Augustus Munn, F. R. H. S., etc. London: John Van Hoorst. 1870.

2. *A Practical Treatise on the Hive and Honey Bee.* By L. L. Langstroth. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. 1859.

3. *Insect Architecture.* By James Rennie. London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.

Honey seems to be the only pure and genuine sweet known to the ancients. Without a consideration of this fact it might seem that a substance, which holds so insignificant a place in our domestic economy, should have been chosen by the sacred writers to symbolize so much. From Genesis to Revelation honey is made the type of soul-satisfying sweetness. Sugar, which has so effectually displaced it in our time, was hardly known before the Christian era, and did not come into general use throughout Europe till ten or fifteen centuries later. Herodotus mentions it, but Pliny is the first writer whose description is sufficiently accurate to enable us to identify it

with the sugar of commerce. It seems to have been known to the inhabitants of India and China at a much earlier day, but was probably used by them in the form of syrup. Strabo and Theophrastus describe it as 'a kind of honey gotten from a reed in India and Arabia.' The latter also classified it with honey, mentioning three kinds of sugar, one which was obtained from flowers, another from air (probably honey-dew), and the third from a reed. Dioscorides, who wrote in the time of Nero, describes it accurately, but is ignorant of the process by which it is made. Moses Choronesis, in the fifth century, gives the process of making it by boiling and crystallization. In the seventh century Paulus Aeginetus describes it as the 'Indian salt, in color and form like common salt, but in taste and sweetness like honey.' The very form of expression shows that he is comparing the unfamiliar with the familiar substance. It was introduced into Spain, not long after the Mohammedan invasion, by the Moors, into France during the twelfth century, and later into the other European countries.

It is difficult to divest ourselves, in imagination, of the conditions that surround our daily life, and to form a correct notion of lives far away from our own in time or place. Back and forth through the woof of our ordinary experience we throw the thread of foreign characteristic, picturesque detail, and alien modes of thought, and a curious motley web we get as the result of our weaving. Some such common, trivial fact as this—that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of sugar—is the clay with which our eyes are anointed that they may see. It gives an idea of ancient feasts, when we remember that sweets must have borne a very inconspicuous part, which is widely different from our modern banquets.

Bees and honey are casually mentioned in the Bible again and again; but, according to Pliny, the first real student of the subject was Aristomachus of Soli, one of the peripatetic philosophers of Cilicia, who devoted to it fifty-eight years of his life. Philiseus, the Thasian, also spent years, wandering about the fields and woods, investigating the nature and habits

of these little insects. Both of these students of nature left behind them, in writing, the results of their labors, but their manuscripts have been lost. It is, however, altogether probable that Pliny had access to them, and that from them he gained much of his information.

It is curious to note in the ancient writers upon physical subjects the indiscriminate mixture of fact and fiction. Side by side with a description of the habits, instincts, and economy of the bees—which could only have been obtained by patient and accurate observation—we find such statements as the following: ‘This substance,’ says Pliny, describing honey, ‘is engendered from the air, mostly at the rising of the constellations, and more especially when Sirius is shining; never, however, before the rising of the Vergiliæ, and then just before daybreak. . . . Whether it is that this liquid is the sweat of the heavens, or whether a saliva from the stars, or a juice exuding from the air while purifying itself, would that it had been, when it comes to us, pure, limpid, and genuine, as it was, when first it took its downward descent.’¹ So long as theories were pure fabrications of the imagination, which needed no analogy in the heavens or the earth, the advance made in the physical sciences amounted to almost nothing. The wildest vagary took its place beside the soberest fact, and all classification was rendered impossible. It is only the recognition of the universal reign of law which brought order out of confusion, and made the physical sciences possible. Like all great and wonderful truths, this has been abused and misapplied, but it is, for all that, none the less a great and wonderful truth.

By the help of modern aids to investigation, and patient and philosophic research, the wonderful economy of the bee commonwealth has been made clear to us. If the commodities of commerce are estimated by their rarity, and the difficulty with which they are obtained, surely it is worth our while to consider how dearly bought is the knowledge of natural phenomena which comes to us as a common heritage. If we treasure a relic because some hand, now turned to dust, has

¹ Pliny's Nat. Hist. Vol. III, book xi, chap. 12.

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¹ Pliny's Nat. Hist. Vol. III, book xi, chap. 12.

touched it, or hush our voices in the room where lived and labored some mighty mind of by-gone ages, shall we be less reverent of the very fruit of that life and labor?

The more ordinary features of bee economy are familiar to us all. As we desire to give an account of bees which will supply some suggestions in regard to their management, we will begin with the apiary. The hives should be elevated about eighteen inches above the ground, and the bees supplied, either naturally or artificially, with pure water. Good pasturage near at hand will be conducive to a large surplus store of honey. In the front of each hive there should be a wide alighting board, placed at a slight inclination, to prevent an accumulation of moisture; and the apiary should be guarded from the drippings of trees, from noisome smells, and from disagreeable noises. The aspect, as a general thing, should be southerly.

A great variety of hives have been recommended to the attention of bee keepers. We speak from personal experience when we recommend that of the Rev. L. L. Langstroth as being a vast improvement upon the old-fashioned hive formerly in use throughout this country.

The excellence of the honey stored depends, in great measure, upon the plants from which it is gathered. The instinct of the bees leads them, in general, to select from the flowers within their reach those which yield the finest honey. But personal gratification does not appear to be a matter of indifference to them; they enjoy those flowers and fruits which produce an effect beyond mere gratification of the taste. Speaking of the hollyhock, of which they are very fond, a modern writer observes: 'It has been held a gross libel upon animals to say that man has made a beast of himself, when he has drunk to such excess as to lose his reason; but we might, without injustice, say that he has made an humble-bee of himself, for those little debauchees are particularly prone to intoxication. Round the nectaries of hollyhocks you may generally observe a set of determined toppers, quaffing as pertinaciously as if they belonged to Wilkes' club; and round about the flower (to follow up the simile) several of the bon-vivants will be found on the

ground inebriated and insensible.' Dr. Bevan says: 'I have frequently seen the ground beneath one of my pear-trees strewed over with hive-bees and wasps in a similar state, after they had banqueted upon the rich juices of the fallen fruit.'¹

Ornamental flowers generally afford small sustenance to the honey-bee, some of them being deleterious, and others poisonous, to them. It is to the great, wide fields of clover, to the common broom, and furze, and heath, to the blossoms of fruit, and forest trees, that the bees repair, and from which they bring home their richest spoils. They must not only be supplied with pasturage, which yields them honey, but they must also be able to obtain pollen, or bee-bread, for the maintenance of their young, and propolis, or the glue and varnish, with which they secure their combs, and exclude or destroy their enemies. Plants of the mountain laurel family—the *Kalmias* and *Rhododendrons*—which abound so plentifully in our southern mountain ranges, are very pernicious in their effects, the honey made from it sometimes producing fatal illness in those who partake of it. Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*, relates the serious illness produced among his soldiers, during the famous retreat of the ten thousand, by eating honey in the neighborhood of Trebizonde. Later investigations have proved that the *Rhododendrom Ponticum* grows in great profusion in that vicinity.

The bees which people a hive are of three kinds—the queen-bee, the workers, and the drones. It is impossible for any one who has had the smallest experience to mistake one for the other. The queen is longer and slenderer than either of the others, with wings which, though the size of the workers', look much shorter in consequence of the greater length of her body. She is the only female in the hive, and is mother, as well as queen, to all the swarm. 'She differs,' Mr. Hunter observes, 'from the royal chiefs of other insects, such as hornets, wasps, and humble bees; for the chiefs of these latter societies seem to *work* themselves into royalty, whereas the queen of the hive-bees reigns from her very birth.' Her wings are strong and sinewy, her legs not furnished with the brushes

¹ Bevan. The Honey Bee, p. 12.

and baskets of the workers, her sting is curved, and her color somewhat different from the drones and common bees. In general, only one queen is found in a hive.

The working bees were formerly supposed to be sexless, but the microscopic investigations of Mdlle. Jurine have demonstrated the fact, that they are imperfectly developed females. 'These are the smallest members of the community, and are furnished with a long, flexible apparatus known by the name of proboscis. Moreover, they have a peculiar structure of the legs and shanks, in the later of which are small hollows or baskets to receive the propolis or farina which they collect, and they are armed with a straight sting. Upon them devolves the whole labor of the colony; they rear the young, guard the entrances, elaborate the wax, collect and store the provisions and build the cells in which it is warehoused, as well as those that contain the brood.'¹ Each hive contains from 12,000 to 60,000 workers, 20,000 being considered a good stock.

The drones, which are the males, are one-third larger than the workers. Their bodies are thicker, and of a darker color; their jaws and probosces shorter than those of the common bee; and they are destitute of both pollen-basket and sting. One hive possesses some hundreds, or even thousands, of the drones, the number generally ranging between 1,500 and 2,000.

Besides the regular inhabitants of the hive, two other kinds have been noticed by observers. One of these, which is called the captain bee, Bevan describes as being precisely like the worker, with the exception of a light-colored top-knot, which springs from the centre of the frontlet, and resembles a pair of antennæ rising from a single root. 'This appendage,' says he, 'is of very tenacious texture, by means of which (for it is apparently an extraneous substance) it forms a close adhesion to the head of the insect.' If we might venture to make a suggestion, is it not possible that these top-knots are only the pollinia of certain plants? Darwin, in his *Fertilization of Orchids by Insects*, gives a description of the manner in which

¹ Bevan. *The Honey Bee*, p. 169.

the pollen of one flower is carried to the stigma of another by means of the Lepidoptera, and other insects. The pollen masses are clustered at the top of a stem, the base of which is a viscid ball; as an insect enters the flower in search of honey, it is necessary that it should push by the rostellum in which this viscid mass is embedded. The moment the rostellum is touched the membrane which encloses this sticky base of the pollinium flies back. While the insect remains in the flower, sucking the honey, the viscid ball sets firmly upon its proboscis or head. When the insect leaves the flower, the pollinium, or in some cases both pollinia, which spring from almost the same base, is firmly attached to its head. Darwin mentions having in his possession a specimen of Lepidoptera which had *eleven pair* of pollinia attached to its proboscis. The form of his expression, in describing the insect so adorned, is so like Bevan's describing the captain bee that we quote it. 'When the insect withdraws its head,' says he, . . . 'one pollinium, or both, will be withdrawn, firmly cemented to the object, projecting up like horns.'¹ The evidence that bees visit this class of plants, we deduce from another part of this volume. 'That bees sometimes visit Orchids, I have evidence,' he says, 'in a humble and hive bee, sent me by Prof. Westwood, with pollinia attached to them; and Mr. F. Bond informs me that he has seen pollinia attached to other species of bees.'² 'M. Menière says he saw, in Dr. Guépin's collection, bees collected at Saumur with the pollinia of Orchids attached to their heads; and he states that a person who kept bees at the *Jardin de la Faculté* (at Toulouse) complained that his bees returned from the garden with their heads charged with yellow bodies, of which they could not free themselves. This is good evidence how firmly the pollinia become attached. There is nothing to show whether the pollinia in these cases belonged to the genus *Orchis*, or to other genera of the family, some of which I know are visited by bees.'³ Perhaps our little captains are, after all, only worker bees, who, in addition to their arduous home-labors, have been doing a little missionary service in

¹ Darwin on Orchids, p. 15.² Ibid., p. 35.³ Darwin on Fertilization of Orchids, etc., p. 35, note.

the fructification of those plants which, without them, would be sterile, and that their top-knots are but the badge of office.

The second kind of alien bee is described by Huber, under the title of *black bees*. He says they present a perfect resemblance to the worker, except that, in consequence of being less downy, they look darker. On dissection no internal difference can be detected. Various conjectures have been hazarded regarding them. Huber considered them imperfect bees. Kirby and Spencer thought them to be superannuated, but the difficulty seems at last to be satisfactorily solved by the great German bee-master, Dzierzon, who 'thinks that these black bees, which Huber has described as so bitterly persecuted by the rest, are nothing more than thieves. Aristotle speaks of a black bee who is called a *thief*.' Langstroth, who has had years of experience in the culture and observation of bees, is decidedly of the same opinion. He says that to one who had ever closely watched these little insects, it would be as impossible to mistake a robber bee for an honest, hard-working laborer, as for a policeman to blunder in distinguishing a pickpocket, after watching his movements, unobserved from any honest man. One would think his imagination had had full play, as we read his description of 'its sneaking look, and nervous, guilty agitation.' 'These dishonest bees,' he says, are the "*Jerry Sneaks*" of their profession, and, after following it for a time, lose all taste for honest pursuits. Constantly creeping through small holes, and daubing themselves with honey, their plumes assume a smooth and almost black appearance, just as the hat and garments of a thievish loafer acquire a seedy aspect.¹ It is said that bees, not content with burglary, also practice highway robbery; that sometimes an honest, hard-working humble bee is seized on his return home with the fruits of his day's labor, and forced by his opponent to 'stand and deliver.' 'If they killed him,' says Langstroth, 'they would never be able to extract his spoils from their deep recesses; they, therefore, bite and tease him, after their most approved fashion, all the time singing in his

¹ Langstroth. *Hive and the Honey Bee*, p. 262.

ears, "Your honey or your life!" until he empties his capacious receptacle, when they release him and lick up his sweets.' Huber bears testimony to the same fact. He says, 'the humble bee, accustomed to such exactions, yields up its honey and resumes its flight.' One would think from the slight stress laid upon the depredations of the robber-bees by the English bee-masters, compared with the importance they assume in the eyes of American authors, that the English bees were more honest than ours. Bevan mentions the Ligurian, or, as we call it in this country, the Italian, bee as being especially thievish in its disposition. Robbing by the wholesale belongs properly to another portion of our subject, and we shall, therefore, for the present, defer its discussion.

It will be impossible to go into any very minute description of the anatomy of these little insects. Each bee is composed of three parts, which are: the head, the trunk, and the abdomen. The head of the working bee is a flattened triangle, those of the drone and queen are flat and somewhat rounded; in the head are situated the organs of sensation. The trunk lies between the head and the abdomen; it approximates to the sphere in shape, and contains the muscles which move the legs and wings. The abdomen is of an elongated oval shape; it is enclosed in a series of wings, which slide over one another, and thus enable the animal to lengthen or shorten its body at will. It contains the respiratory organs, the honey bag, the stomach, the venom bag, and the sting. The three divisions of the bee are connected by 'short, thread-like ligaments.'

The mouth of a bee is a most wonderful and complex organ; by means of the hollow proboscis the honey is drawn up from the nectarium of the flower into the honey bag. The tongue works, moulds, and prepares the wax for comb-building, as well as helps to convey the honey to its receptacle. The mandibles, which are hard and strong, 'constitute the tools with which the bee performs its various labors.' Besides these portions, are the maxillæ, the lips, and the palpi, or feelers.

The antennæ seem to be the most important organs to all the insect tribes; they are two in number, and are planted

near the eyes. 'The antennæ of the male,' says Bevan, 'have one more joint than those of the female. . . . They seem to enable the insects, by signs and gestures, to communicate to each other their wants or discoveries.' The eyes are composed of an immense number of hexagonal lenses, perfectly transparent, and guarded from injury by a horny integument. The foot possesses two hooks, and between them is folded up the little sucking pump, by means of which insects are enabled to walk upon the most slippery substance, with their feet upward. The four hinder legs are furnished with brushes of stiff, bristling hair, which enable them to brush the pollen from the flowers, or to collect it from their own, or their neighbor's bodies. 'With the jaws and two forefeet the meal is rolled into small, compact masses, which are conveyed by the middle pair of legs to the spoon-shaped cavities on the centre joint of the two hindmost feet. The exterior of these triangular cavities, or baskets, as they have been called, is smooth and shining, and the interior is covered and surrounded by strong, close-set hairs' to secure the store more firmly. These baskets are not to be found upon the legs of the queen or the drones.

We have only enumerated those organs peculiar to the bee, or which enable it to perform the work elsewhere described. Its organs of sensation are very remarkable, and deserve an especial notice. A sensorium, or true brain, is found to exist in insects, though for some time this was denied. The seat of sensation, however, is not confined to the brain—it extends down the spinal cord; in consequence of this a bee, like other insects, exhibits signs of life after its head has been severed from the trunk. 'They stirre,' says Lord Bacon, 'a good while after their heads are off, or that they be cut in pieces; which is caused also for that their vital spirits are more diffused throughout all their parts, and less confined to organs than in perfect creatures.' The existence of a brain would seem to be supported by the fact that bees possess memory, can be instructed, and may acquire new habits. Kirby mentions an instance of memory and communicated intelligence, which shows, undeniably, their possession of a brain-centre. About

twenty years ago, a swarm of bees took possession of an opening in the tiles of the residence of their owner. They were dislodged and hived after a few hours. Every new swarm which this original stock sent off, for years, reconnoitered this hole in the tiles, and would have taken possession if he had not interfered to prevent it. The queen lives sometimes as long as five years, but the workers and drones do not live beyond six or eight months at the farthest; the knowledge must therefore have been communicated. These reconnoitering bees were marked, and they invariably went back to the same hive from which the first swarm had issued. Bees have also been tamed. Huber assures us that under his mode of treatment they have become 'quite tame and tractable.'

Among the organs of sensation the antennæ stand pre-eminent. They have been made by naturalists the seat of smell, touch, and hearing by turns. 'I conceive,' says Mr. Kirby, 'that the antennæ, by a peculiar structure, may collect notices from the atmosphere, receive pulses or vibrations, and communicate them to the sensorium, which, though not precisely to be called hearing, may answer the same purpose.' Before entering a flower, a bee always inserts its antenna a little way, which has given rise to the notion that in them resided its sense of smell. But with their exquisitely refined organs, it may be only that the insect is listening for the bursting of the anther, or the exudation of the honey. The antennæ and palpi, or true feelers, seem to be complementary organs, but the former are much the more important of the two. Experiments have been made to determine the relative importance of these two organs: when the palpi are removed the insect suffers no especial inconvenience, but after the excision of the antennæ, it seems to lose its instincts, and to become inert and dull. The removal of one antenna seems to produce no especial effect, but when the other is amputated it loses the power to guide itself, to direct its tongue with precision, and to receive food from its companions. It ceases its work, and remains listlessly waiting near the entrance of the hive, apparently drawn and held there by the light; when that is gone it leaves the hive finally. Huber says, 'their departure must

be ascribed to the loss of that sense which is employed to guide them in the dark."¹ Bevan gives a very interesting experiment of Huber. 'Being desirous,' says he, 'of ascertaining whether, when a queen was removed from a hive (a circumstance which is generally communicated to the whole family within a few hours), they discovered their loss by means of smell, touch, or any unknown sense, he divided a hive into two portions, by means of a grating which admitted a free circulation of air, but denied a passage to the bees, or even to their antennæ; the consequence was that the bees contained in the half that had no queen, after they had recovered from the agitation generally produced under such circumstances, set about building royal cells, just as they would have done if the queen had been entirely removed from the hive. He repeated these experiments with a grating which allowed the transmission of the antennæ only. Here the effect was quite different, for the bees being able to assure themselves by the frequent crossing of their antennæ with those of the queen that she was amongst them, everything remained in order; the brood were attended to, no interruption took place in any of their labors, nor were any royal cells commenced. From these experiments, it seems evident that the antennæ of bees, as well as of ants, possess the faculty of receiving and conveying information."² It is probably by means of these same organs that the bee attains its knowledge of weather signs. They are never caught out in a storm. Two queens who have been deprived of their antennæ show no signs of animosity, as they do under ordinary circumstances.

Naturalists consider it altogether impossible that a swarm of twenty thousand bees, or more, should become so soon cognizant of the loss of their queen, if the knowledge of her presence was only established by personal contact. It is reasonably supposed that the intelligence is conveyed from bee to bee. In several authenticated instances, friendly visiting has been observed between two hives. Mr. Knight says, that in those cases which came under his notice, a few days of friendly intercourse always terminated in violent hostility.

¹ Bevan, *The Honey Bee*, p. 263.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 242-3.

Mr. Golding mentions an instance of long-continued friendliness, where the visits were reciprocal, and that between two hives situated at quite a distance from each other.

No room for doubt remains, that bees possess a keen sense of hearing, of taste, and of smell. Experiments have been made upon each point with the same result. A swarm of angry bees may sometimes be quieted by the human voice. Bevan says, 'I once knew an old dame, a very fearless operator, who, on any exhibition of displeasure on the part of her bees, suppressed it at once by suddenly saying, "Ah! would you dare?" the tone having a quieting effect upon them.' Taste guides them to the flowers which yield the richest honey, and smell induces them to practice the utmost cleanliness.

The eyesight of the bee is the least perfect of its senses. The cornea and optic nerve are fixed, and the focus cannot, therefore, be adjusted to various distances. Microscopic examination of this organ proves that they are very far-sighted, and circumstantial evidence would point to the same conclusion.

The direct homeward flight of the bee is proverbial, a 'bee-line' being the synonym for unswerving accuracy of direction. When at a distance from the hive the insect makes straight for it, and yet, when it approaches very closely, it often seeks vainly for the entrance, and is forced to rise in the air again to discover it. Butler and Wildman say, that they have frequently observed bees 'go up and down seeking the door of the hive as if they were in the dark.' Dr. Derham says, 'This visual orb, this seemingly simple speck, though really a complicated piece of mechanism, will be found, upon examination, to form a curious lattice work, of several thousand hexagonal lenses, each having a separate optic nerve ministering to it, and, therefore, to be considered as a distinct eye.' M. Loewenhoeck, placing a single eye of a bee between a distant church steeple and his microscope, beheld an inverted image of the object through every separate lense, though each was not larger than a needle's point. Besides the wonderfully complex eye of the bee, it possesses three organs called stemmata, which

seem capable of conveying the sensation of light, though not of vision, to the sensorium. They consist of three bright hemispherical dots, placed in a triangular position on the top of the head.

'The *ovipositor*,' says Bevan, 'places the eggs in their appropriate situations, and is an instrument of most curious structure. It consists of a long tube, or rather of several tubes, retractile within each other, like the pieces of a telescope.' It not only serves to place the eggs, but it also forms the sheath for the sting. It is pointed and hard, and when the insect proposes to use the sting the ovipositor makes the first impression. This tube encloses two barbed darts, which can be shot out a short distance beyond the enclosing sheath. The whole looks, to the unaided eye, like the point of a fine needle. The apparatus is moved by powerful muscles, and at its base are situated the poison-glands; 'these glands, uniting in one duct, eject the venomous fluid along the groove formed by the junction of the two piercers. There are four barbs on the outside of each piercer. When the insect is prepared to sting, one of these piercers, having its point a little longer, or more in advance than the other, just darts into the flesh, and, being fixed by the foremost beard, the other strikes in also, and they alternately penetrate deeper and deeper till they acquire a firm hold of the flesh with the barbed hooks, and then follows the sheath, entering and conveying the poison into the wound.' In consequence of the barbed form of this weapon, the bee generally sacrifices its life in stinging an antagonist, the sting and a portion of the body being usually torn away. If this were the case when they sting each other, the mortality at times would be immense; but a bee is generally able to extricate its sting from the body of another bee.

Huber once contrived to witness the massacre of the drones which takes place every year. 'The bees,' he says, 'thrust their stings so deeply into the bodies of the drones (generally between the segments of the abdomen) as to be obliged to turn upon themselves, as upon a pivot, before they could extricate them; by so doing they succeeded, as it is said the queens do, after their combats with each other,' In single combat be-

tween workers, where the result has been death to both parties, it is discovered that in many instances this result has been due to the simultaneous discharge of poison, not to the loss of the sting. In some cases, however, the sting is plunged in with such force that the bee is unable to extricate it. Mr. Golding mentions an instance witnessed by himself, where the assailant 'could not disengage herself, but dragged her victim after her.' If a person who is stung has sufficient presence of mind and deliberation to allow the bee to withdraw her sting, the suffering will be very much less. The venom bag is torn away with the sting, and even when out of the body of the bee, the muscles surrounding it possess sufficient contractile force to urge the poison steadily into the wound. It is recommended that the sting be instantly severed with a pair of scissors, and then extracted with a needle. Spirits of hartshorn, or a crushed leaf of the common weed called plantain, are, perhaps, the quickest and surest remedies for the pain of a sting. Bees, especially the Italian bee, have been much maligned as to their tempers. An Italian bee will rarely sting, unless it has been either hurt, greatly disturbed, or frightened.

A bee's sting, when examined through a microscope, is scarcely less wonderful than its eye. 'Upon examining the edge of a very keen razor by the microscope, it appeared as broad as the back of a pretty thick knife, rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows, and so far from anything like sharpness, that an instrument, as blunt as this seemed to be, would not even serve to cleave wood. . . . An exceedingly small needle being also examined, the point thereof appeared above a quarter of an inch in breadth, not round, nor flat, but irregular and unequal; and the surface, though extremely smooth and bright to the naked eye, seemed full of jaggedness, holes, and scratches. In short, it resembled an iron bar out of a smith's forge.' 'But,' says Bevan; 'the sting of a bee, viewed through the same instrument, showed everywhere a polish amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and ended in a point too fine to be discovered.

1 Hook's Microcosm.

Yet this is only the case or sheath of an instrument still more exquisite.' (p. 238.)

With the old fashioned hive it was impossible to watch the movements and understand the processes going on within. The knowledge of bees seemed to be, in great measure, the result of an ingenious system of guessing. The wonder is that so much truth, rather than that so little, was ascertained by such a method. Within the last two centuries accurate investigations have been made, and now, with the aid of modern improvements in the construction of hives, every bee-master may become an original investigator, and may add his quota to the rapidly increasing stock of information. Still all difficulties are not swept away. Bees work by preference in the dark, and, in order to exclude the light from the comb in the observing hive, they cluster in such masses over the glass frames as to make observation very difficult. In spite of all these obstacles, almost every process has been observed and recorded; but it has been only as the result of tireless energy and unwavering devotion in the pursuit of knowledge.

Every hive is provided by the bees with brood-cells of differing sizes, for the accommodation of queens, workers, and drones. The comb is formed in sheets of cells, placed back to back, and only two cells in depth. The comb is generally perpendicular, the cells of which it is formed horizontal to the floor of the hive. The size of the cells is twenty-five worker-cells, and sixteen drone-cells to the square inch. Each cell is a hexagonal tube with slightly curved bases. Into the brood-comb the queen deposits her eggs, never, unless in exceptional cases, making a mistake; always depositing drone-eggs in the larger, and worker-eggs in the smaller cells. She lays them equally on both sides of the same comb, so that the eggs are only separated from each other by the middle partition, which forms the common base of the two rows of cells in each sheet. The effect of thus placing the eggs equally upon both sides of the comb, is to produce a concentration of heat for the development of the young. The eggs are slightly glued to the base of the cell when they are laid, and there they remain, apparently unchanged, for three or four days. At the end of that

time they are hatched into a small white maggot, with several ventral rings. 'When the larva has grown so as to touch the opposite angle of the cell,' says Bevan, 'it coils itself up in the shape of a semi-circle; or, to use the language of Swammerdam, it coils itself up like a dog when going to sleep, and it floats in a whitish, transparent fluid, which is deposited in the cells by the nursing bees, by which it is probably nourished; it then becomes gradually enlarged in its dimensions till the two extremities touch one another and form a ring.' (p. 75.) The least movement of the nursing bees, which are at hand to provide for its wants, will attract it to the food, and it immediately opens its pincers to receive it. The food is liberally though not profusely supplied. It is always enough, and just enough, for the maintenance of a worker or drone. The queen bee, on the contrary, is always royally supplied with more than enough. The food of the ordinary bees and drones consists of the farina of flowers swallowed by the nursing bees, partly digested, and regurgitated for the reception of the larvæ. It is believed to be gradually changed by the admixture of increasing quantities of honey as the larva becomes more and more developed. The time which it takes a larva to develop differs with the temperature of the air. It generally requires from four to six days. By the end of that time it has grown sufficiently large to fill the entire breadth, and nearly the length of the cell. The nursing bees now enclose the cell with a cover of light, brown, and porous wax. The caps of the brood-cell are always more or less convex, the drone's cell being more arched than the worker's. Honey-cells are sealed over with a slightly concave cover. When the larva is enclosed it begins its work. It continually shortens and extends its body by turns, spinning all the while a silky, white cocoon, not unlike that of the silk-worm. The thread proceeds from the middle part of the under lip of the larva, and is composed of two of the slight filaments, gummed together as they issue from two adjacent orifices. When this work is done the larva has entered upon a new phase of existence as a nymph, or pupa. The insect has attained very nearly its full size, and it would seem that the food it has so voraciously taken in its

larval condition is now, by some process, bringing about its full organic development. The worker requires thirty-six hours to complete its cocoon; the queen only twenty-four. In twenty-four days after the deposition of the eggs, the drone comes forth from his cell; in twenty, the worker; and in sixteen, the queen. The cocoon of the two former cover the entire body, but the queen spins hers only around the upper portion of her body, enclosing the head, thorax, and first ring, the remainder being uncovered by the silken film. As soon as the cells are sealed over, the nursing bees seem to consider their peculiar work accomplished; no further notice is taken of the common brood, unless it should be disturbed from without. Occasionally assistance is offered to the drones, in their effort to extricate themselves, but the workers are supposed to be able to take care of themselves. 'In hundreds of instances,' says Mr. Dunbar, 'have I pitied the infant insect when, after long struggling to get out of its cradle, it has at last succeeded so far as to extrude the head, and when, as it was laboring with the most eager impatience, and on the very point of extricating the shoulders also, which would have at once secured its exit, a dozen or two of workers, in following their avocations, have trampled without ceremony over the struggling creature, which was then forced, for the safety of its head, quickly to pop down again into its cell, and wait till the unfeeling crowd had passed before it could renew its efforts.' The attentions which the nursing bees bestow so assiduously upon the larvæ cease, as we have said, the moment the cell is sealed. This is at least uniformly true as regards the workers.

The queen's cells differ very greatly from the hexagonal tubes which form the cradles of the other bees. It is generally formed upon the edge of the comb, the other brood-cells being in the middle. It is a long elliptical cell, which strikingly resembles the roasted pea-nut, or ground-nut, so common in the South; it is partially embedded in the comb, but the lower end projects somewhat beyond its face, and its position, instead of being horizontal, as the other brood-cells are, is vertical. Into this cell (instead of the bee-bread or partially

digested pollen mixed with honey, which is the food of the larvæ of the workers and drones) is placed what is called 'royal jelly.' This is a translucent, jelly-like substance, with a slightly astringent flavor. Dr. Charles Wetherill gives the following as the result of its chemical analysis. 'A specimen was given me by Dr. Leidy, from Mr. Langstroth, of the food of the queen-bee. It was an oblong mass, consisting of two differently colored layers, the inner one horn-like and transparent, the outer whitish and more opaque. Under the microscope, with high powers, it appears amorphous. It was heavier than water, of the consistency of wax, but sticky and elastic. . . . From its reactions it appears to contain, besides wax, albumen and protein compounds. It is truly a bread, containing albuminous compounds, which would probably prove, on analysis, similar to the gluten of wheat, for the nourishment of the plastic organs of the body. . . . A careful examination of the relation between food and its transformation in the bodies of such animals would, no doubt, throw great light upon most points in physiology.'

From the moment when the change is made, and the common larva or egg is destined by the bees for royalty, she is treated with marked distinction. When the queen has become fully developed, the workers cluster around her cell, and gnaw the cover thinner, scooping it out in waved circles till it becomes transparent, and the movements of the royal pupa may be clearly observed. She is generally detained a close prisoner for several days after attaining her majority. During this time she is fed through a hole in the cover of her cell; she extends her proboscis through this opening, and is supplied with honey by the guard. She does not seem to acquiesce in her protracted detention, for during the whole time she utters a peculiar cry, called by apiarians 'piping.'

The bees seem to recognize this note as belonging to their sovereign, for, according to Bevan, as long as the note is uttered the attendant bees near her cell 'remain still, with a slight inclination of their heads.' Many noted apiarians, Huber and Butler among the rest, ascribe to the queen an-

1 Proceedings of the Acad. Nat. Sciences. Phil., July 27th, 1852.

other peculiar note, which they call the 'vox regalis.' Huber mentions that he once witnessed a very remarkable effect produced upon the swarm by the utterance of this 'voice of sovereignty.' The deadly enmity of the queen of a hive against every other aspirant to royal honor, will afterward be considered. On this occasion 'a queen having escaped the vigilance of her guard and sprung from her cell, was, on her approach to the royal embryos, pulled, bitten, and chased by the other bees. But standing with her thorax against a comb, and crossing her wings upon her back, keeping them in motion, but not unfolding them, she emitted a particular sound, when the bees became as it were paralyzed and remained motionless. Taking advantage of this dread, she rushed to the royal cells, but the sound having ceased, as she prepared to ascend, the guardians of the cells instantly took courage and fairly drove her away.' (p. 185.) Bevan, though he quotes this instance with the profound respect which all the first apiarists show to Huber, still thinks it requires confirmation.

The first instinct of a newly emerged queen is to seek for any other queen which may happen to have come out about the same time. The enmity is so intense that she will sometimes rush from the confinement of her own cell immediately toward those of other unhatched queens, and tear to pieces the larvæ contained in them. For a long time it was supposed that the queen possessed no sting, because she will allow herself to be handled, and even torn limb from limb, without endeavoring to use it. But if she only finds an antagonist worthy of her metal, the possession of this weapon is no longer problematical; but she will only use it upon another queen. Under ordinary circumstances, a bee's sting proves fatal to itself. It would then seem impossible that an encounter between two queens could end except in the destruction of both. 'While the common bees,' says Langstroth, 'are ready to sally forth and sacrifice their lives on the slightest provocation, a queen bee only buries herself more deeply among the clustering thousands, and will never use her sting, except when engaged in mortal combat with another queen. When two rivals meet, they clinch at once with every demonstration of the most vindictive

hatred. . . . A queen never stings, unless she has such an advantage that she can curve her body under her rival, so as to inflict a deadly wound without any risk to herself; the moment the position of the two combatants is such that neither has the advantage, but both are liable to perish; they not only refuse to sting but disengage themselves and suspend their conflict for a short time.' (p. 205.)

When, by accident or design, a hive loses its queen, the first effect is a sudden cessation of work, and great agitation and distress throughout the whole swarm; but when the panic has abated the little philosophers go to work at once to supply their loss. Three workers' cells, containing eggs or maggots (not more than three days hatched), are cut into one large cell. Two of the workers are destroyed, the bee bread is removed, and a supply of royal jelly introduced into the cell for the maintainance of the remaining worker, which is to be converted into a queen. During the two days when the grub inhabits the newly-constructed royal cell, a bee may be always observed with its head plunged into it, and when one quits it another takes its place. . . . The animal, which can only move in a spiral direction, keeps incessantly turning to take in the jelly deposited before it, and thus slowly working downward, arrives insensibly near the orifice of the cell, just at the time that it is ready to assume the pupa, when, as before described, the workers shut up its cradle with an appropriate covering. . . . What, you will exclaim, can a larger and warmer house (for the royal cells are affirmed to enjoy a higher temperature than the other bees), a different and more pungent kind of food, and a vertical instead of a horizontal posture in the first place, give a bee a differently shaped tongue and mandibles; render the surface of its posterior tibiae flat instead of concave, deprive them of the fringe of hairs that forms the basket for carrying the masses of pollen; of the auricle and pecten which enable the workers to use these tibiae as pincers; of the brush that lines the inside of these plantae? Can they lengthen its abdomen, alter its color and clothing, give a curve to its sting, deprive it of its wax-pockets, and of the vessels for secreting that substance, and render its ovaries

more conspicuous, and capable of yielding female as well as male eggs? Can, in the next place, the seemingly trivial circumstances just enumerated, altogether alter the instincts of these creatures?''¹

These questions are answered by demonstrated facts. In many cases, only for *two* days is the royal jelly administered to the larva, and from this two days' feeding, together with difference of posture, and plenty of elbow-room, come not only these wonderful physical changes, but the process of development is so hastened that the perfect queen emerges from her cell four days earlier than the same larva would have done as a worker, if no change of treatment had been made. But far more wonderful than any physical development, or repression as a result of purely physical causes, is the change in the instincts of the little creatures. The first instinct of a worker is loyalty and devotion to its sovereign, while that of the queen is to destroy her. The worker leaves the hive five or six times a day, making each time an excursion of a mile or more; the queen leaves the hive but twice in her lifetime. The worker repels any interference by stinging its tormentors, even where its own life is the sacrifice, but at the same time it always refuses to sting a queen; the queen will allow herself to be torn to pieces without using her weapon, unless it be against a royal antagonist. The worker is the defender of the hive, the champion of its rights; the queen seeks protection by hiding herself among her subjects when danger approaches. The worker nourishes the young, and provides for its proper development; the queen resigns all maternal duties, except that of producing the eggs from which they are to be hatched.

Perhaps this is the only instance in which we have the elements of the problem presented of the transformations produced by various conditions upon the embryo animal. Just here a glimmer of light seems to fall upon one of the darkest and most mysterious problems of vitality; and what do we find? Why, chemical analysis, so full of its 'probables,' and its 'no doubts,' eagerly grapples with the elements, or data of

¹ Kirby and Spence. Introduction to Entomology, vol. II, p. 181.

the problem, hoping to seize, at last, the secret of life. But what does she discover? Just exactly nothing. With all her appliances and experiments, varied in every conceivable way, she remains just as far as ever from the object of her long search. The principle of life still eludes her grasp, after having again mocked her hope; and so our poor little glimmer of light goes out in darkness.

This is no place for hypotheses and surmises. We are brought face to face with a new physical truth, which may hold within itself wonderful possibilities, and possess wide practical bearings. Hypothesis has no right to an honorable place in science till it is founded upon a basis of accurate and impregnable fact. Theory is the noble crown which fitly finishes the temple built with infinite toil and patience, and whose foundation-stones are laid in a spirit of reverent and inextinguishable longing for the truth. If hypothesis, made in a careless and presumptuous spirit, be the foundation of physical science, the structure will be more unstable than the house built upon the sand. It need not wait for the winds to blow, and the floods to come, and the rain to beat upon it; it will fall of itself, and vanish into thin air.

The workers only interfere with the queen when she endeavors to destroy her helpless rivals, still in their cells. They not only seem to acquiesce in the contest for the mastery which takes place when two queens find themselves at the same time in the hive, but they urge on the encounter, and stand aside to watch it. We find a very interesting account of one of these contests, as given by an eye-witness, which appeared in the *New England Farmer* for October, 1855. A swarm of bees had been placed in a glass observing hive without a queen. They began, of course, to found royal cells. Six of them were soon planned. 'In about twelve days the first queen was hatched. As soon as she was born she marched rapidly and in the most energetic manner over the comb, and visited the other cells in which were the embryo queens, seeming at times furious to destroy them. The workers, however, surrounded her, and prevented such wholesale murder. But for two days she was intent upon her fell purpose, and kept in

almost continuous motion to effect it. On the fourteenth day the second queen was ready to come out, piping, and making various noises to attract attention.

‘A part of the colony then seemed to conclude that it was time to take the first queen and go, but by some mistake she remained in the hive after the swarm had left. The second queen came out as soon as possible after the others had gone, and then there were now two hatched queens in the hive! They ran about on the comb, which was now nearly empty, so that they could be distinctly seen. But they had not apparently noticed each other, while the workers were in a state of great uneasiness and commotion, seeming impatient for the destruction of one of them. The mode they adopted to accomplish it was of the most deliberate and cold-blooded kind. A circle of bees kept one queen stationary, while another party dragged the other up to her, so that their heads nearly touched, and then the bees stood back, leaving a fair field for the combatants, in which one was to gain the laurels, and the other to die! The battle was fierce and sanguinary. They grappled each other, and, like expert wrestlers, strove to inflict the fatal blow by some sudden or adroit movement. But for some moments the parties seemed equally matched; no advantage could be gained on either side. The bees stood looking calmly on the dreadful affray, as though they themselves had been the heroes of a hundred wars. But the battle, like all others, had its close; one fell upon the field, and was immediately taken by the workers and carried out of the hive. By this time the bees which had swarmed made the discovery that their queen was missing, and although they had been hived without any trouble, came rushing back, but not in season to witness the fatal battle, and the fall of their poor, slain queen, who should have gone forth with them to seek a future home.’

Huber mentions that having introduced a queen into a colony which was already provided with one, he observed that the bees seemed even more anxious than the queens themselves for the contest. They restrained the motions of the

rivals when they appeared to withdraw from each other, but gave them 'full liberty to attack.'

Within a few days after the liberation of the young queen from her cell, she takes her first and only flight (except at those times when she leads off a swarm). Bonnet mentions these serial excursions without understanding their object. 'I have often,' says he, 'seen the young queens taking an airing upon the second or third day of their age.' 'By a long course of careful experiments Huber ascertained,' says Langstroth, 'that, like many other insects, she was fecundated on the wing, and that the influence of this connection lasts for several years, and probably for life. He could, however, form no satisfactory conjecture how eggs were fertilized which were not yet developed in her ovaries.' (p. 34.) By means of close microscopic investigation a small sac was discovered by Dr. Joseph Leidy, opening into the oviduct, which is the permanent receptacle of the spermatic fluid. Dzierzon, probably the greatest living authority upon the subject of bees, insists that the drones are produced from unfertilized, and the workers from fertilized eggs. It has been suggested by Mr. Samuel Wagner that the size of the cells in which the respective eggs are laid may determine their sex. 'He supposes,' says Langstroth, 'that when she deposits her eggs in worker-cells, her body is slightly compressed by their size, thus causing the eggs as they pass the spermatheca to receive its vivifying influence. On the contrary, when she is laying in drone-cells, as this compression cannot take place, the mouth of the spermatheca is kept closed, and the eggs are necessarily unfecundated.' (p. 38.)

Bevan argues strongly against this instance of parthenogenesis, but recent investigations seem conclusive in its favor. If a queen does not leave the hive till three weeks after her release, she is able only to lay drone-eggs. The spermatic sac seems to have become so withered as to be unable to perform its functions. These drone-laying queens are also wanting in the instincts of the perfect fertile queens. They lay the drone-eggs in worker cells, or on the edges of the comb. Instances are upon record where either the queen has placed a drone-

egg by mistake in a royal cell, or the workers have been misled by its being in a small cell, and have undertaken to make a queen of it. Whatever may have been the cause, the poor drone has been dosed to death with royal jelly, in the vain attempt to make a queen of him.

The royal pupa is surrounded with every care, a guard is stationed at the opening of her cell, and she is detained and fed for several days after coming to maturity, in the hope of insuring her perfect development before she is released; but after her escape, and before her first flight, her rank and importance are ignored. In relation to a newly-hatched queen, Bevan quotes Dunbar as follows: "Not the slightest degree of attention or respect was paid her by the bees; not one gave her food; she was obliged, as often as she required it, to help herself; and in crossing to the honey-cells for that purpose, she had to scramble, often with difficulty, over the crowd, not an individual of which got out of her way, or seemed to care whether she fed or starved; but no sooner did she become a mother than the scene was changed," and all testified toward her those affectionate attentions which are uniformly exhibited to fertile queens.' (p. 186.)

A young and fertile queen begins the season by laying only worker-eggs; of these she sometimes lays one hundred thousand in a summer. Bevan and the older apiarians give two hundred a day as a fair estimate; but Langstroth says that this is much under the true amount. He states that at the height of the season, a young and vigorous queen will often deposit two thousand, and sometimes as many as three thousand eggs *per diem*. The sex of the egg is determined by a number of causes; insufficient food, or rather no food at all, for twenty-four hours, will transform a fertile into a drone-laying queen. Refrigeration for a great length of time will also convert an ordinary fertile queen into one which only lays drone-eggs. In old age, too, the queen ceases to lay worker-eggs. The spermatie sac is, probably, in each of these cases, destroyed or exhausted.

It has been said that the queen is the mother of the whole swarm. This is generally true, but is not without exception.

There are occasionally to be found fertile workers, and these are known to have been reared in cells adjacent to the royal cells; it has been, therefore, suggested that they may have partaken of some of the royal jelly, and by this means become partially developed into queens. The shape of the fertile worker differs somewhat from the ordinary bee, and approximates to that of the queen. It is believed that no instance is upon record in which a common bee, unless it had lived under the shadow of royalty, has thus assumed the royal prerogative. The eggs of these workers invariably hatch out into drones.

The common bees of the hive are generally of two kinds, the nursing bees, whose office and work we have described, and the workers, or those who construct the comb and fill it, who guard the entrance to the hive and defend it against invasion, and who protect it from disease by cleansing and ventilating it. The first function which the workers are obliged to fulfill is the secretion of wax for the building of the comb. When this becomes necessary, the bees fill their stomach with honey and suspend themselves, hooked together by their claws, in festoons or curtains. Here they remain motionless for about twenty-four hours. The honey, by the digestive process, has, in this interval, been converted into wax, which shows itself in scales, lying between the abdominal scales of the bee's body, being partially overlapped by, and partially overlapping, these scales.

'All the scales,' says Huber, 'are not alike in every bee, for a difference is perceptible in consistence, shape, and thickness; some are so thin and transparent as to require a magnifier to be recognized; or we have been able to discover nothing but spiculæ, similar to those of freezing water. Neither the spiculæ nor the scales rest immediately on the membrane of the pocket, a slight liquid medium is interposed, serving to lubricate the joinings of the rings, or to render the extraction of the scales easier, as otherwise they might adhere too closely to the sides of the pockets.' After the secretion of the wax is complete, the bees loosen themselves and begin making it ready for future use. 'The worker,' says Huber again, 'now em-

ploying the pincers at the joint of one of the third pair of its limbs, seized a scale of wax projecting from a ring, and brought it forward to its mouth with the claws of its forelegs, where it appeared in a vertical position. We remarked that with its claws it turned the wax in every necessary direction; that the edge of the scale was immediately broken down, and the fragments having been accumulated in the hollow of the mandibles, issued forth like a very narrow ribbon, impregnated with a frothy liquid by the tongue. The tongue itself assumed the most varied shapes, and executed the most complicated operations, being sometimes flattened like a trowel, and at other times pointed like a pencil; and after imbuing the whole substance of the ribbon, pushed it forward again into the mandibles, when it was drawn out a second time, but in an opposite direction.

‘At length the bee applied these particles of wax to the vault of the hive, where the saliva impregnating them promoted their adhesion, and also communicated a whiteness and opacity which were wanting when the scales were detached from the rings.’¹

Although the hive numbers thousands of laborers, they do not begin several combs simultaneously. The bees wait until some of their number assumes the part of architect and lays the foundation, and then this serves for the common centre, from which they all work. Wonderful as is their harmony, they seem to be subject to no discipline. They work successively, not simultaneously.

Maraldi, the inventor of glass hives, determined, by accurate measurement, the angles of the cells, and ascertained the greater angles to be $109^{\circ} 28'$, and the lesser $70^{\circ} 32'$. Reamur requested M. Kœnig (without informing him of his reasons, or of the measurements of Maraldi,) to ‘determine by calculation what ought to be the angles of a six-sided cell, with a concave pyramidal base, formed of three similar and equal rhomboid plates, so that the least possible matter should enter into its construction.’ By the *Infinitesimal Calculus*, M. Kœnig ascertained the angles to be respectively $109^{\circ} 26'$, and

1 Huber on Bees, as quoted by Rennie. *Insect Architecture*, p. 133.

70° 34'. As a general thing, bees prefer to begin at the top of the hive and build downward; but their instinct is almost as flexible and quick to adapt itself to circumstances as is the reason of man. If hindered from pursuing their usual direction in the construction of comb, they sometimes build upward, sometimes laterally, and even, at times, curve the comb, in order to conform to the requirements of the case. The shape and size of each cell of this curved comb must of course be different from those of the straight comb. The bases of the cells, being common to those which open either way, are of the usual size; but every cell which opens upon the convex side must become wider toward the open end, and each one on the concave side must become narrower. 'How can so many insects,' says Huber, 'occupied at once on the edges of the combs, concur in giving them a common curvature from one extremity to the other? How do they resolve on establishing cells so small on one side, while dimensions so enlarged are bestowed on those of the other? And is it not more singular still, that they have the art of making a correspondence between cells of such reciprocal discrepance? The bottom being common to both, the tubes alone assume a taper form. Perhaps no other insect has afforded a more decisive proof of the resources of instinct when compelled to deviate from the ordinary course.'¹

These cells of irregular size and shape are used as honey and pollen cells, never for brood. When drone-cells are required, and the last cells constructed in the comb were those of the workers, the transition from the smaller to the larger is done generally by building several rows of cells of the intermediate sizes. But brood is only deposited in their own appropriate cells. If, while the queen is laying, the hive be deprived of their cells, she will drop her eggs about at random, to be devoured by the workers, rather than deposit them where they cannot be reared.

When first completed, the wax of the comb is pure white, brittle, and translucent; but its color and consistence soon change. This change has been proved by many direct experi-

¹ *Insect Architecture*, p. 152.

ments to result in no way from the heat of the hive, the action of the air, or the emanations from the honey. It is the direct work of the bee, which strengthens and binds together the fragile texture of its home, by gluing and varnishing it with propolis. In one case Huber observed that the bees fell vigorously to work to destroy the new, brittle comb, and to substitute a stronger comb made from a mixture of wax and propolis. The store of this latter substance, which is gathered from poplar and other trees, lay in a block over the cleft of the hive. It had become hardened by exposure to the air, and it seemed impossible that the bees would ever produce any impression upon it; 'but,' says Huber, 'we thought, as also had appeared to M. de Réamur, that they softened it with the same frothy matter from the tongue which they use to render wax more ductile. We very distinctly observed the bees mixing fragments of old wax with the propolis, kneading the two substances together to incorporate them; and the compound was employed in rebuilding the cells that had been destroyed. Further and more accurate observation, in this instance, as is not infrequently the case, harmonized the apparently antagonistic opinions of two naturalists by showing that they were both right.' Pliny states that the cells are constructed of wax and propolis: Réamur contends that they are built of pure wax. Pliny had probably observed the second, and Réamur the first building of the comb.

Every bee, when it quits the brood-cell in which it was reared, leaves behind it the silken cocoon that, when a pupa, it had spun around itself. This silky film is not removed, but is incorporated by the other bees into the body of the cell. Each successive inmate, therefore, strengthens and slightly contracts the cell in which it was bred. As many as seven or eight of these skins have been discovered as the linings of one cell. After a time, the decreasing dimensions of the cell affect the size of the bee which is reared in it; 'and, accordingly,' says Rennie, 'when bees are bred in contracted cells, they are by necessity smaller, and constitute, in fact, the important class of nurse-bees.' (p. 15.)

Instead of the sheet of comb, formed of two series of hexago-

nal cells, which the ordinary bee builds, there is a species to be found in Guadalupe, and in some parts of South America, which constructs for the reception of its honey cells of the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, black or deep violet in color. These cells hang in clusters, and look like a bunch of grapes. Another South American honey bee makes a hive of clay, oval in form, and about two feet in diameter. When broken, the wax is found in sheets of hexagonal cells, and the honey is abundant.

The pollen, or bee bread, is simply the powdery substance discharged by the anthers of flowers, in warm, dry weather, and by which they are fructified. It is generally collected by the bees in the morning, as the moisture makes it more cohesive, and they can better pack it into the little balls with which they load their 'baskets.' Frequently the bees may be observed to roll themselves in the anther dust till they are covered with it. When the weather is too dry to admit of their forming it into balls, they come home, looking as dusty as millers, and there get a good brushing off. The farina is collected and disposed of at once. Part of it is swallowed by the nursing bees, to be regurgitated for the maintenance of the larvæ, and part is packed away in a worker-cell, after having been moistened with honey. The farina of one flower is not deposited by the bee upon another. It has been ascertained that the bee visits only *one kind of flower* on each excursion. In consequence of this fact, not only is each supply of pollen homogeneous, but the flowers visited by them are not hybridized, as they would otherwise be.

Huber demonstrated that wax might be secreted by feeding the bees with honey, and excluding them from access to pollen, and also, that pollen alone will not enable them to make wax. From these facts he concluded that the pollen was of no use as food for the bees while employed in the construction of comb. But a fuller and closer observation has shown that pollen plays a large part in the secretion of wax. 'Some bee-bread,' says Langstroth, 'is always found in the stomach of wax-producing workers, and they never build comb so rapidly as when they have free access to this article.' (p. 70.)

As the practical results of this investigation in regard to wax and pollen, the most experienced apiarians recommend that very finely ground, unbolted rye-flour shall be supplied to the bees early in the spring before the pollen is abundant. One swarm will often carry away two pounds of it before the pollen becomes abundant enough, or ripe enough, for their purposes. 'Careful experiments,' says Langstroth, 'prove that from thirteen to twenty pounds of honey are required to make a single pound of wax. As wax is an animal oil, secreted chiefly from honey, this fact will not appear incredible to those who are aware how many pounds of corn or hay must be fed to cattle to have them gain a single pound of fat. Many bee-keepers are unaware of the value of empty comb. Suppose honey to be worth only fifteen cents per pound, and comb, when rendered into wax, to be worth thirty cents, the apiarian who loses a pound of comb loses largely by the operation, even without estimating the time the bees have consumed in building it. It should therefore be considered a first principle in bee-culture never to melt good combs. A strong stock of bees, in the height of the honey harvest, will fill them with great rapidity.' (p. 71.)

It is suggested by the very successful bee-master whom we have just quoted, that artificial combs of gutta percha might be constructed, which could be emptied of their contents and returned to the hive. Quite lately a machine (the Peabody Extractor) has been brought into use, by means of which the honey may be drawn from the cells without injury to the combs. The building of the combs is carried on most assiduously by night, or in such weather as prevents the bees from going abroad to gather new supplies. The bees build comb only so long as there is honey to be gathered. When the honey harvest outside has been gathered in, they cease to construct storehouses. The fact that the bees work at night is less surprising, when we consider that the hive is always dark within; they seem to avoid the light, and often produce the gloom they love, within the glass hives, by clustering so thickly over the panes as to exclude the light as well as to remove themselves from observation. Twenty pounds of honey, as we

have already said, are consumed by the bees in order to the production of one pound of wax. This one pound of wax, when built up into cells, will store just twenty pounds of honey.

The cells being complete, the next duty of the workers is to store them. We have already spoken of the bee-bread or pollen, which goes toward helping the secretion of wax. This is, however, not its chief use. The workers might possibly secrete wax without the aid of pollen, but the brood could never be reared without it. It is stored away in worker-cells for the use of the brood during those seasons when there is no pollen to be collected outside. The mature bees, it has been demonstrated, do not require bee-bread for their own maintenance, but they do require it in order to the proper and rapid secretion of wax and royal jelly.

The main store of the hive is, of course, the honey. Many flowers, rich in this vegetable secretion, are not visited by the bee, because it lies too deep to be reached by its proboscis. The nectar of both the honey-suckle and of red clover lies too deep to be reached by the common bee. It is, however, claimed that the Italian bee can reach the rich stores of the red clover, on account of the greater length of its proboscis. The honey harvest, therefore, where this crop is largely raised, is not only more abundant, but of a finer and more delicate flavor when gathered by the Italian than by the common brown bee.

The surplus honey gathered by a strong Italian swarm, has, in a Langstroth hive, sometimes reached the surprising amount of eighty pounds in one summer; but thirty to thirty-five pounds a season is considered a good yield.

The bee, in gathering honey, enters a flower, inserts its proboscis into the nectarium, and draws the sweet liquid, by the aid of its tongue, into the honey-bag. A portion of the honey passes into the true stomach for the bee's own maintenance, the greater part remaining in the honey receptacle. A change undoubtedly takes place in the liquid, in consequence of its having been swallowed and regurgitated. Honey made from sugar and water is not very different from that

made from raspberry or grape juice. The quality depends upon the source from which the nectar is obtained, but its flavor is not determined by it. The far-famed honey from Mount Hymellus is gathered from the fragrant thyme which grows so luxuriantly there. The celebrated honey of Narbonne owes its exquisite flavor to the rosemary, and that of Pontus to the balm found in the vicinity.

Besides the building and filling of the comb, the workers constitute the sanitary police and the militia force of the hive. Before the entrance of every bee-hive stand sentinels who interrogate each new comer. If a robber-bee succeeds in eluding guard at the door, he is often able to commit his depredations unchallenged. The workers within, having relegated to the bees stationed without the duty of excluding all depredators, seem to take it for granted that the work has been efficiently done, and assume that any bee inside has his passport in his pocket.

The sanitary laws of the hive are very remarkable. Cleanliness seems to be the first consideration. The moment a brood-cell is vacated by the newly-matured insect, workers enter it and cleanse it entirely of any foreign substance or exuviae. Everything which can in any way interfere with the purity or healthfulness of the hive, is carefully dragged to the door and thrown out. Sometimes when the strength of the bees is inadequate to this, they pursue another method. Reaumur mentions an instance which came under his notice. A snail had made its way into one of his observing hives, and attached itself to a pane of glass. The bees immediately went to work, attached it still more firmly to the glass, by means of propolis, and then covered the mouth of the shell with the same substance, so as to prevent any unpleasant odor from the decomposing mass. Maraldi noticed a somewhat similar instance. A slug had invaded one of his hives, the bees immediately stung it to death, and then proceeded to entomb it. They covered the whole body of the insect, in this case, with propolis, and so hermetically sealed it.

This glue is also used to fill up every crack. Moisture and draught, as well as every subtle enemy among the insect tribe,

are thus excluded. But the bees are by no means enemies to ventilation. Long rows of the little creatures station themselves from the entrance to the inmost recesses of their home, and, by the quick motion of their wings, accurately timed, a stream of pure air is kept perpetually flowing through the hive. The air, in the centre of a hive containing twenty thousand bees, has been tested, and found to be as pure as that outside. They, by these means, secure the *desideratum*, pure air and no draught. The stations of these rows of ventilators are upon the floor of the hives; sometimes there are twenty rows all terminating at the entrance, in parallel lines, or in converging rays. New relays every now and then take the place of those who have exhausted themselves in the public service. Huber placed a number of anemometers, or wind-gauges, at the entrance to determine the force of the air-current. He found the little gauges in a state of perpetual agitation, which varied as the number of the ventilators was greater or less. If sunlight be allowed to fall into a hive, those bees in the direct rays begin at once to fan themselves, while those in the shadow remain still. It would thus seem that they combine the operation of cooling themselves with that of purifying the atmosphere of the hive.

Many instances are upon record of pitched battles between the workers. The occasion of these contests is always the desire on the part of a swarm to take possession of a hive already occupied. When the weakness of a neighboring swarm is detected, and its territory is a desirable one, the stronger army sallies forth, makes a furious attack upon its neighbors, and often succeeds in dislodging them from the coveted ground. 'A furious onset is made,' says Langstroth, 'and the ground in front of the assaulted hive is soon covered with the bodies of innumerable victims. Sometimes the baffled invaders are compelled to sound a retreat; too often, however, as in human contests—right proving but a feeble barrier against superior might—the citadel is stormed, and the work of rapine forthwith begins. And yet, after all, matters are not so bad as at first they seemed to be, for often the conquered bees, giving up the unequal struggle, assist the

victors in plundering their own hive, and are rewarded by being incorporated into the triumphant nation. The poor mother, however, remains in her pillaged hive, some few of her children, faithful to the last, staying with her to perish by her side amid the ruins of their once happy home.' (p. 263.)

The extraordinary fertility of the queen-mother produces a crowding of the hive, in consequence of which, as well as from other causes, the original stock throws off one or more swarms, which go out from the parent hive in search of a new home. As the first preparatory step to swarming, a number of royal cells are constructed. These cells are founded just about the time the drones begin to make their appearance in the open air. Before the new queens make their escape from the royal cells, the old queen becomes very restless. She wanders over the cells without depositing any eggs, and soon her agitation is communicated to the whole colony. The bees, who have ceased work for that day, fill themselves with honey from the store cells. A few bees fly in and out the hive; soon a violent disturbance begins within; the workers fly round and round in widening circles; and finally a steady stream comes pouring out of the door. The queen does not generally appear at first. When she does come, she not infrequently falls to the ground from her great weight. If this happens the swarm scatters everywhere in search of her. If they do not find her they return to the hive; if they do, and she is enabled to rise, the bees cluster around her in great masses, generally in the branch of some tree near by, and the swarm can then easily be hived.

Artificial swarming, which insures the successful hiving of the colony, can easily be effected, if the movable comb-hive be used. Before the issue of the swarm, scouts are in many instances sent out to select a new home. The union of swarms has occurred more than once, under such circumstances that a previous understanding between them seems absolutely necessary to account for the observed phenomena. Bees, when swarming, are generally peacefully inclined. In one case a whole swarm settled upon the neck and shoulders of a servant girl who was assisting Mr. Thorley to secure them. The girl,

though very much alarmed, was induced to remain perfectly quiet till Mr. Thorley should find the queen. He soon secured her, but still the swarm did not stir. This inaction on the part of the bees led him to suppose that *two* queens had escaped with the colony; he therefore searched again, and found the second queen. As soon as she was secured the bees flocked to her in great multitudes, and the terrified girl was released without a single sting. M. Lombard mentions an instance in which the swarm alighted upon the hand of a little girl, without inflicting a single wound.

The bees which leave the hive are not all the newly-hatched brood. There are to be found in every swarm a large number of old bees, which may be distinguished by their ragged wings and scanty hairs. Sometimes, as in the instance above mentioned, more than one queen emerges from her cell at once; and, with the old queen who leads the movement, one or more young queens go out. In one case, eight queens went out in a single swarm, and seven of them were found dead the following day.

Sometimes two queens thus exist in the hive at the same time, without seeming conscious of the fact. In this case, the workers imprison the junior rival, and keep her so close that she dies of suffocation or hunger; they have never been known to sting her. One swarm will sometimes rear as many as thirty-four queens in a season.

The number of colonies thrown off from one stock surpasses belief. Swammerdam mentions one hive which sent off during one season *thirty* swarms, in the first and second generation. Bosc, the French Consul in Carolina, states that a single stock in his possession threw off twenty-two swarms.

The drones are of so little value in the hive that a few words will be quite sufficient to devote to them. They have already been described, and, as their only employment is eating, sleeping, and idling, their history does not prove so interesting to us as it probably does to themselves. Usually, after the fertilization of the queen takes place, early in July, there is a general massacre of the drones. Huber succeeded in obtaining a full view of the slaughter. The workers fell upon

the defenceless creatures, stung them, and cast them ignominiously out of the hive. In a few instances, where there is no queen in the hive, or only a drone-laying queen, they are spared till later in the season. In occasional instances, where drones have been fed with royal jelly, no change has been produced in them.

We shall conclude with some curious instances of those instincts of bees which seem so marvellously like reason that sometimes it is hard to draw the line of distinction. The bees undoubtedly possess some feeling of personal attachment to their sovereigns. If, within twenty-four hours after the loss of their sovereign, a stranger queen is introduced into the hive, they decline to receive her; but after that time they seem to have recovered from the first agitation of grief sufficiently to be willing to make a compromise for the public good. An Italian queen was brought some years ago to Virginia, in the hope of improving the native stock. As she had cost twenty dollars, her owner was desirous of securing her welcome among the native bees; he, therefore, removed their queen, and cut from the comb every royal cell that was founded. After the lapse of two or three days he introduced her to her new subjects, and watched anxiously what her reception would be. The eagerness of delight manifested by them was beautiful to see. They clustered around her, hugged her, and caressed her with their antennæ so ardently that the fear she would be destroyed by their anger, gave place to the fear that she would be suffocated by their affection. She, however, escaped, and became the progenitor of more than a million of bees in the course of a few years. The introduction of the yellow Italian bee, into stocks of the native brown bee has made hundreds of observations possible, which without them could never have been made. The longevity of queens, drones, and workers was thus easily ascertained. The fact that the progeny of an Italian queen and common drone is hybrid in the workers and pure in the drones, is the strongest possible evidence of the truth of Dzierzon's theory of parthenogenesis.

Bevan mentions an instance of the devotion of the bees to

their queen which is very interesting. He says: 'On examining the clustering-ground (after a swarming which was attended with unusual confusion), the dead body of the queen was found with about twenty or thirty bees around it; these I removed in my hand, and dispersed them one by one from an open window, but it was curious even then to see them attempting to reënter the room. I left four only to caress the dead body, and these were, of course, true to their allegiance, and were found dead by the side of their queen the next morning. . . . After a fight amongst young queens, even, I have found a cluster of workers remaining and perishing with the wounded queens.'

Dr. Evans tells the following story: 'A queen, in a thinly peopled hive, lay on a honey-comb, apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings, as if to fan her, and with extended stings, as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, these watchers were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard; and this faithful band of attendants, as well as the other members of the family, remained at their posts till death came kindly to extinguish both their affection and their grief, for though constantly supplied with honey not a bee remained alive at the end of four days.'

Dr. Evans mentions having noticed on the glass panes of his observing hives a number of gluey spots at regular intervals, he supposed them to be the beginnings of a comb, but discovered, upon further observation, they had been placed there as footholds for the bees. The glass was too slippery to admit of a worker climbing it with his load. The bees, therefore, made a ladder of their bodies, each one resting one of his middle legs upon this tiny support, while he clung to the bee above, and supported the bee below, by the hooked claws of his other feet. Up and down this living ladder went the bees to their work of comb-building.

Mr. Walond mentions a still more striking instance. 'In-

specting his bee boxes at the end of October, he perceived that a centre comb, burthened with honey, had separated from its attachments, and was leaning against another comb, so as to prevent the passage of the bees between them. This accident excited great activity in the colony, but its nature could not be ascertained at the time. At the end of a week, the weather being cold, and the bees clustered together, Mr. Waulond observed through the windows of the box, that they had constructed two horizontal pillars [of wax] between the combs alluded to, and removed so much honey and wax from the top of each as to allow the passage of a bee; in short, in about ten days more there was an uninterrupted thoroughfare; the detached comb, at its upper part, had been secured by a strong barrier, and fastened to the window by the spare wax. This having been accomplished, the bees removed the horizontal pillars, first constructed, as being of no further use.' (p. 274.) A similar expedient, as mentioned by Huber, was once adopted by some humble bees to secure an unstable comb.

When attacked by an enemy, the resources displayed by their instinct is remarkable. When in danger of an attack from the *Sphinx Atropos*, they adopt means to exclude him, but not until after experience has taught them their danger. Sometimes they do not take measures of defence till they have lost a large portion of their honey. After having discovered what a very disagreeable inmate he may make himself, they exclude him by constructing barriers and archways of wax, which will admit one or two workers, but are too small to permit the entrance of their enemy. Moreover, when the danger is past, and the honey harvest is to be gathered in, they destroy the barricades, as presenting an obstacle to the ingress and egress of the laden bees. A colony which had suffered greatly from the depredations of this moth one year before protecting itself, three years afterward constructed its defensive works upon the first appearance of the *Sphinx*. This information must have been transmitted, as we know the common bees do not live more than seven months at the outside.

It is quite evident, from the following anecdote, that bees

remember agreeable sensations: One autumn some honey was placed in a window, and the bees crowded in multitudes to obtain it. The window was closed by a shutter during the whole winter, but as soon as it was opened in the spring the bees flocked in great numbers to the same spot, though there was nothing there to attract them. They become infuriated by the smell of their own poison. Huber presented a sting, with the poison sac attached, to some bees which were resting quietly at the door of the hive; instantly they became excited, two or three darted upon the poisoned instrument, and one attacked Huber himself. After the poison became coagulated it produced no effect. It is quite evident that it is not the amiability of the queen which makes her refuse to sting, but an instinct of self-preservation, for, if annoyed, she will bite with considerable force.

The vitality of these insects is quite wonderful. M. St. John took one hundred and seventy-one bees from the craw of a king-bird. 'Fifty-four of them licked themselves clean and joyfully went back to their hives.' Dr. Evans left some bees for eighteen hours immersed in water; he then ladled them out and placed them in the sunshine, when most of them recovered. Dr. Derham states, that he has known bees to recover after twenty-four hours under an exhausted receiver. A queen bee was refrigerated by Berlepsch for thirty-six hours, after which she recovered, but, as before stated, laid only drone-eggs from that time forth.

We close with a curious account given by Mr. White, of Selborne, of an idiot boy who was addicted to the extraordinary habit of bee-eating. He showed no consciousness of what was going on around him during the winter, but as soon as summer came every ray of intellect was concentrated upon the capture of bees. 'Practice made him so expert that he could seize honey bees, humble bees, or wasps with his naked hands, disarm them of their stings, and suck their honey bags with perfect impunity. Sometimes he would store the bees in bottles, or even in his shirt-bosom. He was the terror of the surrounding bee-keepers, whose gardens he would enter by stealth, and rapping on the outside of the hives catch the bees as they

would come out to see what was the matter. If, in this way, he could not obtain a sufficient number to supply his wants, so passionately fond was he of honey, that he would sometimes overturn the hives to get at it. He was accustomed to hover around the tubs of the mead-makers to beg a draught of the bee-wine, as he called it. As he ran about the fields he made a humming noise with his lips resembling that of bees. The lad was lean in his person, and of a cadaverous, unhealthy aspect. He died before he reached the age of maturity.'

ART. VIII.—*The Character of St. Paul.* By J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This duodecimo of 314 pages is, in point of mechanical execution, as exquisite and beautiful a volume as ever appears from the press of this country, or from that of any other. This is, however, the least praise to which it is entitled; for the work is, in fact, far more beautiful in substance than it is in form. The thought, the style, the tone, and the spirit of the work are worthy of Dean Howson himself, or of any other scholar of the age. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that the author is the same who, in connection with Conybeare, wrote the celebrated work, *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*. Those who have read this, the much larger production, will be prepared to appreciate the learning and the taste of the volume before us.

We shall endeavor to discharge our duty as critics by doing two things: first, by pointing out, as far as possible in our limited space, the excellencies and beauties of the work; and secondly, by laying bare what we conceive to be its chief defects. This last may not be the most pleasant, it will certainly be the most profitable, part of our labor.

We have long regarded St. Paul as the greatest man who has ever lived. We mean by this not to set up our judgment as a fit measure of human greatness, but only to express our

own individual preference. We only mean to say, in other words, that of all the great characters who have figured in history, the moral grandeur of St. Paul's fills our imagination more than does that of any other hero. Neither in Church nor in State, neither in private nor in public life, neither in peace nor in war, have we ever read of any other character which, to the same extent and in the same high degree, appears to us to combine the elements of a glorious manhood. It is for this reason that we have followed, with an interest so intense and absorbing, the delineation of his character by Dean Howson. All the learning, all the genius, all the taste, and all the eloquence of the Dean, were required to handle a theme so lofty and sublime. He was evidently inspired by his subject.

His delineation of 'St. Paul's Character' is set forth in five several lectures, to wit: Lecture I. Tact and Presence of Mind; Lecture II. Tenderness and Sympathy; Lecture III. Conscientiousness and Integrity; Lecture IV. Thanksgiving and Prayer; and Lecture V. Courage and Perseverance. In the treatment of the various topics, the writer is far from indulging in vague generalities, or in tumid hyperboles. On the contrary, he enters into the minute details of St. Paul's character, omitting none of its lights or shades, and none of the proofs by which his carefully matured views are verified. He thus leaves the reader with the impression that he has described, not the character of some romance or fiction, but of a real man, who, in this every-day world of ours, has worked and wept for his race, has sorrowed and rejoiced, as no other man ever did, except the Son of Man himself.

The author might, perhaps, have adopted a little better order for the presentation of his views, or for the delineation of the Apostle's character. Would it not, for example, have been an improvement if he had first laid the granite foundations of his character, and then erected thereon the superstructure, consisting of its less massive features, in the order in which they naturally grow out of one another? If, in other words, he had given us first the pedestal, then the shaft, and finally the Corinthian capital? So it seems to us. We shall, there-

fore, pursue this order in following the delineations of our author. That is to say, we shall consider his lectures in the following order: first, Conscientiousness and Integrity; secondly, Courage and Perseverance; thirdly, Tenderness and Sympathy; fourthly, Tact and Presence of Mind; and fifthly, Thanksgiving and Prayer. Hoping the reader will procure, and study for himself, the volume before us, we shall select from each lecture only some of its more original, striking, and eloquent passages for our admiring criticism and commendation.

The fundamental principle of St. Paul's character, as conceived by Dean Howson, was *conscientiousness*. 'Herein do I exercise myself,' says the Apostle to Felix, 'to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.' (Acts xxiv. 16.) This is the text of the Dean. 'He states here,' says the preacher, 'a cardinal principle of *his whole life*, and every word he uses in the sentence is worthy of our closest attention. There is no selection between one duty and another, but alike "toward *God*" and "toward *men*," and *always* he seeks to have a conscience "void of offence."' (p. 141.) Again, he says, 'Standing before the Sanhedrim, he began a fearless speech with these words, "Brethren, I have lived *in all good conscience* before God until this day." (Acts xxiii. 1.) Here the Apostle asserts that he had *always* been a carefully conscientious man. This statement takes in the period before his conversion. The words cover all the ground from his early manhood to the eve of his voyage to Rome. (Acts xxii. 3; and Tim. i. 3.) Further elucidation also of this topic is to be obtained from something else recorded in the neighboring context. In fact, it is remarkable (as was noticed in the first lecture) how the word *conscience* seems engraved, as it were, on this part of the Acts of the Apostles, and especially on the speech addressed to Festus and Agrippa. Speaking to them of the time before his conversion, St. Paul says, "I thought that I *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." (Acts xxvi. 9.) His persecution of the Christians was itself undertaken as a matter of conscientious duty.' (p. 143.)

‘Through the whole of St. Paul’s life (though that life consisted of two very very different parts, one in shade and the other in light) still there runs through the whole texture, from first to last, the one golden thread of an *honest conscience*.’ This fact is reflected in his writings. For, as our author observes, ‘of all the peculiarities of style and matter in his Epistles (and they are not a few) hardly any is more remarkable than the emphatic and repeated reference to *conscience*’; a statement which he illustrates by a large array of striking extracts. ‘Even *then*—in those days of violent opposition to the truth—he had not *disobeyed his conscience*.’ Even after his conversion he could say, ‘I know nothing against myself; no known sin is on *my conscience*.’ (1 Cor. iv. 4.) So that, in darkness and in light, the fact of this *continuous conscientiousness* remains an immovable feature of his character.’ Yet he adds, ‘I am not hereby justified: He that judgeth me is the Lord.’ His error was not in his conduct; it was in his *conscience*. His zeal had been good, had it not been blind. His will did not run *cross to his conscience*, but was led by it. The error was in his understanding; that erroneous judgment poisoned all.’ (p. 153.)

It was in view of his persecutions of the Church that St. Paul considered himself ‘the chief of sinners.’ But there were, nevertheless, far greater sinners than he. For there were those who, though convinced in their *consciences*, by the miracles they had seen, that Jesus Christ was from God, yet reviled him as an impostor, and ascribed his wonderful works to the agency of the devil. These men were guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost. Their sin was unpardonable, not because God would not forgive it in case they should repent, but because repentance was no longer in their power. Having set their wills in opposition to their consciences, and fought against the light of *known truth*, their desperate wickedness established an impassable gulf between themselves and the regions of repentance. Hence they were without hope in the world. Indeed, if the Holy Ghost had shed more light into their consciences, this would only have increased their guilt and condemnation, by stirring them up to still fiercer and

more determined rebellion. They were lost. It was beyond the power of God (we say it with the most profound reverence) to save them, because their wills could not be turned without their consent, and their consent could not be gained. Those only fail to see this awful truth who imagine that the will may be turned, like a spit, or a machine, by the application of external *force*, which is the sum of all metaphysical and moral contradictions. The will may be led, it cannot be forced, to turn, for a forced will is no will at all. It is 'the goodness of God' (and not his power) which 'leads men to repentance.' Hence it is that God, though armed with omnipotence, so earnestly and pathetically pleads with us *to turn and live*, assuring us, with the most solemn of all asseverations, that he '*will* have all men to be saved.' 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked: . . . turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die.' (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.) Hence it is, also, that the Redeemer of the world weeps tears of infinite compassion over the ruin of his people, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would* not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' (Matt. xxiii. 37.) Think you, that they would have pleaded thus, and pleaded in vain, if the objects of their boundless compassion could have been turned and saved by a mere word of power? Or think you, that the Almighty would have uttered that solemn challenge, 'What more could have been done to my vineyard that I have not done in it?' With truth and justice we might have replied, 'Much more, O Lord, for if thou hadst only spoken the word thy vineyard had brought forth grapes, and not wild grapes.' Meditation reveals the secret of all these passages, that although the whole mind, and heart, and will may be renewed by the operation of the Holy Ghost, yet, after all, the *will* itself must turn, or else remain unturned. If it could be turned like a stream, or a stone, or a star, it would not be a *will*; the very idea, nature, and essence of which is, that it is self-active, or self-turning. It may be enslaved by a habit of sin, and so rendered incapable of good; or emancipated by

the power of the Holy Ghost, and thereby made capable of turning to God. But if it be a will at all, its turning must come from *within*, and not from without merely. Hence it is that, in spite of all the tender mercies and infinite power of God, moral agents may, and sometimes do, by a desperate rebellion against light and knowledge, put an end to the day of grace, and seal themselves as sons of perdition. Hence it was that, in spite of all the terrors of hell and all the glories of heaven, some of the Pharisees of old committed the unpardonable sin, and placed themselves beyond the power of redemption. The rebellious will, having broken loose from the empire of *conscience*, in which alone the light of God is manifested, sets up for itself, in the awful darkness of sin, an unconquerable empire of its own. Hear the word, then, which comes down from the highest heaven, and sounds through all the lowest depths of the world, 'Repent, and *turn yourselves from your idols.*' (Ezek. xiv. 6; xviii. 30, 32; xxiii. 9, 11; Hos. xii. 6; Joel ii. 12.) For the night cometh, and may come even in this life, in which there shall be left no place for repentance.

It is the glory of St. Paul, that he always kept his allegiance to *conscience*. Whether in darkness or in light, he always obeyed *this* as the voice of God. Hence he could say, that, 'blasphemer, persecutor, and injurious' as he had been, yet he obtained mercy, *because* he 'did it *ignorantly*, in unbelief.' (1 Tim. i. 13.) If, otherwise, he had done it against the light of *conscience*—the organ of the Holy Ghost—he, too, might have committed the unpardonable sin. But, as it was, he obtained mercy. He became a striking illustration of the blessed assurance, that 'whosoever will do his will (*i. e., is willing to do his will,*) shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' (John vii. 17.) And mark the phrase in which he expresses the ready, the willing acceptance of the light when it did come. 'Immediately I was *not disobedient* to the heavenly vision.' (Acts xxvi. 19.) The light is withheld from those, and from those only, who are not willing to receive it, or to whom it would come in vain.¹

¹ We have read many sermons on the text, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God,' and they all treat it,

We might, if our space permitted, illustrate, almost indefinitely the foregoing law respecting the condition of light or knowledge. By the lives of distinguished men, and by the history of nations, we might show, that obedience leads to light, and disobedience to darkness. But we must pass on to other parts of the Lecture before us. We pass over, with no little regret, the admirable remarks of the author respecting the ill effects of debt on the character of debtors, and proceed to the following reflections :

‘ But now, once more, this delicacy of conscience leads to a thoughtful consideration for the consciences of *others*. A man’s first duty is never to trifle with his own conscience; his second duty is never to trifle with the consciences of those who, like himself, are in a world of responsibility and trial. What you think right another may think wrong; and though he may be mistaken (which, however, is not certain), you may have influence with him (nay, it is hardly to be doubted that

without a single exception, as if obedience *naturally* led to knowledge. There is, no doubt, much truth in this view of the subject, but it is not the whole truth. The sermon on this text, by the Rev. F. W. Robertson, is entitled ‘ Obedience as the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge,’ in which he shows, as so many others do, how living up to the light we have *naturally* leads to still greater light. All this is very well, so far as it goes. But, in addition to this, there is the promise of Christ, that this obedience shall be blessed with further knowledge. In St. Paul’s case, as in thousands of others, this promise was verified, not merely in a *natural* way, but also by a *supernatural* manifestation of the Light. We should, indeed, admire the wisdom and justice of the laws of God’s *natural* providence; we should still more admire and adore the glory of the laws of his *supernatural* grace. Martin Luther and John Wesley were, like St. Paul, men who obeyed their consciences, even before their conversion. Even then they served God, according to the light they had, with great zeal; and their knowledge continually increased, more and more, till the dim twilight of Christ’s glory became a glorious dawn. This was, no doubt, partly due to the fact, that the ‘ organ of spiritual knowledge’ in them was kept in good order, but still more to the supernatural illuminations of the Spirit, for whom that organ was planted in the human soul. This should never be forgotten. We never forget, indeed, the promise of Christ, that the Spirit whom he would send should guide us into all truth. But yet, in our *reasonings*, how prone are we to lose sight of this blessed promise, and lapse into the mere laws of nature! Even in the eloquent sermon of Mr. Robertson there is not an allusion to the promise of Christ, or to the supernatural illuminations of the Spirit.

you have influence with him), and thus *you*, without intending it, may lead *him* into sin. *If we are to judge of the importance of a point of Christian ethics by the space given to it in St. Paul's Epistles, and by a peculiar mode of lingering over it and returning to it, as if he could not bear to leave the lesson unlearnt, we must conclude that hardly anything is more important than this scrupulous consideration for the conscience of others.*' Again, he says, 'I doubt if any point is so characteristic of Christian morality as this principle of self-denial in indifferent things for the sake of the religious good of others. And here the remark arises, how eminently a religion with this distinctive mark suits a world of sin. It was noticed in the last lecture how a religion characterized by the duty and practice of sympathy suits a world of sorrow. Here the point is, that a delicate regard for the consciences of others has upon it a divine mark of fitness for a scene of moral disorder and perpetual temptation.' (p. 175.)

The illustrations under this head, though worthy of the attentive consideration of the reader, we must omit. There is, however, one train of reflection which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, and which is as important as it is original. 'Nor is it,' says he, 'only within the sphere of religious belief that these offences or stumbling-blocks of the soul are found. *They are still more abundant in the road of our ordinary practice*; and there, in the paths where our brethren walk in daily life, any of us may place those stumbling-blocks by inconsistency or thoughtlessness. I am not speaking here of anything avowedly sinful, but of such things as are made right or wrong by circumstances. How serious, for instance, *is the whole question of public amusements when seen from this point of view?* St. Paul always carries such details up to great principles—*How will my conduct probably affect others?*'

Now this is the great question, which, as our author says, is so distinctive or characteristic of the Christian system of morals—the question which is 'ever present to the true Christian heart'—and the question, as regards the intercourse of daily life, which is all-important to be considered. 'Everywhere our

insensible material influence on each other is greater than we imagine.' (p. 184.) This is an awful thought; and the man who does not tremble as he revolves it in his mind has good reason to doubt whether he is a real Christian. The *tender conscience*, which trembles in the presence of such a question, is the only suitable guide in dealing with our relations to the consciences of other men. For example, the question is often asked, 'What harm is this'? and it is often very difficult to answer. '*But, after all, this is not the true Christian question.* The servant of Jesus Christ will rather ask, '*How can I most effectually honor my Master and promote his cause?*' And the answer to *that* question is not commonly, in cases of this kind, very hard.' (p. 184.)

Ay, this is the question, the touchstone by which to try the Christian conscience, whether it is tender and true, or hard and false. 'What harm is this'? The hard conscience replies: There is no harm. I will judge for myself; no one shall deprive me of my liberty; and I will do *this*, be the consequences what they may, if it be only to assert the rights of my manhood and to maintain my freedom. The tender Christian conscience replies: I see no harm in *this*. I may, therefore, do it with *impunity to myself*. But hold! let me consider. Will this cause my brother to offend? If so, then I had better not do *this*, however harmless it may appear in my eyes, while the world stands. Every one can at once recognize in this last style of reasoning the *tender conscience* of St. Paul, as clearly as the *hard conscience* of the self-righteous Pharisee appears in the first style of reasoning. And we may add, in the words of our pious author, 'When we think of these things in silence, we seem to hear a voice more solemn, more remote, more awful, more tender than that of Paul: "*Woe unto the world because of offences.*"' Better were it for thee, oh, thou self-righteous Pharisee! that a millstone were hanged about thy neck, and that thou wert drowned in the depths of the sea, than that thou shouldst cause one of 'these little ones' to offend. (See Matt. xviii. 6.) Such is the tender blossom, the ineffable beauty, in which the Christian conscience culminates, and by which its heaven-descended system of morality

is so broadly distinguished from all the systems of earth. What yearning tenderness over the 'little ones'! and, at the same time, how awful for the hardened ones sounds the passionless 'wrath of the Lamb'! Better, ten thousand times better, were it for thee, oh proud Pharisee! that thou wert forever drowned in the depths of the sea, than that one drop of that inextinguishable wrath should burn in thy conscience! It is 'the fire that cannot be quenched,' 'the worm that never dies.'

With these words we take leave, reluctantly though it be, of our author's Lecture on the 'Conscientiousness and Integrity' of St. Paul. We have said nothing about his 'integrity,' for this is, in fact, included in his 'conscientiousness.' No better definition could indeed be given of his integrity than that he was *always* strictly *conscientious* in the discharge of every known duty. This subject of conscience, of which now, for the present, we take a reluctant leave, is a truly great one. It is, in one word, the sun and centre of the system of Christian ethics. The nature of Conscience, and its various functions; its relations to God, and to the world—to the little world within us, as well as to the great world around us; its supremacy and dominion over the will of the individual man, and its limitations by the consciences of others; these, we say, constitute the most important elements of every well-grounded system of moral philosophy.

In passing, however, we submit, for the meditation of the reader, one reflection respecting two phases of conscience, which the life and teachings of St. Paul bring most distinctly into view. It is this: The cruelty out of a blind conscience, which stained the earlier part of Paul's career, is widely different from the 'charity out of a good conscience,' which he so eloquently recommends to his 'son Timothy.' How often has the first caused the earth to groan, and burst into rivers of blood! How surely, on the other hand, is the other the very soul of peace, and joy, and blessedness of spirit! The one is 'the door of the pit, for the fires from below to break through, and desolate the world without'; the other is 'the window of the soul, located in the lofty

dome of reason, for the light from above to stream through, and illuminate the world within.'¹ The one is the organ of the Spirit, through which he, as the restorer and beautifier of the universe, delivers his message of blessing, and mercy, and purity, and peace to a fallen world. It is through the other that Satan, the enemy of God and man, utters his words of blasting, and mildew, and pestilence, and death. Put your ear to the one and you hear, as echoes from all parts of the world, past and present, the muttering thunders of war, the moans of dying men, and the deep sighings of broken hearts. Listen to the other, and then, in 'still small' strains, the sublime song of 'peace on earth, good will toward men,' greets the inner ear of the soul, and gladdens the universal world. What can we say, then, less than this, that charity, out of a pure heart and a good conscience, reflecting the smile of a reconciled God, is a heaven upon earth; while hate out of blind conscience, kindled into flames of fury by opposition, creates a very hell, with wars, and inquisitions, and *auto-da-fes*, and conflagrations in its train. Such, and so great, in germ at least, was the difference between Saul of Tarsus and Paul the Apostle, between the chief of sinners and the captain of saints.

From the eloquent Lecture on the 'Courage and Perseverance of Paul'—perhaps the most eloquent of the series—we shall select only one passage for notice and reflection. It is in these words: 'I purposely and carefully here add *Perseverance* to Courage, for that is a far higher moral quality, and a far more useful quality, than this. It is also more intimately connected with religious experience, more distinctively the fruit of Christian life. Mere courage, even if it be heroic after the human standard, often evaporates under slow discouragements—the steady struggling onward through hours of weakness—the rising upward still above all doubt and fear—the eye fixed on the coming light in the midst of darkness and perplexity—the hard work continued, notwithstanding opposition, distrust, disappointment, failing health—and all this made harder by the bitter consciousness of sin, and by

1 Southern Review.

inward temptations which no one can fully understand but the tempted man himself—this holy tenacity of purpose is what we need, my brethren, in this life of cloud and conflict, as much as anything in the world; and of this holy tenacity the Apostle Paul is an eminent example.'

The distinction which our author here aims at, and which he wields with so great a power practically, is not very clearly and fully seen by him. There is, in fact, no difference between courage and perseverance. Or, if there is, it is only this—that perseverance is the highest order of courage. In other words, there is a courage of passion without principle, and also a courage of principle with passion. *That* is what our author calls 'courage,' and *this* is what he calls 'perseverance.' It may just as well be called courage and constancy, or constancy in courage, which is the only style of the attribute that becomes a truly great man. The courage of passion without principle is very common among men, and is often displayed by mere animals in the highest degree of perfection.

The courage of mere passion, even the most heroic after the human standard, may be called forth by the shock of battle. The excitement of the animal spirits, and the warlike passions so natural to man, when aroused by the dire conflict of arms, and intensified by its dreadful scenes of suffering and death, often inspires a courage which laughs danger to scorn, and marches into the jaws of death with an eye as steady as its own. The courage, indeed, which is born of battle, seems to delight in danger, and even to court death. But, after all, it may be physical courage only, not moral. How many instances of this, for example, did we witness during the late war! Our fallen heroes—fallen not in battle, or on the field of glory, but only in the sad hour of disaster and defeat—are melancholy proofs of this. Some of these men, and especially one, have been publicly denounced as traitors to our cause. No greater calumny was ever uttered. He did not desert his principles, for he had none; or, at least, none sufficiently fixed to insure his constancy and perseverance in the good cause. The explanation of his conduct is very simple. No sooner

was the cause lost, and the passion, from which his heroic daring sprang, had subsided, than his courage vanished. If, on the contrary, his passions had grown out of, and been rooted in, principles as strong as those of a Stonewall Jackson, or a Lee, his courage would have been as constant and immovable as theirs. But his convictions were not as deep as his passions were strong and violent. Hence he fell in the hour of trial, which for him was not the hour of battle, but that of a passionless peace.

The courage of principle, without passion, is a weak and wavering thing—a reed shaken with the wind. On the other hand, the courage of passion, without principle, is as violent and inconstant as the source from which it springs. It is only when both are combined that we have constancy, or perseverance in courage; and it is only when they are combined in the highest degree of perfection, that we have the courage of a Calvin, a Stonewall Jackson, or a Paul.

There are two men—two great heroes—in the history of the past, whom we are accustomed to associate in our minds with the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The one is Martin Luther, and the other is John Wesley. Both were equal in courage and constancy. But there was more of the stormy violence of passion in the courage of Luther, and more of the calm, fixed, and immovable courage of principle in Wesley. The reply of Luther, when warned against the danger of going to Worms, is known to all the world. ‘I would go there,’ said he, ‘if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses.’ If John Wesley had been in his place he would, as we have often thought, just have gone to Worms without saying one word about devils, or even supposing that he was doing anything uncommon. In relation to the courage of Wesley, Isaac Taylor says: ‘After setting off from the account his constitutional intrepidity, his moral courage was that which is characteristic of a perfect benevolence, and which, in the height of danger, thinks only of the rescue of its objects. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and magistrates, he showed a firmness as well as a guileless skill, which, if the martyr’s praise might admit of such an

adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of the gentleman. In looking at the two brothers, while they are thus quietly bearing themselves in the midst of a furious rabble, a wish is generated that they had been used to read their Bibles always in as calm a mood as that in which they pushed their way among wolves and tigers.'

A noble tribute this to the courage of the great founder of Methodism. We doubt, indeed, if any man, even a Moses or a Paul, ever possessed a higher degree of moral courage than did John Wesley. Napoleon, who could, unblanched, look into the blazing eye of battle, turned pale with fear, and trembled like a girl, when surrounded by the threatening mob of the Legislative Assembly. John Wesley would have smiled in their faces. Their infuriated looks and angry gestures would only have excited his pity and compassion. Is it not strange that it did not occur to Mr. Taylor, that it was just because Wesley read his Bible with fear and trembling, as in the presence of God, that he could move with such ineffable calmness and courage among 'wolves and tigers'? He who fears God need not fear man. This was the secret of St. Paul's courage—of his sublime superiority to the fear of all the powers of darkness. By his faith and his fear of God he put them all under his feet, although, as Dean Howson suggests, he was not constitutionally among the bravest of men.

St. Paul was as remarkable for 'tenderness and sympathy' as for 'courage and perseverance,' or for 'conscientiousness and integrity.' It seems to be a very common opinion that these sterner and more sublime virtues of the hero are hardly compatible with the gentler and softer graces of 'tenderness and sympathy.' However this may be in relation to the great men of the world, it is not so in relation to the heroes of the Church. If, on the contrary, we would find the most perfect exhibitions of 'tenderness and sympathy,' we must look for them under the protecting wing of that 'conscientiousness' and 'courage' which fears nothing, in heaven or on earth, so much as incurring the displeasure of God, or as giving offence to one of his 'little ones.' As our author has most abundantly shown, this was preëminently the case with St. Paul; and

the man who has read much, or reflected closely on the subject of character, will be at no loss for illustrations of the same truth. The history of the Church is full of them. And, besides, if this were the place for such a discussion, it might be easily shown by an analysis of the principles of human action, or of the development of the Christian character, that it is under the protection of the grander and sterner virtues that we ought to expect to find the fullest growth of the gentler and softer ones.

In reading our author, one will, of course, be most struck with those passages as true which most perfectly accord with his own experience or observation. Hence it is that the lines underscored in the following passage have struck us more forcibly than any others in the lecture now under consideration. 'It is not easy, indeed,' says he, 'even here to draw the line precisely. Sympathy may be purely natural. . . . But this at least is true, that (whatever unassisted nature may be able sometimes to produce) *there is no surer mark of Christianity than sympathy; in fact, that without some sympathy there is no true Christianity.*'

This proposition would indeed require no proof, if there were not so many professing Christians in the world who seem to be utterly destitute of sympathy. 'If any man'—such is the solemn declaration of revelation itself—'have not the spirit of Christ, *he is none of his.*' But if one thing, more than any other, distinguishes the character of Christ, it is sympathy. This is the most distinctive, the most obvious, the most pervading feature of his character. *He was sympathy.* It was sympathy which came from heaven to earth, and, amid trials innumerable, endured the contradiction of sinners. It was sympathy, yearning over the sorrows of man, which groaned in the Garden of Gethsemane, and wept tears of compassion over the fate of Jerusalem. It was sympathy which bled on the Cross of Calvary, and there drank, in the darkness of all things, the awful cup of trembling and astonishment. It was sympathy—ay, sympathy for poor, feeble man, which trod the wine-press alone, and cried aloud, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me'?

How, then, can any man profess to have 'the spirit of Christ' who has no sympathy? Many things are there, indeed, in the lives of professing Christians, which would be deemed impossible if they were not known to be facts. These things can be accounted for only on the principle that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' One of these is, that men can profess to be followers of Christ, and even believe themselves to be his disciples, while the fatal mark of an unsympathizing heart brands their character. We have seen many such. We have seen many men whose profession of religion, and long prayers, and sanctimonious demeanor have gained for them a reputation for piety. But, after all, they only had a name to live, not having that sympathy which is the very life of the Christian's life. A brother in trouble or distress might just as well go to a brickbat, or to a millstone, for sympathy, as to one of these self-righteous Pharisees. 'There is no surer mark.' When this is once seen, other marks will be sure to follow, and reveal the fact beyond the possibility of a doubt, that such a Christian is a sham, a hypocrite. However unconscious of the fact he may be, he is, for all that, none the less hollow and hardened in his hypocrisy.

We do not speak at random, nor without the light of conspicuous facts for our guidance. We could, indeed, if such cases were not heart-sickening to dwell upon, very easily fill a volume with just such specimens of eminent professors of Christianity, whose devotion to Mammon and want of sympathy with man is the most prominent and striking feature of their characters. Are such Christians the followers of Wesley, as he was the follower of Christ? No, indeed; they follow neither the precepts nor the example of John Wesley. His three glorious rules, 'Get all you can, save all you can, and give all you can,' he reduced to a still more glorious practice. His *pseudo* disciples of the present day practice all these rules even more religiously than he did, *except the last*, and there they stop, appearing perfectly satisfied with having beaten the great founder of Methodism 'the best two out of three.' But we should not be too hard on them. His third

rule, it is true, expresses *the end* for which his first two rules were framed. But, then, it is expecting too much from an ordinary Methodist, however rich, to be quite as long-sighted as was John Wesley, or to see all the way to *the end* of his philosophy. If they see two-thirds of the way, surely that ought to satisfy us; and they are certainly keen-sighted enough for *that*. It was in view of just such cases, however, which led the *keen-sighted* little girl to reform her Catechism, and say:

‘Tis plain that it is the chief end of man,
To keep all he gets, and get all he can.’

According to our theory, the ‘glory of God and the good of souls,’ is the chief end of man; but then our children, God bless them! are less impressed by our abstract theories than by the many bright and shining examples which they see around them on all sides in the daily walks of life. God bless them! again we say, and save them from the spirit of this money-loving, money-getting, and money-saving age; and plant in their precious, immortal souls ‘the spirit of Christ,’ that they may have something of the conscientiousness and sympathy of the great Apostle. For, if any one thing, more than all others put together, makes the heart ‘more than stony hard,’ it is the love of money. This is the reason (precisely this) why so many professing Christians at this day carry brickbats and millstones in their bosoms instead of hearts.

We can no longer linger over the charming pages of Dean Howson. We can only add, in conclusion, that all the grand virtues and all the gentle graces of St. Paul culminated in ‘prayer and thanksgiving’ to God, as the top and flower, as the crown and glory of the ‘new man in Christ Jesus.’ This is the blossom of our manhood—nay, the very glory of the angels themselves, which never grows, nor even buds, in the barren regions of an infidel philosophy.

We must not neglect, however, the duty and the promise to point out what we conceive to be the chief defect or omission in the work before us. Dean Howson does not even notice the most important of all the elements of St. Paul’s character—

the elements, indeed, which lie at the very foundation of all the rest. We mean his *faith* and his *humility*. It was his faith, in fact, which converted the proud, persecuting Pharisee of Tarsus into the meek and lowly follower of the crucified Jesus. His faith was, in short, the parent of his great heroic virtues and all his gentle Christian graces.

We had intended to demonstrate, at the conclusion of this paper, this important position—the more important for the times we live in, as it is the fashion of the reigning skepticism to ridicule and pour contempt on the high, exalted and dignified place which the Christian Scriptures assign to the principle of Faith. But we must reserve this for another occasion. If, in the meantime, the reader should, however, wish to see this subject discussed, we would refer him to the writings of Dr. Barrow. In the fifth volume of his works there is a discourse which vindicates the principle of Faith, and clears away every objection, with a power of thought and a majesty of language which is absolutely overwhelming. After reading that discourse (as we did some thirty-five years ago), by one of the greatest minds England has ever produced, how utterly contemptible have appeared the captious cavils, the ignorant views, the mean sneers, and the low flings of would-be wise men at the teachings of Christ and his Apostles on the subject of Faith. The Huxleys, and other scientists of the passing hour, make themselves merry over these teachings; but who and what are they? Why, if the truth must be told, you might cut their minds, one and all, out of the corners of Barrow's gigantic intellect, and yet leave the massive structure scarcely diminished in size.

Dr. Barrow, after resigning the chair of Mathematics in favor of his immortal pupil, Sir Isaac Newton, devoted all the powers of his great mind to the cause of Christianity, and soon became as celebrated in theology—‘the queen of the sciences’—as he had been in these lesser spheres of natural knowledge, in which the enemies of Christ and his religion now delight to dabble. He was not exactly like them; for, besides all the qualities of the *understanding* in which they excel, he possessed that grandest and sublimest power of all great minds—

from Pythagoras and Plato down to Pascal and Descartes—namely, an intellectual organ for the apprehension of the *supernatural*, and a capacity to grapple with the glories of a world infinitely greater than this. The men who lack this organ and capacity, and who, therefore, believe only what they can see, or touch, or taste, or handle, will, of course, laugh at the teachings of Christ and all his most illustrious disciples. Nor will it ever enter into their imaginations, that this conceit of their vast superiority to the *weak credulity* of such men as Plato, and Pascal, and Leibnitz, and Descartes, and Bacon, and Newton, results from a radical deficiency in their own minds. But yet, however brilliant their achievements on the low plane of material nature, and however great the applause they may win from minds as defective as their own, there are, nevertheless, ‘more strange things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy.’¹

1 This passage was inspired by the indignation excited by the following low fling of Huxley at the Christian religion: ‘The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him skepticism is the highest of duties; *blind faith the one unpardonable sin*. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advancement in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest skepticism, the annihilation of *the spirit of blind faith*; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates held them, not because their verity is testified by *portents and wonders*, but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with that primary source, Nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation, Nature will confirm them. *The man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.*’ (Lay Sermons, etc., p. 18.) It would be pleasant, were it not so melancholy, to see this brilliant scientist perched on the conceit of his sublime superiority to Christ and his Apostles, and sneering at a doctrine of whose grandeur and glory he has not the most remote conception. We scarcely know which the more to admire, in this remarkable passage—the *religious ignorance and conceit* of the writer, or his *irreligious stupidity and malice*. But as we have promised to consider ‘Huxley’s Place in Philosophy,’ so we shall reserve, for that occasion, the above passage for *dissection and retributive justice*.

ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN. By John Young, LL. D. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866. Pp. 497.

Dr. Young's first work, entitled the *Christ of History*, has been long and most favorably known to readers of the religious world. If, in the work before us, the author had proved himself to be as good a *logician* as he has shown himself to be a *rhetorician* in the one just mentioned, we should have been compelled to regard him as a truly wonderful man. But he describes much better than he analyzes, and hence literature, not philosophy, seems to be his forte. In his *Christ of History* he presents, with rare felicity, grand masses of thought, illuminated by the sunlight of imagination, which has won for him great praise as a word-painter. But, in the work now under consideration, his lack of discrimination, his deficiency in the power of potent thought, and in the ability to appreciate the great masters, have betrayed themselves in some very astounding and deplorable blunders.

While we condemn his philosophy, however, we admire his spirit. His book is dedicated 'To the Moderators, Ministers, and Elders of the United Presbyterian Church,' and breathes a spirit of genuine kindliness toward the denomination from which he had seceded. These are the first words of his Dedication: 'Fathers and Brethren, some years ago, you are aware, I retired from the ministry of Albion Chapel, and at the same time resigned my connection with the United Presbyterian Church. The first had its meaning chiefly in the second. Had it been possible to have remained in the Church, I should never have relinquished the special charge, for the people to whom I ministered deserved everything at my hands which was consistent with an earlier and holier fidelity. But it was not possible. I had ceased to regard the articles of our faith in the light in which I once had seen them, and was unable to limit myself by the Confession and Formularies of the Church.'

This is at least open, fair, candid, and manly. We doubt if, even in the Kirk of Scotland, with all its repute for narrowness of judgment and bigotry of sentiment, his course has been much or severely censured. His errors have, of course, been deplored and combated, but his defection seems to have kindled no one's wrath or persecuting zeal. Hence he could address, as 'Fathers and Brethren,' the acknowledged heads of the Church which, in the name of conscience, he had renounced. This is as it should be. If men would boast less and show more of a regard for the rights of conscience, or freedom in religious matters, we should have a much better opinion of the spirit of Protestantism. It has always been, in our humble estimation, one of John Wesley's brightest and most beautiful titles to the admiration of mankind, that, while he was a most zealous champion of 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' he was, his opponents themselves being the judges, 'the most charitable reformer the world has seen.'

Dr. Young thus defines his position: 'Fathers and brethren! I was baptized, admitted to the holy communion, trained and educated in that Church of which you are the acknowledged heads. I think I understand the evangelical faith as maintained by you, and especially what in these days is considered its leading, testing article. I think I understand what is meant by *the sacrifice of Christ*, the atonement for sin (involving the idea of *satisfaction to justice*) through his blood. Certainly I am much to blame if I do not understand it. I have been most carefully instructed in it from my earliest youth upward, in the family, in the pulpit, and from the Chair of the Theological Hall. Its ground, its nature, its evidences, and its defences have long been familiar to me, and all my prepossessions, and prejudices, and associations, and circumstances, national, educational, hereditary, ecclesiastical, and social, have been in favor of it. So far as an ordinary capacity can justify the claim, I may claim, without presumption, to understand this special tenet.'

Now, all this may be true; and yet we believe that Dr. Young is grievously mistaken in his present position. He has reached it, not so much by the force of truth, as from a

fright at error. His present position has, in other words, resulted from a too violent reaction from error, or rather from a great truth too narrowly conceived. And this seems to be the great prevailing tendency of the age. How many thousands and tens of thousands are there everywhere, at the present day, who, having embraced a too narrow and rigid view of the great doctrines of the Gospel in their youth, are now rejecting those soul-regenerating, life-giving, and saving doctrines themselves as false. In shunning Scylla they fall into Charybdis, and are there swallowed up in the floods of latitudinarianism. The orthodoxy of the past is no doubt responsible, in no small degree, for the heresies of the present. She has trampled reason under foot, or else denied her the freedom of the glorious light of the Gospel; and reason has, at last, risen up in proud revolt against her authority, and trampled the word of God under foot. How important is it, then, that the teachers of religion should be more solicitous, infinitely more solicitous, than usual, so to understand, and so to present the Gospel of Christ, as to recommend the 'truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' For few of those who, like Dr. Young, have the disposition to think for themselves, have at the same time the capacity to do so with safety to themselves. A keener eye, a firmer will, and a more enduring power of patient thought than most men possess are required to separate truth from error, and preserve it alone as 'the pearl of great price.' Such is, on the contrary, the weakness, the impatience, and the rashness of the human mind, that in many cases it lets go its hold on the too narrow dogmas of the past, only to rush into the too loose and latitudinarian views of the present. We shall consider two instances in which this has been done by Dr. Young, and then dismiss his book, which, in our opinion, is so seriously tainted with the errors of Socinianism.

The first instance relates to the great central doctrine of the 'vicarious sacrifice of Christ.' 'I think,' says he, 'that I understand this tenet.' Perhaps he does, and perhaps he does not. He may understand it, for all we know, as it was taught to him in the school of theologians from which he has seceded.

But he does not, we think, understand this sublime truth as it is taught in the word of God. For he denies that the sufferings of Christ, or the atonement, were a satisfaction to the divine justice. He sees that this doctrine is false in one sense of the term *justice*, and then rejects the whole doctrine of satisfaction, without perceiving that it is true, and gloriously true, too, in another sense of the term. Thus is the doctrine of Christ—the great central doctrine of the everlasting Gospel—which has received the sanction of all the greatest thinkers of the Church for nearly two thousand years, rejected as a false dogma and given to the winds, because a certain narrow view of it is seen to be untenable. Let us see, now, if this is not so.

‘The law of God,’ says he, ‘it is alleged, has been dishonored by disobedience, and its authority, trampled under foot of men, has been *fatally damaged*. The dishonor must be wiped out, and the damaged authority must be reasserted and reestablished. Were the *supposed dishonor and damage real*, the necessity argued for would be imperative. But are they real? Is authority weakened simply by being resisted, and when it is perfectly able to overcome and put down all resistance? Is a law *really dishonored by the simple fact of its being violated*, when it is perfectly able to avenge itself? Many persons would be ready to think that the *entire dishonor*, in such a case, would fall, along with the punishment, *on the violator*, and that the law would stand *unimpaired and erect*,’ etc., etc., etc. (pp. 127–8.) Again, he says, ‘the claims of justice’ cannot ‘be set aside for a moment; and precisely for this reason they never require and never admit of a supplementary satisfaction from any quarter whatever.’ (p. 133.) He has a great deal of fine rhetoric to the same effect (see pages 94, 95, 96, 97, 125, 126, 129, 130, 137, 142, 150, 244, 247, and in various other portions of his too wordy book). But all this rhetoric, if we are not very greatly mistaken, is just as false as it is fine.

He everywhere proceeds on the supposition that, according to the current orthodox theology, the justice of God has received an injury in itself, or that its intrinsic glory has been

tarnished by the violations of his law. It is absolutely wonderful to our minds that the author of the *Christ of History* should have committed a blunder so gross. We speak of promoting the honor, or the glory of God; but we have never supposed for one moment that any man in his senses ever intended to promote the honor or the glory of God as it is in itself. The Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, for example, expressed the wish 'to do something for the honor of our Lord's Godhead'; meaning, of course, the recognition and honor of his divinity by the minds of men, and not for the honor of his Godhead as it is in its own essential and eternal glory. But yet Mr. Matthew Arnold, with an acumen equal to that of Dr. Young, sees a great absurdity in the use of such language, and so makes it, from the beginning to the end of his *Literature and Dogma*, the butt of his ridicule.¹ If there is any orthodox Scotchman who has ever held, or taught, or dreamed, that the justice of God has ever suffered injury or dishonor in itself from the transgressions of men, or that the real dishonor does not attach exclusively to the transgressors themselves, we cheerfully resign him to the tender mercies of

1 A writer in the *Contemporary Review* says that this specimen of Mr. Arnold's wit is amusing for the two or three first repetitions of it, but that it becomes a little wearisome after it has been repeated thirty or forty times. Our experience has been very different. So gross is the perversion of the language of the two Bishops, to which this brilliant specimen of wit owes its existence, that we were disgusted by the first exhibition of it. But when the author, riding it as a hobby, seemed determined to repeat it forever and ever, it became very amusing. Who, indeed, could help laughing to see a man, who is always priding himself on his culture, make such an ass of himself? We have tried to imagine how it could have happened that a scholar, and even a Professor of Poetry, could have continued to ride, with such apparent delight, one poor witticism through the whole of his *Literature and Dogma*, and the effort has brought to our minds the following anecdote. At a dinner party once, the officers of the Seventh United States Infantry made themselves merry over the wit of the sutler of the regiment, and caused him, by their laughter, to repeat the same story some twenty-two times during the same dinner. The oftener it was repeated the more uproarious the laughter. The old sutler was delighted, supposing they were laughing at his wit, and not at himself. It must, it seems to us, have been some such experience as this which has induced Mr. Arnold to place so high a value on the above-mentioned specimen of his wit.

Dr. Young. But we solemnly protest against having so much eloquence expended on the poor, insane notion, that either God, or his justice, or his law, can suffer injury or dishonor in itself by the sins of men. But, then, on other hand, it must be conceded that the justice, the honor, and the glory God may, and indeed do, suffer in the estimation of men from various causes. They might not only be obscured, but totally eclipsed, in the eyes of men and of angels, by several very conceivable modes of dealing with sin. Hence it was to prevent the dishonor of the divine goodness and glory, *not as they are in themselves*, but only as they are in the eyes of men and of angels, that 'a satisfaction to divine justice' is necessary as a condition to the pardon of sin. The man who does not see so plain a distinction, and one, too, which is so universally recognized in the current theology attacked by him, had better confine himself to literature, and let philosophy alone. It is no part of his mission to correct or to assail the theology of the past; and, least of all, the doctrine of the atonement as a satisfaction to the divine justice, which has now, for nearly two thousand years, withstood the siege of all the skepticism, and Socinianism, and infidelity, and atheism in the world. He might as well attempt 'to batter down the rock of Gibraltar with soft peas.'

Again, in his attack on the doctrine of *satisfaction*, Dr. Young fails to distinguish between the different senses of the term *justice*. He sees clearly, or he *feels warmly*, that the *retributive* justice of God is not, and cannot, be satisfied by the sufferings of the innocent in the place of the guilty; and hence, without further investigation, he rejects the whole doctrine of satisfaction as 'strictly incongruous and impossible.' (p. 129.) It is not the *retributive*, it is the *public* or *administrative* justice of God which is satisfied by the suffering and death of Christ. And this satisfaction was necessary to uphold the honor and glory of the government of God, not as it is in itself, but as it is, or should be, in the eyes or estimation of the rational universe. This distinction between the *retributive* and *administrative* justice of God, if clearly grasped and properly applied, divides the light from the darkness which

surrounds the doctrine of the atonement, and presents, in cloudless beauty, the grandeur and glory of that view of the Cross which, in spite of the clouds and darkness of the past, has never ceased to command the assent and warm the hearts of all Christian men in all ages of the world.

As we have elsewhere¹ so fully discussed this distinction, and so carefully applied it to the doctrine of the atonement, so we shall not dwell on it here. It refutes, it explodes forever, the objection of Channing, Priestly, and other Socinians, to the orthodox view of the atonement, which Dr. Young has been pleased to reproduce. Since that discussion was published by us (twenty years ago), we have seen the same distinction made, and used for the same purpose, in the works of the younger Edwards; a most unexpected and delightful corroboration of our views by one of 'the most straightest' of orthodox divines. If, instead of failing to see this distinction, Dr. Young will maturely consider it in its application to the work of Christ, he may get rid of all his difficulties on the subject of the atonement, without finding himself under the least necessity of rejecting the time-honored and the world-honored doctrine of a satisfaction to the Divine Justice. He will then see and *really* 'understand what is meant by the sacrifice of Christ,' and, instead of lamenting the blindness of the 'fathers and brethren of the United Presbyterian Church,' he will discover the ineffable weakness of his own cavils and objections to 'its leading, testing article.'

Another most egregious blunder, as it appears to us, into which Dr. Young has been betrayed by his want of cautious, patient, and painstaking thought, relates to the great doctrine of justification. His views on this subject are only less wonderful than the reasons he assigns for them. In his view the justification of the sinner is the act both of God and of man. Thus he says, 'This first step or look Godward, this incipient but genuine movement of the child-spirit, is *justification*, the righting, rightening, setting right of the soul, which before was wholly wrong. . . . But this righting or rectifying is first, before anything real can be effected. In order to be

¹ Theodicy, Part II, Chap. 3.

sanctified, we must first be justified, righted by faith, turned toward God in penitence and in trust. "It is God that justifieth," an apostle declares, that righteth, righteneth, setteth right the spirit of man, that turneth it back toward himself. And his method of righting or justifying is by faith, by the sweet awakening in the soul of simple trust, trust in the revealed mercy of God in Christ. This gentle, humbled, patient, childlike spirit at once rightens the erring soul, and changes its relation to its Father, sets it toward him, turns it right round and brings it into the attitude of a son, a humble, subdued, confiding son.' (p. 72.) The Romanists have thus found a new ally in Dr. Young, though on different grounds from any ever before dreamed of by Romanist or Protestant. He rejects utterly the definition of 'justification' as given by 'the Westminster Assembly of Divines, in their Shorter Catechism—"An act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins and accepteth us'" (p. 167), and agrees with the Council of Trent, whose decree identifies *justification* with *sanctification*, or makes the first of these only the first step in the last. According to the Westminster Confession, and all other Protestant Confessions in the world, justification is an external act, by which God pardons 'all our sins, and accepts us' as sons and heirs. Not so, says Dr. Young; it is the 'childlike spirit' within, which at once rightens [or justifies] the erring soul, and changes its relation to its Father.' (p. 172.) The erring soul receives, it is true, the assistance of God. He says, 'It is God that justifieth,' an apostle declares, 'that righteth, righteneth the soul, setteth right the spirit of man, that turneth it back toward himself.' But yet, after all, it is 'the childlike spirit' which 'at once rightens [or justifies] the erring soul, and changes its relation to its Father, sets it toward him, turns it right round, and brings it into the attitude of a son, a humble, confiding son.' It is the act of God, and it is at the same time the act of man! Now, if we had not been told that he was here speaking of *justification*, we should have been sure that his language referred to *sanctification*. For, according to this language, justification has no relation whatever to the 'the pardon of our sins' and 'our accept-

ance with God,' but only to the renovation or sanctification of our souls. It is purely an internal work, not an external act.

How, then, has he discovered this definition of justification? Does he learn it from the Council of Trent? No. He might have found it there, and found there, too, better reasons for its correctness than any he has given. But Dr. Young is quite too good a Protestant to learn anything from the Church of Rome, much less the great cardinal doctrine of justification. Does he examine the writings of St. Paul, and, seeing how he uses the word, tell us the meaning of justification? No. This is the old, vulgar method of arriving at the sense of Scripture; and Dr. Young is, we must remember, an *original thinker*. How, then, has he ascertained the meaning of the term *justification* as used in the New Testament? Why, besides being an original thinker, Dr. Young is also a very learned man; and so, instead of going to the New Testament for information, he goes down to the root of the word in search of light. He goes to the Greek root of the word to ascertain how it was used by St. Paul.

But this method is, after all, not altogether or perfectly new. It was used by Horne Tooke in his *Diversions of Purley*. He proved, by this method, most conclusively, that truth is only what a man believes. This word comes, says he, from the Saxon, 'I trow, I believe,' and, therefore, whatever a man believes is truth! By the same irrefragable method he also proves that there is nothing *right* in itself, or independent of law, but that whatever is *rectus*, or a rule, is right. We might, if necessary, make a thousand other discoveries more diverting than anything in the *Diversions of Purley*. It is said, for example, that 'Shakespeare's tragedies are the most magnificent the world has ever seen.' Now, for the sake of illustration, we will suppose a foreigner, wishing to ascertain the meaning of this sentence, determines to try Horne Tooke's method. Hence, instead of seeking information from those around him, he goes down to the root of the word tragedy, and finds, 'Gr. *tragos*, a goat,' and so comes up with the wonderful discovery that Shakespeare possessed

the most magnificent flock of goats the world has ever seen ! Nothing could, indeed, be more just than Mr. Hazlitt's criticism on the *Diversions of Purley*. 'Its etymology,' says he, 'is excellent, is admirable, but its plutosophy is execrable.' And so will every man's plutosophy be who has no more philosophy, or knowledge of language, than to employ the same method to ascertain the meaning of words in common use. For many words, if not most, have acquired various meanings besides the one suggested by its root-form ; and this meaning has, in very many instances, been entirely dropped out of use and lost, as in the case of the term *tragedy*. It does not mean 'a goat.'

Dr. Young makes, with commendable industry, a collection of all the passages, both in the Old and the New Testaments, in which the word *justify* occurs. But, after all, he is at no trouble to ascertain its meaning, or rather its various meanings, by any of the ordinary rules of exegesis. On the contrary, the prevailing consideration with him is the root of the word, and of its cognates. 'It deserves to be noted,' says he, 'that the root of that class of English words with which the verb "justify" stands connected, is *right*. We have the adjective and the noun, right; the adjective, righteous; and the noun, righteousness, which, in its more general form, rightness, would be an exacter translation. Right, righteousness, or rightness; but strangely the verb is "justify," as if it were derived from another root. . . . No violence is done, but, on the contrary, a truer appreciation of the original is likely to be created, if for "justify" we substitute a term cognate to the words derived from the same root. Thus, right, righteousness, or rightness; and to *righten*, or *rectify*, or *set right*.'

Hence, he concludes, that to justify the sinner is merely to *righten* his soul, or to convert and sanctify him. He might just as well tell us that one of Shakespeare's tragedies is a *goat*. Instead of going to St. Paul for information, he just goes down to the root of the word, and comes up with St. Paul's idea of justification.

Only put this idea in his mouth, and see how it will look. According to Romans iii. 26, St. Paul declares, that, in conse-

quence of the atonement, God may 'be just,' and, at the same time, 'the justifier of him that believes'; a most sublime and consoling doctrine. But, according to Dr. Young, he only declares that, *in consequence of the atonement*, God may 'be right, and the rightener or rectifier of the believer.' He *may* do this; he *may* actually rectify or set right the spirit of man, and yet do nothing wrong! Nor did it need an atonement, or anything else, to show this. The truth is, that the very '*locus classicus*' of the doctrine of justification by free grace through faith in Christ, in its inseparable connection with the atonement, as its objective basis, is reduced to flat nonsense by Dr. Young's notion of justification.

Again, it is said, 'Wisdom is justified of her children.' (Matt. xi. 19.) Now, does this mean that 'Wisdom' is righted, or set right? Nay, we are even told that 'the publicans justified God.' (Luke vii. 29.) Must we believe, then, that the publicans righted, or rectified God? or set Him right in whom there was nothing wrong? Thus, the most valuable light which our author has found in the root of the Greek word, not only reduces the most sublime and consoling declarations of the Gospel to flat nonsense, but also makes it teach blasphemy. Makes it teach, in one word, that God himself, the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, has been set right, or rectified by his sinful creatures!

The truth is, that our author is all the time in a fog, and so makes sad havoc in his attempts to throw light on the Scripture doctrine of justification. He gathers around him all the texts of Scripture in which the word *justify* occurs, but this does not clear up the fog. He seems to need for this purpose a new pair of eyes, and not merely the multiplication of words, or extracts from Scripture. 'The word used by our translators, "justify,"' says he, 'has a very ambiguous sense.' True, very true; and the reason is, because the Greek word of which it is the translation also has a very ambiguous sense. This is nothing strange; it is what is true of all languages; of the Greek as well as the English. What shall we do, then? The only resource which is left to the real student of the Bible, is to observe carefully in what sense it is used in each particular

passage in which it occurs, and abide by the sense thus ascertained. This may, it is true, require more pains, more careful attention, and more close analysis than most men are disposed to bestow on such a study. If so, then let those who neglect such labor never undertake to instruct the great theologians and thinkers of the world, or to rectify their theology.

Having said that 'the word used by our translators, "justify," has a very ambiguous sense,' our author adds, 'according to ordinary, or rather universal, usage, it means to vindicate, to clear, to right, or righten, or set right a person or a transaction; to vindicate, and nothing else, with only such modifications as are readily and naturally included in this term.' (p. 160.) What utter confusion is here! The author does not seem to see at all that he has here given us two perfectly distinct senses of the word *justify*, instead of one sense only. 'To clear' is one thing, and 'to righten, or rectify,' is quite another. The guilty may be *cleared* without being *rectified*; and the innocent may be condemned, though there is nothing in him to be rectified. Is not he an abomination to the Lord, who clears the guilty, or condemns the innocent? To clear, or to acquit, is a declaratory, *forensic* or *judicial* act—an act which the word to *justify* is frequently used in the Bible to denote. In the language of Dr. Schaff, 'the verb *δικαίω* occurs forty times in the New Testament (twice in Matthew, five times in Luke, twice in Acts, *twenty-seven times in St. Paul's Epistles*, three times in James, and once in the Apocalypse. In the gospel and epistles of John, as also in Peter and James, the verb never occurs, although they repeatedly use the noun *δικαιοσύνη*, and the adjective *δικαιος*). It must be taken here [in Romans iii. 24], as *nearly always in the Bible, in the declaratory, forensic, or judicial sense.*' But this Bible use of the verb, in which it signifies an external, *forensic* act—to *clear*, or *acquit*—is one from which Dr. Young seems to fly as from the plague. He does, indeed, recognize it in his statements, and yet in his reasonings and speculations he confounds it with the very different notion, 'to righten, to rectify, or to set right.' The one is an external, *forensic* act, by which a judge declares an accused person

'not guilty'; the other is an internal act, by which a guilty person is made right, or just, or holy. Plain as the distinction is, however, it is overlooked by our author, to the great darkness and confusion of his speculations. If he had grasped this distinction clearly and held it firmly, as a lamp, in his study of the Bible, it might have brought much light to his mind, in spite of the fog in which he appears to be habitually enveloped. The light which he brings from the Greek root of the word is worse than darkness; it obscures, it obliterates the great central light of the everlasting Gospel. We deplore, more than words can well express, such obtuseness and confusion in regard to the great doctrine of justification, especially in one who undertakes to rectify the whole theology of the Protestant world.

If he had gone a little further, or seen his way a little clearer, he might also have discovered that the verb to *justify* signifies in Scripture, especially in the writings of St. Paul, an *executive act*, by which the believer is pardoned and accepted as a son and heir of God. But here, again, he has been thrown off the track and confounded by the unfortunate use of the term *imputation*, which he has encountered in the orthodox Formularies of his Church. He says, very truly, that 'those who have been trained from infancy in the theological system [including the unfortunate notion of *imputation*], not only may easily read the New Testament in accordance with it, but may find it impossible, *without long and hard effort*, to accept any other interpretation.' (p. 168.) To which we may add, that it is far more difficult for any one, and especially for a weak, a confused, or a rash thinker, to throw off the prejudices and the phraseology in which he has been so long trained, without throwing off, at the same time, the great truths of the system masked behind those prejudices and phraseology. Hence it is, that the man who attempts to reform the theology of the Christian world, so often ends in making shipwreck of his own faith.

We now take leave of Dr. Young. We still leave in his book many serious and grievous errors unnoticed. Indeed, we should not have deemed his strange aberrations worthy

of any notice at all, if we had not happened to know that his earnestness and eloquence had done much mischief. The solemn truth is, that Dr. Young entirely repudiates the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith. That great doctrine, which, as every one knows, Luther called 'the article [the *testing* article] of the standing or the falling Church,' finds no place in the new system of Dr. Young. The great instrument which, in the hands of Luther, wrought the most wonderful revolution the world has ever witnessed, except the introduction of the Christian religion, is thrown aside as worthless by our new guide. He does not, apparently he *cannot*, understand the nature of this sublime and soul-regenerating doctrine, or the place it occupies in the divine scheme of redemption.

His eye is fixed, we admit, on the great aim and object of Christ's mission to the world—namely, internal virtue and holiness of life. This is the end for which man was created, and for which the whole scheme of redemption, with all its stupendous means and appliances, was planned in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom. But, then, Dr. Young does great injustice to himself, as well as to all orthodox Churches, by the fond fancy that the interests of holiness are not supreme with them. In the words of Dr. Hodge, they all say, with the greatest possible emphasis, that '*holiness is salvation.*' But here the question is, How are we to get holiness? This is the great practical question, and let it be forever borne in mind, that we cannot attain the end of our creation, and of all God's labors in our behalf, unless we use the means ordained by him for that purpose.

The heathen philosophers, of whom Plato was the prince, could discourse eloquently of the necessity of virtue and holiness of life. But what means or doctrines, we ask, had they to plant true holiness in the hearts of men? Just none at all. It is the gospel of Christ, and that gospel alone, which is the power of God unto salvation, *which is holiness.* And the gospel of Christ, if we may believe St. Paul, possesses this power, just because therein is revealed the righteousness of God by faith, in order to faith in those to whom it is preached. (Rom. i.

17.) This doctrine is, according to St. Paul, the soul-regenerating, the soul-sanctifying, the soul-saving power of the everlasting Gospel. Without this doctrine, without this pardon of sin and acceptance of the sinner through faith in Christ, we may prate about holiness of life as much as we please, but we cannot have the *end* without the use of the *divinely appointed means*. We may discourse as eloquently as a Plato, or a Bushnell, or a Young, but, after all, we shall only expend our breath in the wind of words, words, words, and not in preaching the gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation. The first great want of the human soul is a deliverance from a sense of sin, from the fears of a guilty conscience, and a conscious peace with God. And this, according to God's own plan of salvation, is given by, or in connection with, the atonement of Christ, who has blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, *nailing it to the cross*, accompanied with the sublime assurance of pardon and acceptance for all, and upon all, by whom Christ is embraced by a living faith. Here, then, is the needed deliverance, and the fountain of peace with God. The soul which truly believes leaps up with joy, endowed with a new life, and 'runs the way of God's commandments with delight.' It is regenerated; it is sanctified; it is saved. Let us, then, preach this soul-regenerating doctrine as God's own means for the salvation of the world, for the planting, training, and growth of true holiness in the life of men. Otherwise all our most eloquent words about the necessity, the importance, and the beauty of holiness, will only be colors for the blind, music for the deaf, or gymnastics for the paralyzed. As the great poet says, 'If we look not wisely on the sun, it smites us into blindness'; so, in like manner, if we bend our gaze too exclusively on holiness, as the one great end of man's creation and redemption, without due attention to the ways and means of God, we shall lose the light of the everlasting Gospel out of our minds, and so wander in heathen darkness with a Plato, or, worse still, in the false light of modern rationalism.

2. OLD ROME AND NEW ITALY. By Emilio Castelar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

The name of the Eternal City, standing 'childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,' possesses a magnetic power which attracts the hearts of all men. The title of the volume before us, *Old Rome and New Italy*, is full of promise, and we opened it, hoping to enter Imperial Rome with an intelligent guide. This idea is dispelled at the outset, for in the introduction, the author informs us that his book is not to tell of his travels but of his emotions; and we soon find that in M. Castelar's emotional creed there is no purgatory; it is either heaven or hell which is spread out before him.

He does not *see* Italy, he *feels* it. The soft music of the vesper bells is, to his ears, 'the voices of martyrs ascending from the Catacombs.' The evening shadows enveloping the ruined battlements are 'the spirits of departed heroes.' Again, when in St. Peter's, he hears the grand and sublime music of the *Miserere*, he does not attempt a description of the church, the music, nor the surroundings, but the effect which they produced on his poetic nature. 'The marble statues,' he says, 'gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of their sepulchres and loosing their shrouds, to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony.'

In the fragments of the broken arches of the aqueducts he imagines that he beholds some of the grand Apocalyptic visions. When standing on the classic shores of the blue Mediterranean, and listening to the low murmur of the water, he beholds in the limpid waves the face of the beloved Apostle, 'mystic as a prayer, sweet as a hope.' The Catacombs are, to his exuberant fancy, some infernal sphere through which he is guided by demons.

M. Castelar avails himself of the opportunity which his book affords to air his religious views, and devotes many pages to this subject; but, in the end, we confess ourselves quite at a loss to determine the sect to which he pins his faith. In one place he says: 'If, as I believe and as I hope, after passing from life to death, we go from this to another and to a happier world, I greatly doubt if the short journey could offer as much variety and interest as the interior of the Campo Santo of Pisa.' Again, he says: 'Is hell not a Pagan creation, as the demons were an invention of magic? Satan has passed through Deism before passing through Christianity.' To a Christian, some of his figures are blasphemous, as when he describes Venice as 'a City-Christ, suspended with infamous punishment by the four great nails of the Quadrilateral.'

The descriptions of scenery throughout the book are exquisite. Nature seems to infuse life, hope, and joy into the author's soul, and he is in transports of rapture when he can drink in her honeyed breath.

The volume is like a picture without form, but full of charming touches of color, and flooded with Venetian light. M. Castelar has the Promethean fire, but lacks the power to fashion the statue.

8. **THE DOGMATIC FAITH.** An inquiry into the relation subsisting between Revelation and Dogma. (Bampton Lectures for 1867.) By Edward Garbett, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivington. 1869.

We had just finished a review of *Literature and Dogma*, by Matthew Arnold, when the above work fell into our hands. The first is a fierce onslaught on Dogma; the last is an able defence of Dogma. Our review of Arnold (for which, after it was finished, there was no room in the present number of the *Review*), will appear in our April number. In the meantime, we shall lay before our readers an extract from the learned, eloquent, and powerful defence of Mr. Garbett, relating to what he calls 'the prejudices of the day.' The prejudices to which he alludes spring out of the great tendency, now so fearfully prevalent, to discredit all the dogmas of reli-

gion, and to substitute in their place a nerveless, mawkish sentimentalism, in which there is nothing clear, solid, or fixed, but all is as fluid, fantastical, and floating as the clouds of a summer's sky. This tendency, which manifests itself in the writings of Froude, the brilliant historian, has shown itself in its wildest and most extravagant forms in the *Literature and Dogma* of Matthew Arnold. It calls aloud for a corrective, or an antidote; for it is at this moment sweeping into its frightful vortex, and hurrying on into the outer-darkness of skepticism, many of the best writers and declaimers of the day, theological, literary, scientific, and philosophical, *as they are most courteously called*. And such a corrective or antidote we have in the work of Mr. Garbett. We wish it were placed in the hands of all our preachers.

'For the fair consideration of all these arguments,' says Mr. Garbett, 'all antecedent prejudice against dogmatic theology should be discarded. It is very difficult to maintain exemption from the prevailing tendencies of thought. The current tone of literature is apt to produce an unconscious bias even in honest and independent thinkers. The rejection of dogma has itself become the common dogma of free thought, and may be considered the characteristic principle of writers who loudly claim to represent modern criticism and inquiry. The prevalence of this mode of thinking is, however, no proof of its reasonableness. If convicted of error, it will not be the first time by a great many that the common judgment of a class of thinkers, and even of an age, has proved to be in the wrong. The disdainful rejection of authoritative teaching should the less disturb the equanimity of the Christian, because it flows out of the social and intellectual developments of the day, and the tendency of the age to lawless self-sufficiency. The temper of men's minds is eager, restless, and impatient. A headlong rapidity of change is common to all departments of human thought, and it is no matter of surprise that religion should not be exempt from it. At a time when a decade of years exhibits more progress and alteration than a century at other periods, men are naturally tempted to forget the limitations of our human powers, and to claim progress and modification

of belief in this as in all other directions to which the prevalent prejudice against dogma may reasonably be ascribed.'

He then proceeds to state the causes of this false tendency; but, without objecting to his analysis, we may add, that the great cause—the *causa causans*—is the radical opposition of the natural man to the spiritual truths of the Bible. We subjoin the following eloquent extract, which forms the conclusion of the first Lecture, and is only one among hundreds equally, if not more powerful and pointed:

'To those at all events who accept the inspiration of the Word of God, dogma will have no terrors. Whatever truths there are in the Scripture above the full grasp of the mortal intellect we devoutly accept as part of our disciplinary probation. To believe them because we find them clearly taught in the Word, although we may not be able to understand them, is a duty of our religion and an exercise of submissive faith. Truths contrary to reason and conscience we find none. The objections urged against some of the loftiest and most blessed of revealed dogmas we can see to arise either from partial conception or prejudiced misapprehension of their nature. Such, for instance, are the common pleas against the doctrine of the Atonement, as implying the passion of revenge in God, and involving the injustice of punishing one person for the offences of another. Both ideas are such palpable perversions of the truth, that one knows not whether most to wonder at the perversity that will not, or at the prejudice which cannot, understand it. To the enlightened reason and awakened conscience the dogmas of the faith are the subjects of endless praise and adoration. Their sublimity and loftiness, their breadth and grasp, their congruity with the highest conceptions of God, and their adaptation to the spiritual wants of man, alike stamp them with the signet of Divinity. Our submission to the evidence that authenticates the dogma is not more full and absolute than our adoring admiration of the dogma itself. On this rock we place our feet, as adequate to support us amid the struggles of life and the fears of death. Here we rest, confident that the faith which has survived the tempests of the past, and has remained unaltered amid the

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ASSETS.

Real Estate Loans.....	\$2,441,785 48
Collateral Loans.....	413,627 26
Loans on Endorsed Bankable Paper.....	64,713 22
Premium Loans.....	2,597,113 50
Value of Real Estate.....	917,617 49
Bonds and Stocks, value.....	335,599 97
Cash in Office and Bank.....	56,567 09
Cash in hands of Agents and due from Agents.....	152,934 36
Interest accrued from Cash Loans and Bonds owned by the Company, rents accrued.....	206,438 56
Present value of Interest receivable in excess of 4 1/2 per cent. on Real Estate and Collateral Loans.....	185,485 41
Deferred and Outstanding Premiums outstanding in hands of Agents, less cost of collection.....	415,397 14
Amount due from other Companies on account of re-insured risks.....	22,430 37
Value of Safes, Furniture and Fixtures.....	37,843 07
Taxes and Insurance on Real Estate, to be refunded.....	409 25
All other items.....	1,035 00
	\$7,849,007 17

LIABILITIES.

Claims Adjusted and in Process of Adjustment.....	\$ 299,918 00
Net Value of Outstanding Policies, American, 4 1/2 per cent., less value of Re-insurance.....	6,944,049 48
Amount of Values claimable under Lapsed Policies.....	620 14
Amount of Trust Funds held by the Company.....	74,941 14
Taxes due and accrued.....	2,500 00
Ledger Balances due sundry parties.....	4,741 71
Dividends unclaimed.....	9,671 10
Dividends reserved to reduction of Future Premiums.....	4,200 02
Surplus in Policy Holders.....	\$7,841,091 62
	507,405 54
Number of Policies in force.....	22,414
Amount Insured.....	\$56,795,212 59

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